



895

161



[illegible]

This Book bought in
Abington Virginia
September 16th 1811.

Presented to Abigail
Williams by Phineas
Thornton of Camden S. C.

THE
AMERICAN
LADY'S PRECEPTOR:

A COMPILATION OF

OBSERVATIONS, ESSAYS AND POETICAL EFFUSIONS,

DESIGNED

TO DIRECT THE FEMALE MIND

IN A COURSE OF

PLEASING AND INSTRUCTIVE READING.

BALTIMORE,

PUBLISHED BY EDWARD J. COALE, NO. 176 MARKET-STREET ; AND BY JOHN F. WATSON, AT THE S. W. CORNER OF WALNUT AND THIRD-STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

.....

Benjamin Edes, printer.

.....

1810.

District of Maryland, to wit.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on this eleventh day of December, in the thirty fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, *Edward J. Coale*, of the said district hath deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following ; to wit.

“THE AMERICAN LADY’S PRECEPTOR, a compilation of Observations, Essays, and Poetical Effusions, designed to direct the Female Mind in a course of pleasing and instructive Reading.”

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled “An act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned ;” And also to the Act entitled “An act supplementary to the act entitled “An act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,” and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching Historical and other Prints.

PHILIP MOORE, *Clerk*
of the *District of Maryland.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE compiler of the following pages had observed, that no volume of selections has been published in this country especially designed for the reading of females ; and in conversation with several respectable Teachers in Female Academies, he was informed that a book adapted to the first class in female schools, and to young ladies who had finished their *school-education* was much wanted, and would probably promote a general taste for useful reading. These considerations induced him to present to the public “ THE AMERICAN LADY’S PRECEPTOR.” He trusts he shall not be accused of vanity, nor will improper motives be ascribed to him, while yielding to the advice of several respectable friends, he publishes with the work the following honourable testimonials in its favour.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

.....

From the Rev. Doctor Bend, to the Editor.

“ I have examined with great pleasure the *American Lady's Preceptor*, and think it better suited than any other book within my knowledge, to be put into the hands of young females ; as it has an obvious tendency to amuse the fancy, to inform the mind, to improve the taste, and to mend the heart.”

.....

From the Rev'd Doctor Dubourg, President of St. Mary's College.

“ I return you with thanks your *American Lady's Preceptor*, which you were kind enough to leave with me for perusal.—A better chosen, more instructive, more entertaining, more moral and chaste compilation, has not yet fallen into my hands.—— ———”

.....

From the Reverend W. Staughton, D. D. of Philadelphia.

“ I thank you for the opportunity you have afforded me of perusing your *American Lady's Preceptor*. The selections and originals are alike chaste, elegant and very instructive. I anticipate, with all the confidence that real merit can create,

RECOMMENDATIONS.

the extensive diffusion of a volume which, to the tutor and the pupil, must be equally grateful. You have my best wishes for your success in every attempt to widen the regions of literature and piety."

.....

From a number of respectable proprietors of Ladies' Schools.

"We the subscribers, having been favoured with the perusal of a book, entitled "*The American Lady's Preceptor*," do hereby express our cordial approbation of the same; and would take the liberty of recommending it to the notice of all persons presiding in female seminaries, as a work eminently calculated, to arrest the attention, inform the mind, and improve the heart of youth."

C. W. BAZELEY,
P. TUCKETT,
MARIA RIVARDI,
DECOURT & }
BACONNAIS. }

D. JAUDON,
JOHN POOR,
L. MORTIMER,
J. & A. BROWN.

.....

From Miss M. and Miss S. Rooker.

"Having perused the copy of your *American Lady's Preceptor*, we hesitate not (though with diffidence) to express our high approbation of it, we consider it, as a work particularly calculated for the perusal of the senior classes of Literary Establishments, (for whom books of useful information, are much wanted,) and as the most expressive proof that such are our sentiments, shall immediately introduce it into our seminary."

CONTENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

| | page |
|---|------|
| The value of Time, | 13 |
| Observations on Reading, | 14 |
| Description of different Readers, | 17 |
| Reasons against reading the generality of Modern Novels, | 19 |
| An Essay on Women, | ib. |
| Education, | 23 |
| Studies proper for Women, | ib. |
| Religion, the best female acquirement, | 28 |
| Advice to a Daughter, <i>by Lord Halifax</i> , | 29 |
| Pride, | 32 |
| Diversions, | 34 |
| An extract from <i>Dr. Fordyce's</i> legacy to his daughters, | 40 |
| The passion for gaming in ladies, ridiculed, | 45 |
| Letter from Mustapha Rubadub Keli Khan, | 48 |
| Ledyard's character of Women, | 56 |
| On Female Attractions, | 59 |
| Tenderness to Mothers, | 60 |
| Character of Two Sisters, | ib. |
| Family Love and Harmony, | 61 |
| Fenelon on Education, | 62 |
| Dr. Rush on Female Education, | 66 |
| Dress, | 76 |
| Benevolent Employments, | 77 |
| Dr. Beatties opinion of Romances, | 78 |
| Art of improving Beauty, | 79 |

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

| | |
|-------------------------------|----|
| Filial Affection, | 82 |
| Maternal Affection, | 83 |

CONTENTS.

| | <i>page</i> |
|--|-------------|
| Conjugal Affection, | 84 |
| The Women of Hensberg, | 85 |
| Noble example of Virtue and Fortitude in the history of Felicitas, the Martyr, | 86 |
| Boadicea, | 95 |
| Bertha, | 96 |
| Philippa of Hainault, | 97 |
| Eleanor of Castile, | 101 |
| Margaret of Anjou, | ib. |
| Lady Elizabeth Grey, | 108 |
| Catharine of Arragon, | 119 |
| Anna Boleyn, | 126 |
| Catharine Par, | 133 |
| Maria Beatrice D'Este, | 136 |
| Queen Mary, | 144 |
| Marie Antoinette, | 157 |

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| Miss Elizabeth Smith, | 162 |
| Anna Maria Schurman, | 169 |
| Mrs. Elizabeth Ferguson, | 172 |

NARRATIVE.

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|
| The Black Velvet Pelisse, | 183 |
| The Mother-in-law, | 204 |

POETRY.

| | |
|--|-----|
| The Nautilus and the Oyster, | 226 |
| My Mother, | 229 |
| The Power of Innocence, | 231 |
| Crazy Kate, <i>Cowper</i> , | 233 |
| The Sexes, <i>Armstrong</i> , | 234 |
| The Glow Worm, <i>Pindar</i> , | 235 |
| To a Lady with a Spinning Wheel, | 236 |
| Sonnet, | 237 |
| Sonnet, | 238 |
| Epitaph on Mrs. Mason | ib. |
| Monody, by Lord <i>Lyttleton</i> , | 239 |
| To Women, <i>Logan</i> , | 240 |
| Ode to Pity, <i>Roscoe</i> , | 242 |

CONTENTS.

| | <i>page</i> |
|---|-------------|
| The Mother, <i>G. W. C.</i> | 244 |
| Ode to Patience, <i>G. W. C.</i> | ib. |
| Sonnet from Guidi, <i>G. W. C.</i> | 246 |
| Sonnet, <i>G. W. C.</i> | 247 |
| Sonnet from Petrarch, <i>G. W. C.</i> | 248 |
| Same, <i>G. W. C.</i> | ib. |
| Song, <i>G. W. C.</i> | 249 |
| Ode, <i>G. W. C.</i> | ib. |
| To the shade of departed beauty, <i>G. W. C.</i> | 250 |
| Sennet, <i>G. W. C.</i> | 251 |
| Sonnet, <i>G. W. C.</i> | 252 |
| Ode, <i>G. W. C.</i> | ib. |
| Sonnet, <i>G. W. C.</i> | 253 |
| The Harp of Sorrow, <i>Montgomery,</i> | 254 |
| Character of Women, | 256 |
| The Falling Tower, | 257 |
| A Character, | 288 |
| Pious Effusion, <i>by a lady of Baltimore,</i> | 259 |
| Song, <i>Akenside,</i> | ib. |
| The judgment of the flowers, | 260 |
| The Female Seducers, a Fable, <i>by E. Moore,</i> | 262 |
| The Joy of Grief, | 275 |

THE
AMERICAN
LADY'S PRECEPTOR.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

I MET with a quotation from an old author, whose name was not mentioned, on this subject ; the beauty and truth of the passage struck me so much, as to induce me to lay it before my readers.

‘ Hours have wings, and fly up to the author of time, and carry news of our usage. All our prayers cannot entreat one of them either to return or slacken its pace. The mispense of every minute is a new record against us in heaven. Sure, if we thought thus, we would dismiss them with better report, and not suffer them either to go away empty, or laden with dangerous intelligence.— How happy is it that every hour should convey up, not only the message, but the fruits of good, and stay with the Ancient of Days to speak for us before his glorious throne.’

This most solemn and serious exhortation must awaken, within the breasts of the most unconcern-

ed, reflections of a serious nature : it shews us in the beautiful simplicity of ancient language, the value of every hour, nay, minute ; that we are accountable to the Almighty for the use or abuse of every moment of our lives. Let us then endeavour to pass the time *present* in such a manner, that we may look back on it with satisfaction, when it becomes the *past*, and at the end of each day be able to say, behold a day *past*, but not *lost* ; then we may look forward with hope to that great day, when at the dread Tribunal, we are to deliver up an account of all things committed to our care, when we may say, ‘ O Lord, of the hours thou hast granted unto me, have I lost none.’

To thee, O youth, is my exhortation chiefly addressed ; thine is the season when the plant of truth most flourishes, which, if cultivated by a parent’s or guardian’s fostering hand, produces fruit an hundred fold. In the cheerful morn of life, when innocence attends thy footsteps, when the cheerful temper, the open countenance, the unembarrassed air, announce the sincerity of a heart uncorrupted by the world, open to the voice of counsel, and moulded into form like yielding wax : then is the time when friendly counsel should be poured in.



OBSERVATIONS ON READING.

IT is an old, but a very true observation, that the human mind must ever be employed. A relish for reading, or any of the fine arts, should be cultivated very early in life : and those who reflect can tell, of what importance it is for the mind to have some resource in itself, and not to be entirely dependant on the senses for employment

and amusement. If it unfortunately is so, it must submit to meanness, and often to vice, in order to gratify them. The wisest and best are too much under their influence ; and the endeavouring to conquer them, when reason and virtue will not give their sanction, constitutes great part of the warfare of life. What support, then, have they, who are all senses, and who are full of schemes, which terminate in temporal objects ?

Reading is the most rational employment, if people seek food for the understanding, and do not merely repeat words and sentiments which they do not understand or feel. Judicious books, and only such, enlarge the mind and improve the heart.

Those productions which give a wrong account of the human passions, and the various accidents of life, ought never to be read. Such accounts are one great cause of the affectation of young women. Sensibility is described and praised, and the effects of it represented in a way so different from nature, that those who imitate it must make themselves very ridiculous. A false taste is acquired, and sensible books appear dull and insipid after those superficial performances, which obtain their full end if they can keep the mind in a continual ferment. Gallantry is made the only interesting subject with the novelist ; reading, therefore, will often co-operate to make his fair admirers insignificant.

I do not mean to recommend only such books as are of an abstracted or grave cast. There are in our language many, in which instruction and innocent amusement are happily blended ; these should be chosen, and may be easily selected.

I would have every one try to form an opinion of an author themselves, though modesty may re-

strain them from mentioning it. Many are so anxious to have the reputation of taste, that they only praise the authors whose merit is indisputable. I am sick of hearing of the sublimity of Milton, the elegance and harmony of Pope, and the original untaught genius of Shakespear.—These cursory remarks are made by some who know nothing of nature, and could not enter into the spirit of those authors, or understand them.

A florid style mostly passes with the ignorant for fine writing; many sentences are admired that have no meaning in them, though they contain ‘words of thundering sound,’ and others that have nothing to recommend them but sweet and musical terminations.

The bible should be read with particular respect, and young persons should not be taught reading entirely by so sacred a book; lest they might consider that as a task, which ought to be a source of the most exalted satisfaction.

It may be observed, that I recommend the mind’s being put into a proper train. Fixed rules cannot be given, it must depend on the nature and strength of the understanding; and those who observe it can best tell what kind of cultivation will improve it. The mind is not, cannot be created by the teacher, though it may be cultivated, and its real powers found out.

The active spirits of youth may make time glide away without intellectual enjoyments; but when the novelty of the scene is worn off, the want of them will be felt, and nothing else can fill up the void. The mind is confined to the body, and must sink into sensuality: for it has nothing to do but to provide for it ‘how it shall eat and drink, and wherewithal it shall be clothed.’

All kinds of refinement have been found fault with, for encreasing our cares and sorrows ; yet surely the contrary effect also arises from them. Taste and thought open many sources of pleasure which do not depend on fortune.

No employment of the mind is a sufficient excuse for neglecting domestic duties, but I cannot conceive that they are incompatible. A woman may fit herself to be the companion and friend of a man of sense, and yet know how to take care of his family.

A DESCRIPTION

OF DIFFERENT READERS.

WITHOUT attention in reading, it is impossible to remember, and without remembering, it is time and labour lost, to read, or learn.

Reading with reflection is the basis of true wisdom.

Idle or inattentive readers, read without understanding what they read.

Dull readers, set themselves and their hearers to sleep.

Mumbling inarticulate readers will never make other people understand what they read, or be listened to with pleasure.

Sensible judicious readers will read clearly, distinctly and with proper pauses, emphasis and cadence ; in short, with a thorough understanding and feeling of every word they utter.

Whoever reads a perfect or finished composition, either in poetry or prose, on any subject, should read it even if alone, both audibly, distinctly and deliberately ; with a due attention to every

kind of stop or rest, with proper elevations and depressions of the voice, and whatever else constitutes just and accurate pronunciation. They who despise, neglect, or know nothing of this, will, in their reading such composition, not only miss many beauties of the style, but (which is worse) will probably miss a large portion of the sense.

Read therefore, mark, learn and inwardly digest.

Every new branch of taste that we cultivate, affords us a refuge from idleness; and the more noble our employments, the more exalted will be our minds.

The highest and most important branch of solitary amusements is reading; much depends on the choice of books; improper ones do an irreparable injury to the mind; but in making a judicious choice, we acquire a stock of knowledge, a mine which we can occasionally recur to, independent of outward circumstances.

A sure way to improve by reading is, to write down your opinion of such persons and things which occur to you in your reading, to enquire wherein such and such authors excel, or are defective, to observe how they might have been carried on to a greater degree of perfection, and how they excelled or fell short of others. By thus digesting what you read, you will insensibly rise at proper notions of what is truly amiable.

REASONS AGAINST READING THE

GENERALITY OF MODERN NOVELS.

THE more extravagant, absurd and ridiculous, the novel is, the greater is the probability of its pleasing youthful minds.

As love is the foundation, so it is the superstructure of most novels. But what is that kind of love which is there taught?—Not that tender sympathy of two mutual hearts, whose love is founded on reason, prudence and virtue ; but a blind, violent and impetuous passion which hurries its unhappy victims into endless woes, teaches children disobedience to their parents, inspires them with notions of self-sufficiency, and encourages them to commence wanderers at an age in which infant punishment ought to be applied to bring them to their senses. Hence it is, perhaps, we may account for this misconduct of many persons who, even in the last stage of their lives, act in conformity to the ideas they imbibed in their early days from novels and romances. Can it then reasonably be expected, that young ladies who have imbibed such principles, should make good wives, prudent mothers, or even agreeable companions ?

RICHARDSON.

AN ESSAY ON WOMEN.

THOSE who consider women only as pretty figures, placed here for ornament, have but a very imperfect idea of the sex. They perpetually

say that women are lovely flowers, designed to heighten the complexion of nature. This is very true ; but at the same time women should not let themselves be perverted by such trifling discourse, but take care not to be content with these superficial advantages. There are too many who, satisfied with that partition, seem to have renounced any other accomplishment but that of charming the eye. Women have quite another destination, and were created for more noble ends, than that of being a vain spectacle : their beauties are only heralds of more touching qualities ; to reduce all to beauty, is to degrade them, and put them almost on a level with their pictures. Those who are *only* handsome, may make a pretty figure in an arm-chair, or may decorate a drawing-room : they are literary *fit to be seen* ; but to find in their acquaintance all the advantages we have a right to expect, women must have more than beauty.

Among intelligent beings, society should not be bounded by a cold exhibition of their persons, or a dull conversation of lies and vanity. Whatever doth not tend to make us better, corrupts us ; but if women, who are the ornaments of society, would strive to join justness of thought, and uprightness of heart, to the graces of the body, the taste we have for them would unfold excellent qualities in us : let them then raise their souls to noble objects, and they will ripen the seeds of every virtue in men.

The empire which women owe to beauty, was only given them for the general good of all the human species. Men, destined to great actions, have a certain fierceness, which only women can correct ; there is in their manners, more than their features, a sweetness capable of bending that

natural society, which, unattempted, would soon degenerate into brutality.

We may well say, that if we were destitute of women, we should all be different from what we are. Our endeavours to be agreeable to them, polish and soften that rough strain so natural to us ; their cheerfulness is a counter balance to our rough austere humours. In a word, if men did not converse with women, they would be less perfect, and less happy than they are.

That man who is insensible to the sweetness of female conversation, is rarely the friend to mankind : such cherish an insensibility, which renders even their virtues dangerous.

If men require the tender application of women to render them more tractable, those, on the other hand, equally want the conversation of men, to awaken their vivacity, and draw them from a negligence, into which, if they were not stimulated by a desire of pleasing, they would certainly fall. That desire produces the allurements of the face, the grace of air, and the sweetness of voice : for whether they speak, move, or smile, they think of rendering themselves agreeable. Whence we may conclude, that it is the men who, in some degree, give charms to the women ; who, without them, would fall into a sour, or indolent temper. Besides, female minds, overwhelmed with trifles, would languish in ignorance, if men, recalling them to more elevated objects, did not communicate dignity and vigour.

'Tis thus, that the two sexes ought to be perfected by one another. The manly courage of the one is tempered by the softness of the other, which, in its turn, borrows from the same courage. The one acquires, in women's company, a milder tincture, while the other lose their female

levity. . Their different qualities balance each other ; and it is from that mixture, that that happy accord arises, which renders them both more accomplished.

The variety of minds, may be compared to that of voices, which would rather form an agreeable concert, than a grating discord. If men are of a stronger frame, it is the more effectually to contribute to the happiness of those who are more delicate ; one sex was not designed to be the oppressor of the other ; the intimate connection between them is for general advantage, and those ridiculous debates of superiority, are an insult to nature, and an ingratitude for her benefits.

We are born womens' friends, not their rivals, much less their tyrants ; and that strength which was given us for their defence, is abused, when thereby we enslave them ; and to banish from society its sweetest charm, that part of the human species which is most proper to animate it, would render it quite insipid.

The truth of this, hath been proved by the people of the East, who, joining together a sense of their own weakness and a brutal passion, have regarded women as dangerous companions, against whom they must be on their guard : therefore they have enslaved that sex to avoid being enslaved by them, and have thought too much love gave them a title to misuse them : but these tyrannic masters have been the first victims of their tyrannic jealousy. Devoted to a lonely, melancholy life, they have sought for tender sensations in vain, amidst their fair slaves. Sensibility, with the delicacy, ever its companion, are only to be found in the reign of freedom, since they both necessarily shun a society, void of those springs whence they might grow.

EDUCATION.

ADDISON observes, that a human soul without education, is like marble in a quarry, which shews none of its inherent beauties until the skill of the polisher makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental spot and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, when it works upon a noble mind, in the same manner draws out to view, every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such help, are never able to make their appearance.

Whatever you undertake in the course of your education, strive to excel in it. To learn things by halves, is learning to little purpose ; and those who do not make a due progress in what they are taught, affront their teachers, disappoint their parents, and, to their own shame, are suspected of idleness, or want of capacity, an imputation they should wish to avoid.

AN ESSAY ON THE
STUDIES PROPER FOR WOMEN.

TO prohibit women entirely from learning, is treating them with the same indignity that Mahomet did, who denied them souls ; indeed the greatest part of women act as if they had really adopted a tenet so injurious to the sex.

When we consider the happy talents which women in general possess, and how successfully some have cultivated them, we cannot without indignation observe the little esteem they have for the en-

dowments of their minds, which it is so easy for them to improve. They are, as Montaigne says, "flowers of quick growth, and by the delicacy of their conception, catch readily and without trouble, the relation of things to each other."

The charms of their persons, how powerful soever, may attract, but cannot fix us ; something more than beauty is necessary to rivet the lover's chain. By often beholding a beautiful face, the impression it first made soon wears away. When the woman whose person we admire, is incapable of pleasing us by her conversation, langour and satiety soon triumph over the relish we had for her charms : hence arises the inconstancy with which men are so often reproached ; that barrenness of ideas which we find in women, renders men unfaithful.

The ladies may judge of the difference there is among them, by that which they themselves make between a fool who teases them with his impertinence, and a man of letters who entertains them agreeably ; a very little labour would equal them to the last, and perhaps give them the advantage. This is a kind of victory which we wish to yield them.

The more they enlarge their notions, the more subjects of conversation will be found between them and us, and the more sprightly and affecting will that conversation be. How many delicate sentiments, how many nice sensibilities are lost by not being communicable, and what an increase of satisfaction should we feel could we meet with women disposed to taste them.

But what are the studies to which women may with propriety apply themselves ? This question I take upon myself to answer. I would particularly recommend to them to avoid all abstract

learning, all difficult researches, which may blunt the finer edge of their wit, and change the delicacy in which they excel into pedantic coarseness.

It is in such parts of learning only as afford the highest improvement that we invite women to share with us. All that may awaken curiosity, and lend graces to the imagination, suits them still better than us. This is a vast field, where we may together exercise the mind; and here they may even excel us without mortifying our pride.

History and natural philosophy are alone sufficient to furnish women with an agreeable kind of study. The latter, in a series of useful observations and interesting experiments, offers a spectacle well worthy the consideration of a reasonable being. But in vain does nature present her miracles to the generality of women, who have no attention but to trifles.

Yet surely it requires but a small degree of attention to be struck with that wonderful harmony which reigns throughout the universe, and to become ambitious of investigating its secret springs. This is a large volume open to all; here a pair of beautiful eyes may employ themselves without being fatigued. This amiable study will banish langour from the sober amusements of the country, and repair that waste of intellect which is caused by the dissipations of the town. Women cannot be too much excited to raise their eyes to objects like these, which they but too often cast down to such as are unworthy of them.

The sex is more capable of attention than we imagine: what they chiefly want is a well-directed application. There is scarcely a young girl who has not read with eagerness a great number of idle romances, sufficient to corrupt her imagi-

nation and cloud her understanding. If she had devoted the same time to the study of history, in those varied scenes she would have found facts more interesting, and instruction which only truth can give.

Those striking pictures that are displayed in the annals of the human race, are highly proper to direct the judgment, and form the heart. Women have at all times had so great a share in events, that they may with reason consider our archives as their own; nay, there are many of them who have written memoirs of the several events of which they had been eye-witnesses. Christina, of Pisan, daughter to the astronomer, patronized by the emperor Charles the Fifth, has given us the life of that prince; and long before her, the princess Anna Commenus wrote the history of her own times. We call upon the ladies to assert their rights, and from the study of history, to extract useful lessons for the conduct of life.

This study, alike pleasing and instructive, will naturally lead to that of the fine arts. The arts are in themselves too amiable to need any recommendation to the sex: all the objects they offer to their view have some analogy with women, and are like them adorned with the brightest colours. The mind is agreeably soothed by those images which poetry, painting and music trace out, especially if they are found to agree with purity of manners.

To familiarize ourselves with the arts, is in some degree to create a new sense. So agreeably have they imitated nature; nay, so often have they embellished it, that whoever cultivates them, will in them always find a fruitful source of new pleasures. We ought to provide against the en-

croachments of langour and weariness by this addition to our natural riches ; and surely when we may so easily transfer to ourselves the possession of that multitude of pleasing ideas which they have created, it would be the highest stupidity to neglect such an advantage.

There is no reason to fear that the ladies, by applying themselves to these studies, will throw a shade over the natural graces of their wit. On the contrary, those graces will be placed in a more conspicuous point of view. What can equal the pleasure we receive from the conversation of a woman who is more solicitous to adorn her mind than her person ? in the company of such women there can be no satiety ; every thing becomes interesting, and has a secret charm which only they can give. The happy art of saying the most ingenious things with a graceful simplicity is peculiar to them ; they call forth the powers of wit in men, and communicate to them that easy elegance which is never to be acquired in the closet.

But what preservative is there against disgust in the society of women of unimproved understandings ? in vain do they endeavour to fill the void of their conversation with insipid gaiety : they soon exhaust the barren fund of fashionable trifles, the news of the day, and hacknied compliments ; they are at length obliged to have recourse to scandal, and it is well if they stop there : a commerce in which there is nothing solid, must be either mean or criminal.

There is but one way to make it more varied and more interesting. If ladies of rank would condescend to form their taste and collect ideas from our best authors, conversation would take another cast : their acknowledged merit would banish that swarm of noisy impertinents who flut-

ter about them, and endeavour to render them as contemptible as themselves : men of sense and learning would frequent their assemblies, and form a circle more worthy of the name of *good company*.

In this new circle, gaiety would not be banished, but refined by delicacy and wit. Merit is not austere, a calm and uniform cheerfulness runs through the conversation of persons of real understanding, which is far preferable to the noisy mirth of ignorance and folly. The societies formed by the Sevignes, the Fayette, the Sablières, with the Vevonnes, the La Fares, and Rochefoucaults, were surely more pleasing than the assemblies of our days. Among them learning was not pedantic, nor wisdom severe ; and subjects of the highest importance were treated with all the sprightliness of wit.

The ladies must allow me once more to repeat to them, that the only means of charming, and of charming long, is to improve their minds ; good sense gives beauties which are not subject to fade like the lillies and roses of their cheeks, but will prolong the power of an agreeable woman to the autumn of her life.

RELIGION,

THE BEST FEMALE ACQUIREMENT.

WITHOUT religion no lady's education can be compleat.—True Religion (as an elegant Author observes) is the joint refulgence of all the virtues. It resembles the Sun, at whose sight all the Stars hide their diminished heads. It breathe

benevolence and love to man. The truly pious serve God, their creator and benefactor, with their whole soul. They honour and love him, not so much for the sake of their promised reward, as for the benefits they have received, and are more actuated by Gratitude than Hope. They are severe to themselves, and compassionate to others. They endeavour to reclaim the erroneous, not by severity, but meekness. They are always similar to themselves, and serve God uniformly, not by fits and starts. They are at peace with all men. They comfort the afflicted, support the distressed, and clothe the naked. They neither exult in prosperity, nor sink in adversity, but remain contented with the will of God, and patiently bear those afflictions he is pleased to lay upon them. They shew their piety not in theory but in practice ; not in words, but works. They are not led by fear, ambition, or worldly interest, but by love to the Author of their being. They strive to promote the good of all men, and labour to secure eternal bliss.

ADVICE TO A DAUGHTER.

BY LORD HALIFAX.

FRIENDSHIP.

[The Editor introduces Lord Halifax to the reader rather on account of the good sense by which his ADVICE is distinguished, than on account of his style ; which abounds with the quaintness of former times.]

I MUST, in particular, recommend to you a strict care in the choice of your friendships. Per-

haps the best are not without their objections, but however, be sure that yours may not stray from the rules which the wiser part of the world hath set to them. The leagues, offensive and defensive, seldom hold in politics, and much less in friendships. Besides, these great attachments, by degrees, grow injurious to the rest of your acquaintance, and throw them off from you. There is such an offensive distinction when the dear friend comes into the room, that it is flinging stones at the company, who are not apt to forgive it.

Do not lay out your friendship too lavishly at first, since it will, like other things, be so much the sooner spent; neither let it be of too sudden a growth; for as the plants which shoot up too fast, are not of that continuance as those which take more time for it; so too swift a progress in pouring out your kindness, is a certain sign that by the course of nature it will not be long lived. You will be responsible to the world, if you pitch upon such friends as at that time are under the weight of any criminal objection. In that case, you will bring yourself under the disadvantages of their character, and must bear your part of it. Choosing implies approving; and if you fix upon a lady for your friend against whom the world hath given judgment, 'tis not so well natured as to believe you are altogether averse to her way of living, since it doth not discourage you from admitting her into your kindness. And resemblance of inclinations being thought none of the least inducements to friendship, you will be looked upon as a well wisher, if not a partner with her in her faults. If you can forgive them in another, it may be presumed you will not be less gentle to yourself; and therefore you must not take it ill, if you are reckoned a croupiere, and condemned to pay an

equal share with a friend of the reputation she hath lost.

If it happens that your friend should fall from the state of innocence, after your kindness was engaged to her, you may be slow in your belief in the beginning of the discovery : but as soon as you are convinced by a rational evidence, you must, without breaking too roughly, make a fair and a quick retreat from such a mistaken acquaintance : else by moving too slowly from one that is so tainted, the contagion may reach you so far as to give you part of the scandal, though not of the guilt. This matter is so nice, that as you must not be too hasty to join in the censure upon your friend when she is accused, so you are not, on the other side, to defend her with too much warmth ; for if she should happen to deserve the report of common fame, besides the vexation that belongs to such a mistake, you will draw an ill appearance upon yourself, and it will be thought you pleaded for her, not without some consideration for yourself. The anger which must be put on to vindicate the reputation of an injured friend, may incline the company to suspect you would not be so zealous, if there was not a possibility that the case might be your own. For this reason, you are not to carry your attachments so far as absolutely to lose your sight where your friend is concerned. Because malice is too quick sighted, it doth not follow, that friendship must be blind ; there is to be a mean between these two extremes, else your excess of good nature may betray you into a very ridiculous figure, and by degrees you may be preferred to such offices as you will not be proud of.

Let the good sense of your friends be a chief ingredient in your choice of them ; else let your

reputation be ever so clear, it may be clouded by their impertinence. It is like our houses being in the power of a drunken or a careless neighbour : only so much worse as that there will be no insurance here to make you amends, as there is in the case of fire.

To conclude this paragraph ; if formality is to be allowed in any instance, it is to be put on to resist the invasion of such forward women as shall press themselves into your friendship, where, if admitted, they will either be a snare or an incumbrance.

PRIDE.

THIS is an ambiguous word ; one kind of it is as much a virtue, as the other is a vice : but we are naturally so apt to choose the worst, that it is become dangerous to commend the best side of it.

A woman is not to be proud of her fine gown ; nor when she hath less wit than her neighbours, to comfort herself that she hath more lace. Some ladies put so much weight upon ornaments, that if one could see into their hearts, it would be found, that even the thoughts of death is made less heavy to them by the contemplation of their being laid out in state, and honourably attended to the grave. One may come a good deal short of such an extreme, and yet still be sufficiently impertinent, by setting a wrong value upon things, which ought to be used with more indifference. A lady must not appear solicitous to engross respect to herself, but be content with a reasonable distribution, and allow it to others, that she may

have it returned to her. She is not to be troublesomely nice, nor distinguish herself by being too delicate, as if ordinary things were too coarse for her ; this in an unmannerly and an offensive pride, and where it is practised, deserves to be mortified, of which it seldom fails. She is not to lean too much upon her quality, much less to despise those who are below it. Some make quality an idol, and then their reason must fall down and worship it. They would have the world think, that no amends can ever be made for the want of a great title, or an ancient coat of arms : they imagine, that with these advantages they stand upon the higher ground, which makes them look down upon merit and virtue, as things inferior to them.— This mistake is not only senseless, but criminal too, in putting a greater price upon that which is a piece of good luck, than upon things which are valuable in themselves. Laughing is not enough for such a folly ; it must be severely whipped, as it justly deserves. It will be confessed, there are frequent temptations given by pert upstarts to be angry, and by that to have our judgments corrupted in these cases ; but they are to be resisted ; and the utmost that is to be allowed, is, when those of a new edition will forget themselves, so as either to brag of their weak side, or endeavour to hide their meanness by their insolence, to cure them by a little seasonable raillery, a little sharpness well placed, without dwelling too long upon it.

These and many other kinds of pride are to be avoided.

That which is to be recommended to you, is an emulation to raise yourself to a character, by which you may be distinguished : an eagerness for precedence in virtue, and all such other things as may gain you a greater share of the good opi-

nion of the world. Esteem to virtue is like a cherishing air to plants and flowers, which makes them blow and prosper ; and for that reason it may be allowed to be, in some degree, the cause as well as the reward of it. That pride which leadeth to a good end, cannot be a vice, since it is the beginning of a virtue ; and to be pleased with just applause, is so far from a fault, that it would be an ill symptom in a woman, who should not place the greatest part of her satisfaction in it.—Humility is no doubt a great virtue ; but it ceaseth to be so, when it is afraid to scorn an ill thing. Against vice and folly it is becoming your sex to be haughty ; but you must not carry the contempt of things to arrogance towards persons, and it must be done with fitting distinctions, else it may be inconvenient by being unseasonable. A pride that raises a little anger to be outdone in any thing that is good, will have so good an effect, that it is very hard to allow it to be a fault.

It is no easy matter to carry even between these differing kinds so described ; but remember that it is safer for a woman to be thought too proud, than too familiar.



DIVERSIONS.

THE next thing I shall recommend to you, is a wise and a safe method of using diversions. To be too eager in the pursuit of pleasure whilst you are young, is dangerous ; to catch at it in riper years, is grasping a shadow ; it will not be held. Besides that by being less natural, it grows to be indecent. Diversions are the most properly applied, to ease and relieve those who are op-

pressed, by being too much employed. Those that are idle have no need of them, and yet they above all others, give themselves up to them.—To unbend our thoughts, when they are too much stretched by our cares, is not more natural than it is necessary, but to turn our whole life into a holiday, is not only ridiculous, but destroys pleasure, instead of promoting it. The mind, like the body, is tired by being always in one posture, too serious breaks, and too diverting loosens it : it is variety that gives the relish ; so that diversions too frequently repeated, grow first to be indifferent, and at last tedious. Whilst they are well chosen and well timed, they are never to be blamed ; but when they are used to an excess, though very innocent at first, they often grow to be criminal, and never fail to be impertinent.

Some ladies are bespoken for merry meetings, as Bessus was for duels. They are engaged in a circle of idleness, where they turn round for the whole year, without the interruption of a serious hour. They know all the players' names, and are intimately acquainted with all the booths in Bartholomew fair. No soldier is more obedient to the sound of his captain's trumpet, than they are to that which summons them to a puppet, play, or a monster. The spring that brings out flies and fools, makes them inhabitants in Hide Park : in the winter they are incumbrance to the play house and the ballast of the drawing-room. The streets all this while are so weary of these daily faces, that men's eyes are overlaid with them. The sight is glutted with fine things, as the stomach with sweet ones ; when a fair lady will give too much of herself to the world, she oppresses, instead of pleasing. These ladies

so continually seek diversion, that in little time they grow into a jest, yet are unwilling to remember, that if they are seldomer seen, they would not be so often laughed at. Besides, they make themselves cheap, than which there cannot be an unkindier word bestowed upon your sex.

To play so as to be called a gamester, is to be avoided, next to the things that are most criminal. It hath consequences of several kinds not to be endured: it will engage you into a habit of idleness and ill hours, draw you into ill mixed company, make you neglect your civilities abroad and your business at home, and impose into your acquaintance such as will do you no credit.

To deep play there will be yet greater objections. It will give occasion to the world to ask spiteful questions. How you dare venture to lose, and what means you have to pay such great sums? If you pay exactly, it will be enquired from whence the money comes? If you owe, and especially to a man, you must be so very civil to him for his forbearance, that it lays a ground of having it farther improved, if the gentleman is so disposed; It will be thought no unfair creditor, if where the estate fails, he seizes upon the person. Besides, if a lady could see her own face upon an ill game, at a deep stake, she would certainly forswear any thing that could put her looks under such a disadvantage.

To dance sometimes, will not be imputed to you as a fault; but remember, that the end of your learning it, was, that you might the better know how to move gracefully. It is only an advantage so far. When it goes beyond it, one may call it excelling in a mistake which is no very great commendation. It is better for a wo-

man never to dance, because she hath no skill in it, than to do it too often, because she doth it well. 'The easiest, as well as the safest method of doing it, is in private companies, amongst particular friends and then carelessly, like a diversion, rather than with solemnity, as if it was a business, or had any thing in it to deserve a month's preparation by serious conference with a dancing master.

Much more might be said on all these heads, and many more might be added to them. But I must restrain my thoughts, which are full for my dear child, and would overflow into a volume which would not be fit for a new-year's gift. I will conclude with my warmest wishes for all that is good to you. That you may live so as to be an ornament to your family, and a pattern to your sex.



AN EXTRACT FROM DR. FORDYCE'S SERMONS

TO YOUNG WOMEN.

THAT admired maxim of heathen antiquity, "reverence thyself," seems to me peculiarly proper for a woman. She that does not reverence herself must not hope to be respected by others. I would therefore remind you of your own value. By encouraging you to entertain a just esteem for yourselves, I would on one hand guard you against every thing degrading, and on the other awaken your ambition to act up to the best standard of your sex ; to aspire at every amiable, every noble quality that is adapted to your state, or that can insure the affection and preserve the importance to which you were born. Now this impor-

tance is very great, whether we consider you in your present single condition, or as afterwards connected in wedlock.

Considering you in your present single condition, I would begin where your duty in society begins, by putting you in mind how deeply your parents are interested in your behaviour. For the sake of the argument, I suppose your parents to be alive. Those that have had the misfortune to be early deprived of theirs, are commonly left to the care of some friend or guardian, who is understood to supply their place; and to such my remarks on this head will not be altogether inapplicable.

Are you who now hear me blest with parents that even in these times, and in this metropolis, where all the corruption and futility of these times are concentrated, discover a zeal for your improvement and salvation? how thankful should you be for the mighty blessing! Would you show that you are thankful? do nothing to make them unhappy; do all in your power to give them delight.—Ah, did you but know how much it is in your power to give them!—But who can describe the transports of a breast truly parental, on beholding a daughter shoot up like some fair but modest flower, and acquire, day after day, fresh beauty and growing sweetness, so as to fill every eye with pleasure, and every heart with admiration; while, like that same flower, she appears unconscious of her opening charms, and only rejoices in the sun that cheers, and the hand that shelters her? In this manner shall you, my lovely friend, repay most acceptably a part (you never can repay the whole) of that immense debt you owe for all the pains and fears formerly suffered,

and for all the unalterable anxieties daily experienced, on your account.

Perhaps you are the only daughter, perhaps the only child of your mother, and she a widow. All her cares, all her sensations point to you. Of the tenderness of a much loved and much lamented husband you are the sole remaining pledge. On you she often fixes her earnest melting eye ; with watchful attention she marks the progress of your rising virtues ; in every softened feature she fondly traces your father's sense, your father's probity. Something within her whispers, you shall live to be the prop and comfort of her age, as you are now her companion and her friend.—Blessed Lord, what big emotions swell her labouring soul ! but lest, by venting them in your company she should affect you too much, she silently withdraws to pour them forth in tears of rapture ; a rapture only augmented by the sweetly sad remembrance that mingles with it, while at the same time it is exalted and consecrated doubly by ardent vows to heaven for your preservation and prosperity. Is there a young woman that can think of this with indifference ? is there a young woman that can reverse the description, suppose herself the impious creature that could break a widowed mother's heart, and support the thought ?

When a daughter, it may be a favourite daughter, turns out unruly, foolish, wanton ; when she disobeys her parents, disgraces her education, dishonours her sex, disappoints the hopes she had raised ; when she throws herself away on a man unworthy of her, or unqualified to make her happy ; what her parents in any of these cases must necessarily suffer, we may conjecture, they alone can feel.

A FATHER'S LEGACY

TO HIS

DAUGHTERS.

BY DR. GREGORY.

ONE of the chief beauties in a female character is that modest reserve, that retiring delicacy which avoids the public eye, and is disconcerted even at the gaze of admiration. I do not wish you to be insensible to applause ; if you were, you must become, if not worse, at least, less amiable women. But you may be dazzled by that admiration, which yet rejoices your hearts.

When a girl ceases to blush, she has lost the most powerful charm of beauty. That extreme sensibility which it indicates, may be a weakness and incumbrance in our sex, as I have too often felt ; but in yours it is peculiarly engaging. Pedants, who think themselves philosophers, ask why a woman should blush when she is conscious of no crime ? it is a sufficient answer, that nature has made you to blush when you are guilty of no fault, and has forced us to love you because you do so. Blushing is so far from being a necessary attendant on guilt, that it is the usual companion of innocence.

This modesty which I think so essential in your sex, will dispose you to be rather silent in company, especially in a large one. People of sense and discernment will never mistake such silence for dulness. One may take a share in conversation without uttering a syllable. The expression in

the countenance shews it, and this never escapes an observing eye.

I should be glad that you had an easy dignity in your behaviour at public places, but not that confident ease, that unabashed countenance, which seems to set the company at defiance. If, while a gentleman is speaking to you, one of superior rank addresses you, do not let your eager attention and visible preference, betray the flutter of your heart. Let pride on this occasion, preserve you from that meanness into which your vanity would sink you. Consider that you expose yourselves to the ridicule of the company, and affront one gentleman only to swell the triumph of another, who perhaps thinks he does you honour in speaking to you.

Converse with men even of the first rank with that dignified modesty, which may prevent the approach of the most distant familiarity, and consequently prevent them from feeling themselves your superiors.

Wit is the most dangerous talent you can possess. It must be guarded with great discretion and good nature, otherwise it will create you many enemies. Wit is perfectly consistent with softness and delicacy, yet they are seldom found united. Wit is so flattering to vanity, that they who possess it become intoxicated and lose all self command.

Humour is a different quality. It will make your company much solicited; but be cautious how you indulge it. It is often a great enemy to delicacy, and a still greater one to dignity of character. Sometimes it may gain you applause, but will never procure you respect.

Be even cautious in displaying your good sense. It will be thought you assume a superiority over

the rest of the company. But if you happen to have any learning, keep it a profound secret, especially from the men, who generally look with a jealous and malignant eye on a woman of great parts and cultivated understanding.

A man of real genius and candour is far superior to this meanness ; but such a one will seldom fall in your way ; and if by accident he should, do not be anxious to shew the full extent of your knowledge. If he has any opportunity of seeing you, he will soon discover it himself ; and if you have any advantages of person or manner, and keep your own secret, he will probably give you credit for more than you possess. The great art in conversation, consists in making the company pleased with themselves. You will more readily hear than talk yourselves into their good graces.

Beware of detraction, especially where your own sex is concerned. You are generally accused of being particularly addicted to this vice.—I think unjustly. Men are full as guilty of it, when their interests interfere. As your interests more frequently clash, and as your feelings are quicker than ours, your temptations to it are more frequent. For this reason be particularly tender of the reputation of your own sex, especially when they happen to rival you in our regards.—We look on this as the strongest proof of dignity and true greatness of mind.

Shew a compassionate sympathy to unfortunate women, especially to those who are rendered so by the villany of men. Indulge a secret pleasure, I may say pride, in being the friends and refuge of the unhappy, but without the vanity of shewing it.

Consider every species of indelicacy in conversation as shameful in itself, and as highly disgust-

ing to us. All *double entendre* is of this sort.—The dissoluteness of men's education allows them to be diverted with a kind of wit, which yet they have delicacy enough to be shocked at when it comes from your mouths; or even when you hear it without pain and contempt. Virgin purity is of that delicate nature that it cannot hear certain things without contamination. It is always in your power to avoid these. No man, but a brute or a fool, will insult a woman with conversation which he sees gives her pain; nor will he dare to do it, if she resent the injury with a becoming spirit. There is a dignity in conscious virtue, which is able to awe the most shameless and abandoned of men.

You will be reproached perhaps with prudery. By prudery is usually meant an affectation of delicacy. Now I do not wish you to affect delicacy: I wish you to possess it. At any rate, it is better to run the risk of being thought ridiculous than disgusting.

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| * | * | * | * | * | * | * | * |
| * | * | * | * | * | * | * | * |
| * | * | * | * | * | * | * | * |
| * | * | * | * | * | * | * | * |

Every man who remembers a few years back, is sensible of a very striking change in the attention and respect formerly paid by the gentlemen to the ladies. Their drawing rooms are deserted, and after dinner and supper, the gentlemen are impatient till they retire. How they came to lose this respect, which nature and politeness so well entitles them to, I shall not here particularly enquire. The revolutions of nature in any country, depend on causes very various and complicated. I shall only observe, that the behaviour of the ladies in the last age was very reserved and

stately. It would now be reckoned ridiculously stiff and formal. Whatever it was, it had certainly the effect of making them more respected.

A fine woman, like other fine things in nature, has her proper points of view, from which she may be seen to most advantage.

To fix this point requires great judgment, and an intimate knowledge of the human heart. By the present mode of female manners, the ladies seem to expect that they shall regain their ascendancy over us by the fullest display of their personal charms, by being always in our eye at public places, by conversing with us with the same unreserved freedom we do with one another ; in short, by resembling us as nearly as they possibly can. But a little time and experience will shew the folly of their expectation and conduct.

The power of a fine woman over the hearts of men of the finest parts, is ever beyond what she conceives. They are sensible of the pleasing illusion, but they cannot, nor do they wish to dissolve it. But if she is determined to dispel the charm, it certainly is in her power. She may soon reduce the angel to a very ordinary girl.

There is a native dignity in ingenious modesty to be expected in your sex, which is your natural protection from the familiarity of men, and which you should feel previous to the reflection, that it is your interest to keep yourselves sacred from all personal freedoms. The many nameless charms and endearments of beauty should be reserved to bless the happy man to whom you give your hearts. The sentiment, that a woman may allow all innocent freedoms, provided her virtue is secure, is both grossly indelicate and dangerous, and has proved fatal to many of your sex.

Let me now recommend to your attention, that elegance, which is not so much a quality of itself, as the high polish of every other. It is what diffuses an ineffable grace over every look, every motion, every sentence you utter. It gives that charm to beauty, without which it generally fails to please. It is partly a personal quality, in which respect it is the gift of nature : but I speak of it principally as a quality of the mind. In a word, it is the perfection of taste in life and manners ; every virtue, and every excellence, in their most graceful and proper forms.

You may perhaps think I want to throw every spark of nature out of your composition, and to make you entirely artificial. Far from it, I wish you to possess the most perfect simplicity of heart and manners. I think you may possess dignity without pride, affability without meanness, and simple elegance without affectation. Milton had my idea, when he says of Eve,

Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye :
In every gesture dignity and love.

THE PASSION FOR GAMING IN LADIES,
*Ridiculed in a Letter from a Chinese Philosopher,
to his Friend in the East.*

BY GOLDSMITH.

THE ladies here are by no means such ardent gamesters as the women of Asia. In this respect I must do the English justice ; for I love to praise where applause is justly merited. Nothing is more common in China, than to see two women

of fashion continue gaming till one has won all the other's clothes, and stript her quite naked ; the winner thus marching off in a double suit of finery, and the loser shrinking behind in the primitive simplicity of nature.

No doubt you remember when *Shang*, our maiden aunt, played with a sharper. First her money went ; then her trinkets were produced ; her clothes followed, piece by piece, soon after ; when she had thus played herself quite naked, being a woman of spirit, and willing to pursue *her own*, she staked her teeth ; fortune was against her even here, and her teeth followed her clothes ; at last she played for her left eye, and, oh ! hard fate, this too she lost : however, she had the consolation of biting the sharper, for he never perceived that it was made of glass till it became his own.

How happy, my friend, are the English ladies, who never rise to such an inordinance of passion ! Though the sex here are naturally fond of games of chance, and are taught to manage games of skill from their infancy, yet they never pursue ill fortune with such amazing intrepidity. Indeed I may entirely acquit them of ever playing—I mean of playing for their eyes or their teeth.

It is true they often stake their fortune, their beauty, health and reputations at a gaming-table. It even sometimes happens, that they play their husbands into a jail ; yet still they preserve a decorum unknown to our wives and daughters of China. I have been present at a rout in this country, where a woman of fashion, after losing her money, has sat writhing in all the agonies of bad luck ; and yet, after all, never once attempted to strip a single petticoat, or cover the board, as her last stake, with her head-clothes.

However, though I praise their moderation at play, I must not conceal their assiduity. In China, our women, except upon some great days, are never permitted to finger a dice-box ; but here, every day seems to be a festival ; and night itself, which gives others rest, only serves to increase the female gamester's industry. I have been told of an old lady in the country, who being given over by the physicians, played with the curate of her parish to pass the time away : having won all his money, she next proposed playing for her funeral charges ; the proposal was accepted ; but unfortunately, the lady expired just as she had taken in her game.

There are some passions, which, though differently pursued, are attended with equal consequences in every country : here they game with more perseverance, there with greater fury ; here they strip their families, there they strip themselves naked. A lady in China, who indulges a passion for gaming, often becomes a drunkard ; and by flourishing a dice-box in one hand, she generally comes to brandish a dram cup in the other. Far be it from me to say there are any who drink drams in England ; but it is natural to suppose, that when a lady has lost every thing but her honour, she will be apt to toss that into the bargain ; and, grown insensible to nicer feelings, behave like the Spaniard, who, when all his money was gone, endeavoured to borrow more, by offering to pawn his whiskers.

LETTER

FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN.

*To Asem Hacchem, principal slave-driver to his
highness the bashaw of Tripoli.*

[The works of education, in common use, are made up of selections from trans-atlantic writers. Young persons being accustomed to regard *English* literature as exclusively deserving their applause and imitation, acquire a disrelish and disrespect for the productions of our own country. This disrespect results so much from early prejudice, that elementary compilers should exert themselves to vindicate their national character. We are conscious that flowers of genius have been born (but “born to blush unseen”) in the American republic, which needed only the fostering Mæcænes, to display their beauties, and force them into public view. It is not enough that men *write*; excellence, in any shape, must be thrust into immortality, or that excellence is forgotten. We acknowledge that the distinguished authors from whom we select the following, cannot complain of popular neglect. The satires of the COCKLOFT FAMILY have circulated every where, and at one time the little volumes of SALMAGUNDI were thought an indispensable part of the tea-table furniture of every fashionable house in America. But this kind of celebrity is most perishable. The works of Launcelot Langstaff, and his noble brothers, have been too much regarded as mere amusing trifles, while they are adorned by all the graces of style and sentiment. The editor of the Lady’s Preceptor wishes to convince youth, that American productions exist, which they may admire and imitate. He wishes also to adduce the works of LANGSTAFF

AND Co. as choice specimens of national literature. He is satisfied, that females will not be displeased with the selection, and confess that *SALMAGUNDI* shines not only on the toilet and the tea-table, but that its lustre is bright amidst the surrounding glare of British erudition.]

THOUGH I am often disgusted, my good Asem, with the vices and absurdities of the men of this country ; yet the women afford me a world of amusement. Their lively prattle is as diverting as the chattering of the red-tailed parrot ; nor can the green-headed monkey of Timandi, equal them in whim and playfulness. But, notwithstanding these valuable qualifications, I am sorry to observe they are not treated with half the attention bestowed on the before mentioned animals. These infidels put their parrots in cages, and chain their monkeys ; but their women, instead of being carefully shut up in harems and seraglioes, are abandoned to the direction of their own reason, and suffered to run about in perfect freedom, like other domestic animals : this comes, Asem, of treating their women as rational beings, and allowing them souls. The consequence of this piteous neglect may easily be imagined—they have degenerated into all their native wildness, are seldom to be caught at home, and at an early age take to the streets and highways, where they rove about in droves, giving almost as much annoyance to the peaceable people, as the troops of wild dogs that infest our great cities, or the flights of locusts, that sometimes spread famine and desolation over whole regions of fertility.

This propensity to relapse into pristine wildness, convinces me of the untameable disposition of the sex, who may indeed be partially domesticated by

a long course of refinement and restraint, but the moment they are restored to personal freedom become wild as the young partridge of this country, which, though scarcely half hatched, will take to the fields and run about with the shell upon its back.

Notwithstanding their wildness, however, they are remarkably easy of access, and suffer themselves to be approached, at certain hours of the day, without any symptoms of apprehension; and I have even happily succeeded in detecting them at their domestic occupations. One of the most important of these consists in thumping vehemently on a kind of musical instrument, and producing a confused, hideous, and indefinable uproar, which they call the description of a battle—a jest, no doubt, for they are wonderfully facetious at times, and make great practice of passing jokes upon strangers. Sometimes they employ themselves in painting little caricatures and landscapes, wherein they will display their singular drollery in bantering nature fairly out of countenance—representing her tricked out in all the tawdry finery of copper skies, purple rivers, calico rocks, red grass, clouds that look like old clothes set adrift by the tempest, and foxy trees, whose melancholy foliage, drooping and curling most fantastically, reminds me of an undressed periwig that I have now and then seen hang on a stick in a barber's window. At other times they employ themselves in acquiring a smattering of languages spoken by nations on the other side of the globe, as they find their own language not sufficiently copious to supply their constant demands, and express their multifarious ideas. But their most important domestic avocation is to embroider on satin or muslin, flowers of a non-descript kind, in which the

great art is to make them as unlike nature as possible—or to fasten little bits of silver, gold, tinsel and glass, on long strips of muslin, which they drag after them with much dignity whenever they go abroad—a fine lady, like a bird of paradise, being estimated by the length of her tail.

But do not, my friend, fall into the enormous error of supposing, that the exercise of these arts is attended with any useful or profitable result—believe me, thou couldst not indulge an idea more unjust and injurious ; for it appears to be an established maxim among the women of this country that a lady loses her dignity when she condescends to be useful ; and forfeits all rank in society the moment she can be convinced of earning a farthing. Their labours, therefore, are directed not towards supplying their household, but in decking their persons, and—generous souls !—they deck their persons, not so much to please themselves, as to gratify others, particularly strangers. I am confident thou wilt stare at this, my good Asem, accustomed as thou art to our eastern females, who shrink in blushing timidity even from the glances of a lover, and are so chary of their favours that they even seem fearful of lavishing their smiles too profusely on their husbands. Here, on the contrary, the stranger has the first place in female regard, and so far do they carry their hospitality, that I have seen a fine lady slight a dozen tried friends and real admirers, who lived in her smiles and made her happiness their study, merely to allure the vague and wandering glances of a stranger who viewed her person with indifference and treated her advances with contempt. By the whiskers of our sublime bashaw, but this is highly flattering to a foreigner ! and thou mayest judge how particularly pleasing to one who is, like

myself, so ardent an admirer of the sex. Far be it from me to condemn this extraordinary manifestation of good will—let their own countrymen look to that.

Be not alarmed, I conjure thee, my dear Asem, lest I should be tempted by the beautiful barbarians to break the faith I owe to the three-and-twenty wives from whom my unhappy destiny has perhaps severed me for ever—no Asem; neither time nor the bitter succession of misfortunes that pursues me, can shake from my heart the memory of former attachments. I listen with tranquil heart to the strumming and prattling of these fair syrens—their whimsical paintings touch not the tender chord of my affections; and I would still defy their fascinations, though they trailed after them trains as long as the gorgeous trappings which are dragged at the heels of the holy camel of Mecca: or as the tail of the great beast in our prophet's vision, which measured three hundred and forty-nine leagues, two miles, three furlongs, and a hand's breadth in longitude.

The dress of these women is, if possible, more eccentric and whimsical than their deportment, and they take an inordinate pride in certain ornaments, which are probably derived from their savage progenitors. A woman of this country, dressed out for an exhibition, is loaded with as many ornaments as a circassian slave when brought out for sale. Their heads are tricked out with little bits of horn or shell, cut into fantastic shapes, and they seem to emulate each other in the number of these singular baubles—like the women we have seen in our journeys to Aleppo, who cover their heads with the entire shell of a tortoise, and thus equipped, are the envy of all their less fortunate acquaintance. They also decorate their

necks and ears with coral, gold chains, and glass beads, and load their fingers with a variety of rings; though, I must confess, I have never perceived that they wear any in their noses—as has been affirmed by many travellers. We have heard much of their painting themselves most hideously, and making use of bear's grease in great profusion; but this, I solemnly assure thee, is a misrepresentation; civilization, no doubt, having gradually extirpated these nauseous practices. It is true, I have seen two or three of these females, who had disguised their features with paint; but then it was merely to give a tinge of red to their cheeks, and did not look very frightful—and as to ointment, they rarely use any now, except occasionally a little grecian oil for their hair, which gives it a glossy, greasy, and (as they think) very comely appearance. The last mentioned class of females, I take it for granted, have been but lately caught, and still retain strong traits of their original savage propensities.

The most flagrant and inexcusable fault, however, which I find in these lovely savages, is the shameless and abandoned exposure of their persons. Wilt thou not suspect me of exaggeration when I affirm—wilt thou not blush for them, most discreet musselman, when I declare to thee, that they are so lost to all sense of modesty as to expose the whole of their faces from the forehead to the chin, and that they even go abroad with their hands uncovered!—Monstrous indelicacy!—

But what I am going to disclose, will doubtless appear to thee still more incredible. Though I cannot forbear paying a tribute of admiration to the beautiful faces of these fair infidels, yet I must give it as my firm opinion that their persons are preposterously unseemly. In vain did I look

around me on my first landing, for those divine forms of redundant proportions which answer to the true standard of eastern beauty—not a single fat fair one could I behold among the multitudes that thronged the streets; the females that passed in review before me, tripping sportively along, resembled a procession of shadows, returning to their graves at the crowing of the cock.

This meagreness I at first ascribed to their excessive volubility; for I have somewhere seen it advanced by a learned doctor, that the sex were endowed with a peculiar activity of tongue, in order that they might practise talking as a healthful exercise, necessary to their confined and sedentary mode of life. This exercise, it was natural to suppose, would be carried to great excess in a logocracy. “Too true,” thought I, “they have converted what was undoubtedly meant as a beneficent gift, into a noxious habit that steals the flesh from their bones and the roses from their cheeks; they absolutely talk themselves thin!” Judge then of my surprise when I was assured not long since, that this meagreness was considered the perfection of personal beauty, and that many a lady starved herself with all the obstinate perseverance of a pious dervise—into a fine figure! “nay more,” said my informer, “they will often sacrifice their healths in this eager pursuit of skeleton beauty, and drink vinegar, eat pickles, and smoke tobacco to keep themselves within the scanty outlines of the fashion.” Faugh! Allah preserve me from such beauties, who contaminate their pure blood with noxious recipes; who impiously sacrifice the best gift of heaven, to a preposterous and mistaken vanity. Ere long I shall not be surprised to see them scarring their faces like the negroes of Congo, flattening their noses in imitation of the Hottentots, or

like the barbarians of Ab-al Timar, distorting their lips and ears out of all natural dimensions. Since I received this information, I cannot contemplate a fine figure, without thinking of a vinegar cruet : nor look at a dashing belle, without fancying her a pot of pickled cucumbers ! What a difference, my friend, between these shades, and the plump beauties of Tripoli ; what a contrast between an infidel fair one and my favorite wife, Fatima, whom I bought by the hundred weight, and had trundled home in a wheel-barrow !

But enough for the present ; I am promised a faithful account of the arcana of a lady's toilet—a complete initiation into the arts, mysteries, spells and potions ; in short, the whole chemical process by which she reduces herself down to the most fashionable standard of insignificance ; together with specimens of the strait waistcoats, the lacings, the bandages, and the various ingenious instruments with which she puts nature to the rack, and tortures herself into a proper figure to be admired.

Farewel, thou sweetest of slave-drivers ! the echoes that repeat to a lover's ear the song of his mistress, are not more soothing than tidings from those we love. Let thy answers to my letters be speedy ; and never, I pray thee, for a moment cease to watch over the prosperity of my house, and the welfare of my beloved wives. Let them want for nothing, my friend ; but feed them plentifully on honey, boiled rice and water gruel, so that when I return to the blessed land of my fathers (if that can ever be !) I may find them improved in size and loveliness, and sleek as the graceful elephants that range the green valley of Abimar.

Ever thine,

MUSTAPHA.

LEDYARD'S CHARACTER OF WOMEN.

[LEDYARD, the celebrated traveller, who is quoted in the ensuing extract from one of the essays of *Sedley*, an occasional correspondent with the *Port Folio*, was a native of Connecticut. At the early age of eighteen, with no other advantages than those which a grammar school had afforded, his ardent curiosity and enterprising genius were displayed. Alone, in a canoe, the work of his own hands, and with provisions, for which he was indebted to the kindness of his village friends, he performed his first voyages, by descending the Connecticut river from Dartmouth to Hartford, without any previous knowledge of its navigation. In 1771, he sailed to London as a common sailor, and accompanied captain Cook, with whom he was a favorite, in his third voyage of discovery. A narrative of his various adventures, a description of the fatigues, the perils and the disappointments which this indefatigable traveller encountered, though highly interesting, would not be within the scope of this work. We shall merely add, that he died at Cairo, in the year 1789, while on a journey to explore the interior parts of Africa.

In the year 1781, he published an account of Cook's voyage ; and his pilgrimage through various regions of the globe, may be traced in his communications to the African Association at London. In one of these, he has borne a testimony in behalf of the sex, which is at once elegant, grateful and just. We hope the manner in which it is introduced to our readers will not be disapproved.]

I CONFESS I am not one of those who endeavour to establish a fancied superiority by reviling the female character, and I think these midnight

lucubrations have borne testimony to my sincere fondness and undissembled respect for its loveliness and dignity. Milton has acknowledged that "love is one of the *lowest* ends of human life;" and I readily believe that this world, without *the sweet intercourse of looks and smiles*, would be but a wide waste indeed. Why is it that, in the hour of distress, we forget all our vaunted heroism, and fly to the arms of female kindness for that consolation, which we in vain seek in our own reflections? And why is it that the tears of a woman have more effect in arousing our feelings, than the loudest call of the clarion? It is that all-pervading influence, which moves every passion of the human breast; it is that which melts the most fierce into docility, and inspires even cowardice with bravery.

Spenser, a favorite poet with me, has a passage on the influence of women in distress, which I wish every one to read and admire:

Nought is there under Heaven's hollownesse
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought t' unworthie wretchednesse,
Through envie's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind.
I, lately, *whether through her brightness blynd,*
Or, thro' allegiance and part fealty,
Which I doe owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart prest with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could dy.

But whilst I admire, and praise, and defend, let me not be supposed to be so blind as to see all their virtues and their vices, their beauties and deformities in the same partial light. No; the canvas so alluring to the eye is yet tarnished by many a stain. The sickly mein of affectation, the folly of a weak mind, and the ungenial chill of prudery, the vice of an impure mind, with

many other frailties that female *flesh is heir to*, must be corrected before woman can be called perfect. Yet, with all these imperfections, how infinitely do they surpass us in virtue, friendship, constancy, fortitude, genuine good sense, and unaffected good nature !

Let me add a grateful testimony of older experience, of which I have been reminded by these reflections. In the travels of Ledyard, this celebrated traveller says, he has “ always remarked that women, in all countries, are civil, obliging, tender and humane ; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest ; and that they do not hesitate, *like men*, to perform a kind or generous action.

“ Not haughty, not arrogant, not supercilious, they are full of courtesy, and fond of society. More liable in general to err than man, but, in general also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of friendship and decency, without receiving a friendly and decent answer ; with man it has often been otherwise.

“ In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartars ; if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so ; and to add to this virtue, so worthy the appellation of *benevolence*, these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was thirsty, I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry, I ate the coarsest meal with a double relish.”

ON FEMALE ATTRACTIONS.

FLAVELLA has a multitude of charms. She is sensible, affable, modest and good-humoured.—She is tall without being aukward, and as strait as an arrow. She has a clear complexion, lively eyes, a pretty mouth, and white even teeth ; and will answer the description which any rhyming lover can give of the mistress of his affections, after having ransacked heaven and earth for similies ; and yet I cannot admire her. She wants, in my opinion, that *nameless something*, or *Je ne sai quoi*, which is far more attractive than beauty.—It is, in short, a peculiar manner of saying the most insignificant things, and doing the most trifling actions which captivates us, and takes our hearts by surprise. Though I am a strenuous advocate for a modest, decent and an unaffected deportment in the fair sex, I would not, however, have a fine woman altogether insensible of her personal charms, for she would then be as insipid as Flavella. I would only have her conscious enough of them to behave with modest freedom, and to converse with fluency and spirit. When a woman stalks majestically into a room, with the haughty airs of a first rate beauty, and expects every one who sees her to admire her, my indignation rises, and I get away as fast as I can, in order to enjoy the conversation of an easy, good humoured creature, who is neither beautiful, nor conceited enough to be troublesome, and who is as willing to give pleasure, as desirous to receive it.

TENDERNESS TO MOTHERS.

MARK! that parent hen, said a father to his beloved daughter. With what anxious care does she call together her little offspring, and cover them with her expanded wings. The kite is hovering into the air, and, disappointed of his prey, by the care the hen takes of her brood, may, perhaps, dart upon the hen herself, and bear her off in his talons.

Does not this sight suggest to you the tenderness and affection of your mother? her watchful care protected you in the helpless period of your infancy, when she nourished you with her milk, taught your limbs to move, and your tongue to lisp its unformed accents. In childhood, she has mourned over your little griefs, has rejoiced in your innocent delights, has administered to you the healing balm in sickness, and has instilled into your mind the love of truth, of virtue, and of wisdom. Oh! cherish every sentiment of respect to such a mother: she merits your warmest gratitude, esteem and veneration.

PERCIVAL.

CHARACTER OF TWO SISTERS.

FLIRTILLA is a gay, lively, giddy girl; she is what the world calls handsome; she dances and sings admirably, has something to say upon every fashion, person, play, opera, masquerade, or public exhibition, and has an easy flow of words, that pass upon the multitude for wit. In short, the

whole end of her existence seems to be centered in a love of company and the fashion. No wonder she is noticed only by the less worthy part of the world. Amelia, the lovely Amelia, makes home her greatest happiness. Nature has not been so lavish of her charms, as to her sister, but she has a soft pleasing countenance, that plainly indicates the goodness of her heart within.— Her person is not striking at first, but as it becomes familiar to the beholder, is more so than that of her sister. For her modest deportment, and her sweet disposition, will daily gain ground on any person who has the happiness of conversing with her. She reads much, and digests what she reads. Her serenity of mind is not to be disturbed by the disappointment of a party of pleasure, nor her spirit agitated by the shape of a cap, or the colour of a ribbon. She speaks but little when in company, but when she does, every one is silent, and attends to her as an oracle, and she has one true friend with whom she passes her days in tranquillity. The reader may easily judge which of these two sisters is the most amiable.



FAMILY LOVE AND HARMONY.

I WILL amuse you with a little experiment, said Charles one evening to Lucy, Emilia, and Jacobus, and, rising from the table, he took the candles and held them about half an inch asunder, opposite to a medallion of Dr. Franklin, about two yards distant from it. The motto round the figure—“Unhurt amidst the war of elements” was but just distinctly visible: when the degree of light had been sufficiently observed, he united the

flames of the two candles, by putting them close together, and the whole figure with the inscription became instantly illuminated in a much stronger manner than before. They were all pleased, and struck with the effect, and they desired Euphronius, who now entered the parlour, to explain to them the cause of it. He commended their entertainment, and informed them that a greater degree of heat is produced by the junction of the two flames, and consequently a farther attention, and more copious emission of the particles of which light consists. But, my dear youngfriends, continued he, attend to the lesson of virtue, as well as of science, which the experiment you have seen affords. Nature has implanted in your hearts, benevolence, friendship, gratitude, humanity and generosity ; and these social affections are separately shining lights in the world : but, they burn with peculiar warmth and lustre, when more concentered in the kindred charities of brother, sister, child, and parent ; and harmony, peace, sympathy in joy and grief, mutual good offices, forgiveness and forbearance are the bright emanations of domestic love. May the radiance of such virtues long illuminate this happy household.

PERCIVAL.

FENELON, ON EDUCATION.

IF girls do not apply *early* to things of some solidity, they will have neither taste for them, nor pleasure in them, afterwards. A mother should by degrees represent to her daughter the advantage of rational application ; but she should rather make the acquisition of knowledge

a recreation, than a toil, otherwise she will cause the child to be disgusted with all improvement.

Begin to teach children history, by relating little tales of interesting and noble actions, which will engage their attention, enlarge their ideas, and give them a taste for virtue : this method will lead them, as they grow older, to wish to acquire general knowledge, and will render them pleasing companions.

But endeavour to guard against presumption, and self-conceit ; always praise them more when they doubt or ask for information, than when they seem certain of their knowledge : this is the best means of infusing into them gently a proper modesty of opinion, and of discouraging an argumentative manner, which is extremely disgusting in young females.

Let not girls mistake vivacity of imagination and facility of speaking for wit ; they will otherwise interfere upon all occasions, and talk and decide upon subjects the least suited to their capacity. Tell them, that quickness of repartee, and a readiness of expressing themselves with ease and grace, are not essential talents, because they are frequently possessed by women who are deficient in solidity of understanding ; but imprint strongly on their minds, that a discreet and regular conduct, and a knowledge when to be silent and when to deliver their sentiments with propriety, are essential qualifications which command respect and conciliate esteem.

Parents frequently encourage girls in softness and timidity, bordering on weakness, which render them incapable of being firm and uniform characters. They are perhaps naturally fearful, and they affect to be so still more, and thus custom confirms this failing : if you shew contempt

for these fears and affectations, it will be the most effectual way to correct them.

As an extreme love of refinement is too apt to influence the sex, represent to a young lady, the utility of an accommodating disposition. Since we must frequently associate with persons who are not very refined, and enter into occupations not suitable to our tastes : reason, which is true good sense, points out fastidiousness as a weakness of character. A mind that understands true politeness, and knows how to descend to ordinary occupations, is infinitely superior to those excessively delicate minds, that are overcome with disgust upon every occasion.

Endeavour to persuade young ladies not to imagine that great beauty is the most desirable gift. A beauty idolizers her own person more than the most passionate lover. Inform them, that beauty deceives the person who possess it much more than those who are its admirers ; and lead them to reflect, that a very few years will rob them of all their charms.

Beauty without merit is very little serviceable to a girl ; she can only expect to draw in a young coxcomb to marry her, with whom she must be wretched. But when modesty and virtue are joined with beauty, the possessor of these qualifications may aspire to an union with a man of real merit.

As there are no regulations for dress, equipages, or way of living, there are in effect none for the general situations in life. Most women are disposed to love an ostentatious display, and are fond of leading the fashions : this vain ambition frequently ruins families and the ruin of families must draw on the corruption of morals. On one side, this parade excites in persons of a low con-

dition the desire of appearing above their situation, which leads them to commit dishonest actions ; on the other hand, it induces persons of quality, who find themselves without resources, to be guilty of mean and scandalous actions to support their expenses ; by these means are extinguished good faith, probity and ingenuousness, even among the nearest relations. Endeavour, therefore, to convince young ladies how much more estimable that honour is, which is derived from a right conduct, and cultivated understanding, than from any ostentatious display.

Endeavour to give a young woman a proper sense of the part she is to act, if she marries.—She is to have the care of educating her children ; of the boys to a certain age, of the girls till they marry. She ought to have a quick discernment to find out the natural genius and disposition of each child, to conduct herself properly towards them, to discover their inclinations, talents and tempers ; to persuade them by good advice, and to correct their errors. She should carefully acquire and preserve her authority, without losing their love and confidence.

A mother of a family should have a proper sense of religion, to be able to instil good principles into her children. St. Paul assures women, that their salvation depends upon well educating their children.

Many women too much neglect economy, particularly those in higher stations of life ; accustomed to affluence and indolence, they disclaim this virtue, as involving them in unworthy occupations. Teach young ladies, that a mistress of a family should accustom herself to keep an account of her expenses, to know the value of the

necessaries of life as well as the articles of dress, that she may prevent waste and imposition. But though she should avoid prodigality, let her not run into the opposite extreme. Avarice gains little, and greatly dishonours those who are under its influence. A reasonable woman only practises frugality to avoid the shame and injustice attending an expensive and ruinous conduct; she retrenches superfluous expenses, that she may have it in her power the more liberally to perform acts of friendship, benevolence, and charity."

EXTRACT FROM THOUGHTS

UPON FEMALE EDUCATION,

Accommodated to the present state of society, manners, and government, in the United States of America. Addressed to the Visitors of the Young Ladies' Academy in Philadelphia, 28th July, 1787, by BENJAMIN RUSH, M. D.

THE branches of literature most essential for a young lady in this country, appear to be,

1st. A knowledge of the English language.—She should not only read, but speak and spell it correctly. And to enable her to do this, she should be taught the English grammar, and be frequently examined in applying its rules in common conversation.

2d. Pleasure and interest conspire to make the writing of a fair and legible hand, a necessary branch of a lady's education. For this purpose she should be taught not only to shape every letter properly, but to pay the strictest regard to points and capitals.

I once heard of a man who professed to discover the temper and dispositions of persons by looking at their hand writing. Without enquiring into the probability of this story ; I shall only remark, that there is one thing in which all mankind agree upon this subject, and that is, in considering writing that is blotted, crooked, or illegible, as a mark of vulgar education. I know of few things more rude or illiberal, than to intrude a letter upon a person of rank or business, which cannot be easily read. Peculiar care should be taken to avoid every kind of ambiguity and affectation in writing *names*. I have now a letter in my possession upon business, from a gentleman of a liberal profession in a neighbouring state, which I am unable to answer, because I cannot discover the name which is subscribed to it. For obvious reasons I would recommend the writing of the first, or christian name, at full length, where it does not consist of more than two syllables.—Abbreviations of all kind in letter writing, which always denote either haste or carelessness, should likewise be avoided. I have only to add under this head; that the Italian and inverted hands which are read with difficulty, are by no means accommodated to the active state of business in America, or to the simplicity of the citizens of a republic.

3d. Some knowledge of figures and book-keeping is absolutely necessary to qualify a young lady for the duties which await her in this coun-

try. There are certain occupations in which she may assist her husband with this knowledge ; and should she survive him, and agreeably to the custom of our country be the executrix of his will, she cannot fail of deriving immense advantages from it.

4th. An acquaintance with geography and some instruction with chronology will enable a young lady to read history, biography, and travels with advantage ; and thereby qualify her not only for a general intercourse with the world, but to be an agreeable companion for a sensible man. To these branches of knowledge may be added, in some instances, a general acquaintance with the first principles of astronomy, natural philosophy and chemistry, particularly, with such parts of them as are calculated to prevent superstition, by explaining the causes, or obviating the effects of natural evil, and such, as are capable of being applied to domestic, and culinary purposes.

5th. Vocal music should never be neglected in the education of a young lady in this country.— Besides preparing her to join in that part of public worship which consists in psalmody, it will enable her to soothe the cares of domestic life. The distress and vexation of a husband—the noise of a nursery, and even the sorrows that will sometimes intrude into her own bosom, may all be relieved by a song, where sound and sentiment unite to act upon the mind. I hope it will not be thought foreign to this part of our subject to introduce a fact here which has been suggested to me by my profession, and that is, that the exercise of the organs of the breast, by singing, contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which our climate and other causes, have of late exposed them.—Our German fellow

citizens are seldom afflicted with consumptions, nor have I ever known but one instance of spitting of blood among them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire, by exercising them frequently in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education. The music-master of our academy has furnished me with an observation still more in favour of this opinion. He informed me that he had known several instances of persons who were strongly disposed to the consumption, who were restored to health, by the moderate exercise of their lungs in singing.

6th. DANCING is by no means an improper branch of education for an American lady. It promotes health, and renders the figure and motions of the body easy and agreeable. I anticipate the time when the resources of conversation shall be so far multiplied, that the amusement of dancing shall be wholly confined to children. But in our present state of society and knowledge, I conceive it to be an agreeable substitute for the ignoble pleasures of drinking, and gaming, in our assemblies of grown people.

7th. The attention of our young ladies should be directed, as soon as they are prepared for it, to the reading of history—travels—poetry—and moral essays. These studies are accommodated, in a peculiar manner, to the present state of society in America, and when a relish is excited for them, in early life, they subdue that passion for reading novels, which so generally prevails among the fair sex. I cannot dismiss this species of writing and reading without observing, that the subjects of novels are by no means accommodated to our present manners. They hold up *life*, it is true, but it is not as yet *life* in America. Our passions

have not as yet "overstepped the modesty of nature," nor are they "torn to tatters," to use the expressions of the poet, by extravagant love, jealousy, ambition, or revenge. As yet the intrigues of a British novel, are as foreign to our manners, as the refinements of Asiatic vice. Let it not be said, that the tales of distress, which fill modern novels, have a tendency to soften the female heart into acts of humanity. The fact is the reverse of this. The abortive sympathy which is excited by the recital of imaginary distress, blunts the heart to that which is real; and, hence, we sometimes see instances of young ladies, who weep away a whole forenoon over the criminal sorrows of a fictitious Charlotte or Werter, turning with disdain at three o'clock from the sight of a beggar, who solicits in feeble accents or signs, a small portion only of the crumbs which fall from their father's tables.

8th. It will be necessary to connect all these branches of education with regular instruction in the christian religion. For this purpose the principles of the different sects of christians should be taught and explained, and our pupils should early be furnished with some of the most simple arguments in favour of the truth of christianity.* A portion of the bible (of late improperly banished from our schools) should be read by them every day, and such questions should be asked, after reading it as are calculated to imprint upon their minds the interesting stories contained in it.

Rousseau has asserted that the great secret of education consists in "wasting the time of children

* Baron Haller's letters to his daughter on the truths of the christian religion, and Dr Beatie's "evidence of the christian religion briefly and plainly stated," are excellent little tracts, and well adapted for this purpose.

profitably." There is some truth in this observation. I believe that we often impair their health, and weaken their capacities by imposing studies upon them, which are not proportioned to their years. But this objection does not apply to religious instruction. There are certain simple propositions in the christian religion, which are suited in a peculiar manner, to the infant state of reason and moral sensibility. A clergyman of long experience in the instruction of youth informed me, that he always found children acquired religious knowledge more easily than knowledge upon other subjects ; and that young girls acquired this kind of knowledge more readily than boys. The female breast is the natural soil of christianity ; and while our women are taught to believe its doctrines, and obey its precepts, the wit of Voltaire, and the style of Bolingbroke, will never be able to destroy its influence upon our citizens.

I cannot help remarking in this place, that christianity exerts the most friendly influence upon science, as well as upon the morals and manners of mankind. Whether this be occasioned by the unity of truth, and the mutual assistance which truths upon different subjects afford each other, or whether the faculties of the mind be sharpened and corrected by embracing the truths of revelation, and thereby prepared to investigate and perceive the truths upon the subjects, I will not determine, but I believe that the greatest discoveries in science have been made by christian philosophers, and that there is the most knowledge in those countries where there is the most christianity. If this remark be well founded, then those philosophers who rejected christianity, and those christians, whether parents or school-masters, who neglect the religious instruction of their children

and pupils, *reject* and *neglect* the most effectual means of promoting knowledge in our country.

9th. If the measures that have been recommended for inspiring our pupils with a sense of religious and moral obligation be adopted, the government of them will be easy and agreeable. I shall only remark under this head, that *strictness* of discipline will always render *severity* unnecessary, and that there will be the most instruction in that school, where there is the most order.

I have said nothing in favour of instrumental music as a branch of female education, because I conceive it is by no means accomodated to the present state of society and manners in America. The price of musical instruments, and the extravagant fees demanded by the teachers of instrumental music, form but a small part of my objections to it.

To perform well, upon a musical instrument, requires much time and long practice. From two to four hours in a day, for three or four years appropriated to music, are an immense deduction from that short period of time which is allowed by the peculiar circumstances of our country for the acquisition of the useful branches of literature that have been mentioned. How many useful ideas might be picked up in these hours from history, philosophy, poetry, and the numerous moral essays with which our language abounds, and how much more would the knowledge acquired upon these subjects add to the consequence of a lady, with her husband and with society, than the best performed pieces of music upon a harpsicord or a guittar! Of the many ladies whom we have known, who have spent the most important years of their lives, in learning to play upon instruments of music, how few of them, do we see amuse

themselves or their friends with them, after they become mistresses of families ! their harpsichords serve only as side-boards for their parlours, and prove by their silence, that necessity and circumstances, will always prevail over fashion, and false maxims of education.

Let it not be supposed from these observations that I am insensible of the charms of instrumental music, or that I wish to exclude it from the education of a lady where a musical ear irresistably disposes to it, and affluence at the same time affords a prospect of such an exemption from the usual cares and duties of the mistress of a family, as will enable her to practise it. These circumstances form an exception to the general conduct that should arise upon this subject, from the present state of society and manners in America.

It is agreeable to observe how differently modern writers and the inspired author of the Proverbs, describe a fine woman. The former confine their praises chiefly to personal charms and ornamental accomplishments, while the latter celebrates only the virtues of a valuable mistress of a family and a useful member of society. The one is perfectly acquainted with all the fashionable languages of Europe ; the other, "opens her mouth with wisdom" and is perfectly acquainted with all the uses of the needle, the distaff and the loom. The business of the one, is pleasure ; the pleasure of the other, is business. The one is admired abroad ; the other is honoured and beloved at home. "Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her." There is no fame in the world equal to this ; nor is there a note in music half so delightful, as the respectful language with which a grate-

ful son or daughter perpetuates the memory of a sensible and affectionate mother.

It should not surprize us that British customs, with respect to female education, have been transplanted into our American schools and families. We see marks of the same incongruity, of time and place, in many other things. We behold our houses accommodated to the climate of Great-Britain, by eastern and western directions. We behold our ladies panting in a heat of ninety degrees, under a hat and cushion, which were calculated for the temperature of a British summer. We behold our citizens condemned and punished by a criminal law, which was copied from a country, where maturity in corruption renders public executions a part of the amusements of the nation. It is high time to awake from this servility—to study our own character—to examine the age of our country—and to adopt manners in every thing, that shall be accommodated to our state of society, and to the forms of our government. In particular it is incumbent upon us to make ornamental accomplishments yield to principles and knowledge, in the education of our women.

A philosopher once said “let me make all the ballads of a country and I care not who makes its laws.” He might with more propriety have said, let the ladies of a country be educated properly, and they will not only make and administer its laws, but form its manners and character. It would require a lively imagination to describe, or even to comprehend, the happiness of a country, where knowledge and virtue, were generally diffused among the female sex. Our young men would then be restrained from vice by the terror of being banished from their company. The loud laugh, and the malignant smile, at the expense of

innocence, or of personal infirmities—the feats of successful mimicry—and the low priced wit, which is borrowed from a misapplication of scripture phrases, would no more be considered as recommendations to the society of the ladies. A double entendre in their presence, would then exclude a gentleman forever from the company of both sexes, and probably oblige him to seek an asylum from contempt, in a foreign country.—The influence of female education would be still more extensive and useful in domestic life. The obligations of gentlemen to qualify themselves by knowledge and industry to discharge the duties of benevolence, would be increased by marriage ; and the patriot—the hero—and the legislator, would find the sweetest reward of their toils, in the approbation and applause of their wives. Children would discover the marks of maternal prudence and wisdom in every station of life ; for it has been remarked that there have been few great or good men who have not been blessed with wise and prudent mothers. Cyrus was taught to revere the gods, by his mother Mandane—Samuel was devoted to his prophetic office before he was born, by his mother Hannah—Constantine was rescued from paganism by his mother Constantia—and Edward the sixth inherited those great and excellent qualities which made him the delight of the age in which he lived, from his mother, lady Jane Seymour. Many other instances might be mentioned, if necessary, from ancient and modern history, to establish the truth of this proposition.

I am not enthusiastical upon the subject of education. In the ordinary course of human affairs, we shall probably too soon follow the footsteps of the nations of Europe in manners and

vices. The first marks we shall perceive of our declension, will appear among our women. Their idleness, ignorance, and profligacy will be the harbingers of our ruin. Then will the character and performance of a buffoon on the theatre, be the subject of more conversation and praise, than the patriot or the minister of the gospel :—then will our language and pronunciation be enfeebled and corrupted by a flood of French and Italian words ; then will the history of romantic amours, be preferred to the pure and immortal writings of Addison, Hawkesworth and Johnson ;—then will our churches be neglected, and the name of the Supreme Being never be called upon, but in profane exclamations ;—then will our Sundays be appropriated, only to feasts and concerts ;—and then will begin all that train of domestic and political calamities——But, I forbear. The prospect is so painful, that I cannot help, silently, imploring the great arbiter of human affairs, to interpose his almighty goodness, and to deliver us from these evils, that, at least one spot of the earth may be reserved as a monument of the effects of good education, in order to shew in some degree, what our species was, before the fall, and what it shall be, after its restoration.

DRESS.

BY far too much of a girl's time is taken up in dress. This is an exterior accomplishment ; but I chose to consider it by itself. The body hides the mind, and it is in its turn obscured by the drapery. I hate to see the frame of a picture so glaring as to catch the eye and divide the atten-

tion: dress ought to adorn the person, and not rival it. It may be simple, elegant, and becoming, without being expensive: and ridiculous fashions disregarded, while singularity is avoided. The beauty of dress (I shall raise astonishment by saying so) is its not being conspicuous one way or the other; when it neither distorts or hides the human form by unnatural protuberances. If ornaments are much studied, a consciousness of being well dressed will appear in the face; and surely this mean pride does not give much sublimity to it. 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' And how much conversation does dress furnish which surely cannot be very improving or entertaining.

BENEVOLENT EMPLOYMENTS.

I BEG leave to recommend a branch of charity which is too much neglected amongst us; I mean that of visiting poor persons in sickness and affliction at their own houses.

The pleasure which accompanies benevolent actions, almost every woman, when in health, can in some measure purchase for herself; and the calls on our humanity are more frequent than on that of the other sex, as there are a variety of distresses which we only can personally relieve.

Let us begin with childing-women. We will suppose that the poor, inured to hardships from their infancy, have in general more strength than persons in superior stations to support the evils which are, in some degree, the allotted portions of all mothers: but they certainly are not exempted

from the curse denounced on their sex—they feel it in its full force, ‘ In sorrow, (in accumulated sorrow) they bring forth children.’ It is therefore an act of compassion, becoming all women who have ability to do it, to mitigate the dreadful sufferings which fall to the lot of many of their fellow-creatures. It must be acknowledged that ladies in general are ready to afford pecuniary assistance whenever a poor woman can find a friend to represent her horrid situation ; but instead of sending money, which may be misapplied by a drunken or sordid nurse, or even by a sottish husband, it would answer a better purpose if some, who can judge by sympathy of the feelings of these poor wretches, would enter their miserable dwellings, and view them in their uncomfortable beds.



DR. BEATTIE’S

OPINION OF ROMANCES.

ROMANCES are a dangerous recreation. A few, no doubt, of the best may be friendly to good taste and good morals ; but far the greater part are unskilfully written, and tend to corrupt the heart, and stimulate the passions. A habit of reading them breeds a dislike to history, and all the substantial parts of knowledge, withdraws the attention from nature and truth ; and fills the mind with extravagant thoughts, and too often with criminal propensities. I would therefore caution my young readers against them : or, if he must, for the sake of amusement and that he may

have something to say on the subject, indulge himself in this way now and then, let it be sparingly, and seldom.

THE ART OF IMPROVING BEAUTY.

MONSIEUR ST. EVREMONT has concluded one of his essays with affirming that the last sighs of a handsome woman are not so much for the loss of her life as of her beauty. Perhaps this raillery is pursued too far; yet it is turned upon a very obvious remark, that a woman's strongest passion is for her own beauty, and that she values it as her favourite distinction. From hence it is that all arts which tend to improve or preserve it meet with so general a reception amongst the sex. To say nothing of many false helps, and contraband wares of beauty, which are daily vended in this great mart, there is not a maiden gentlewoman of a good family in any county of South Britain, who has not heard of the virtues of May-dew, or is not furnished with some receipt or other in favour of her complexion; and I have known a physician of learning and sense, after eight years study at the university, and a course of travels into most countries of Europe, owe the first raising of his fortunes to a cosmetic wash.

This has given me occasion to consider how so universal a disposition in woman-kind, which springs from a laudable motive, the desire of pleasing, and proceeds upon an opinion, not altogether groundless, that nature may be helped by art, may be turned to their advantage: and methinks it would be an acceptable service to take them out

of the hands of quacks and pretenders, and to prevent their imposing upon themselves, by discovering to them the true secret and art of improving beauty.

In order to this, before I touch upon it directly, it will be necessary to lay down a few preliminary maxims, viz.

That no woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

That pride destroys all symmetry and grace, and affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than the small pox.

That no woman is capable of being beautiful who is not incapable of being false.

And, that what would be odious in a friend is deformity in a mistress.

From these few principles, thus laid down, it will be easy to prove that the true art of assisting beauty consists in embellishing the whole person by the proper ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities. By this help alone it is that those who are the favourite work of nature, or, as Mr. Dryden expresses it, the porcelain clay of humankind, become animated, and are in a capacity of exerting their charms: and those who seem to have been neglected by her, like models wrought in haste, are capable, in a great measure, of finishing what she has left imperfect.

It is, methinks, a low and degraded idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys and soften the cares of humanity by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power to put them on a level with their pictures at Kneller's. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty heightened by vir-

tue, and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation ! How faint and spiritless are the charms of a coquet, when compared with the real loveliness of Sophronia's innocence, piety, good-humour, and truth ; virtues which add a new softness to her sex, and even beautify her beaut ! Colours artfully spread upon canvass may entertain the eye but not affect the heart ; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excelling qualities may be allowed still to amuse as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

When Adam is introduced by Milton describing Eve in Paradise, and relating to the angel the impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first creation, he does not represent her like a Grecian Venus, by her shape or features, but by the lustre of her mind, which shone in them, and gave them their power of charming.

Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In all her gestures dignity and love !

Without this irradiating power the proudest fair one ought to know, whatever her dress may tell her to the contrary, that her most perfect features are uninformed and dead.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

VALERIUS MAXIMUS relates a very singular fact upon this subject. A woman of illustrious birth had been condemned to be strangled. The Roman prætor delivered her up to the triumvir, who caused her to be carried to prison, in order to her being put to death. The goaler, who was ordered to execute her, was struck with compassion, and could not resolve to kill her. He chose therefore to let her die of hunger. Besides which, he suffered her daughter to see her in prison ; taking care, however, she brought her nothing to eat. As this continued many days, he was surprised that the prisoner lived so long without eating, and suspecting the daughter, upon watching her, he discovered that she nourished her mother with her own milk. Amazed at so pious, and, at the same time, so ingenious an invention, he told the fact to the triumvir, and the triumvir to the prætor, who believed the thing merited relating in the assembly of the people. The criminal was pardoned ; a decree was passed that the mother and daughter should be subsisted for the rest of their lives at the expense of the public, and that a temple sacred to piety should be erected near the prison. PLIN. HIST.

The same author gives a similar instance of filial piety in a young woman named Xantippe,

to her aged father Gimonus, who was likewise confined in prison, and which is universally known by the name of the Roman Charity. Both these instances appeared so very extraordinary and uncommon to that people, that they could only account for them, by supposing that the love of children to their parents was the first law of nature.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

THERE are no ties in nature to compare with those which unite an affectionate mother to her children, when they repay her tenderness with obedience and love.

Cornelia, the illustrious mother of the Gracchi, after the death of her husband, who left her twelve children, applied herself to the care of her family, with a wisdom and prudence, that acquired her universal esteem. Only three out of the twelve lived to years of maturity, one daughter and two sons, whom she brought up with so much care, that, though they were born with the most happy geniuses and dispositions, it was thought they were more indebted to education than nature.—The answer she gave a companion lady concerning them, is worthy of remark, and includes in it instructions which deserve the attention of every affectionate mother and daughter.

The lady, who was very rich, and still fonder of pomp and shew, after having displayed in a visit she made her, her diamonds, pearls, and richest jewels, earnestly desired Cornelia, to let her see *her* jewels also. Cornelia dexterously turned the conversation to another subject, till her children were returned from school. When they en-

tered their mother's apartment, she said to the companion lady, pointing to them with her hand, "*These are my jewels, and the only ornaments I admire.*" And such ornaments, which are the strength and support of society, add a brighter lustre to the fair, than all the jewels of the east.

BEAUTIES OF HISTORY.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION,

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE STORY OF CYRUS, KING OF PERSIA.

OF all the pleasures that endear human life, there are none more worthy the attention of a rational creature, than those that flow from the mutual return of conjugal love.

When two minds are thus engaged by the ties of reciprocal affection, each alternately receives and communicates a transport, inconceivable to all but those that are in this situation : whence arises, that heart-ennobling solicitude for one another's welfare ; that tender sympathy, which alleviates affliction ; and that participated pleasure, which heightens prosperity and joy itself.

The following is a beautiful instance of this exalted passion :

Cyrus, king of Persia, had taken captive the young prince of Armenia, together with his beautiful and blooming princess, whom he had lately married, and of whom he was passionately fond. When they, along with other prisoners, were brought before the tribunal, Cyrus asked the prince " What he would give to be reinstated in his kingdom ?" He answered, with an air of in-

difference, 'That, as for his crown, and his own liberty, he valued them at a very low rate : but, if Cyrus would restore his beloved princess to her native dignity, and hereditary possessions, he should infinitely rejoice ; and would pay' (this he uttered with tenderness and ardour) 'would willingly pay his life for the purchase.'

When all the prisoners were dismissed with freedom, it is impossible to express how much they were charmed with their royal benefactor. Some celebrated his martial abilities, some applauded his social virtues ; all were prodigal of their praises, and lavish in grateful acknowledgements. 'And you,' said the prince, addressing himself to his bride ; 'What think you of Cyrus ?' 'I did not observe him,' said the princess. 'Not observe him ! Upon what then was your attention fixed ?'—'Upon that dear and generous man, who declared, that he would purchase my liberty, at the expense of his own life !'

THE WOMEN OF HENSBERG.

WHEN the emperor Conrade the III. had besieged Gullphus, duke of Bavaria, in the city of Hensberg, the women finding that the town could not possibly hold out, petitioned the emperor, that they might depart out of it with as much as each of them could carry. The emperor knowing they could not take away any great quantity of their effects, granted their petition ; when the women, to his great surprise, came out of the place, each of them with her husband upon her back. The emperor was so moved at the sight, that he burst into tears ; and, after having much extolled the

women for their conjugal affection, gave the men to their wives, and received the duke into his favour.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE OF
VIRTUE AND FORTITUDE,

IN THE HISTORY OF FELICITAS, THE MARTYR,
AND HER SEVEN CHILDREN.

AMONG all the female sex, who are candidates for the admiration of posterity, the lady whose history I now offer is among the foremost.

In those early periods, when our religion was as yet but thinly disseminated through the world ; when the tyrants frowned, the gibbet threatened, and all the laws of every country seemed armed with vengeance to oppose it, then, bravely to assert the cause of Christianity might dignify the greatest hero ; but how much greater is the praise, when a feeble woman boldly asserts her inaster's cause, and for his sake, gives up to the executioner, not only her own person, but the persons of her seven sons, all remarkable for their courage, fidelity, beauty, and unerring virtue.

Felicitas was born at Rome, in the reign of Trajan the emperor, at a time when the general persecution against the Christians was beginning to subside. This interval of rest to Christianity served to spread its doctrines, and invigorate its professors for any future contingent calamity.—Felicitas was the daughter of a Roman senator, who had been formerly converted himself, and gave all his family a Christian education : but this daughter in particular engaged his greatest

attention. She was the child of his age, and the object, next to heaven, of his peculiar care. She was equally remarkable for sense and beauty, and she added virtue to both, which finishes the picture. She was sought for in marriage by persons of the greatest eminence then in the Roman empire, and at last made choice of one, who was equally zealous in the cause of Christianity with herself. This couple lived together with the utmost harmony for several years, and had seven children, all sons, who were early instructed in the principles of their parents. The father, however, dying, and Adrian ascending the throne, the sons, in order to support the honour of the family, and with the consent of the mother, went to the Roman army, which was employed in stopping the incursions of the Parthians and Persians, who now began to invade the empire. Upon their arrival at the army, and being dressed in uniform, Adrian, in reviewing his troops, was particularly struck with the exquisite form of the eldest as he passed along, but his pleasure increased, when he saw six more, all of whom, he knew by their faces, were brothers. He therefore demanded who they were, and being informed, made Januarius, the eldest, the tribute of his own cohort, and gave each of the rest, some subordinate posts in his army. The confidence he reposed in them was by no means displaced, not even the oldest officers, shewed more complacency in camp, or more bravery in the day of battle. In their own example they revived true military glory, and taught Rome to behold the spirit of ancient intrepidity not entirely extinguished. The very name of Januarius, grew terrible to the enemy, and yet the merciful manner, in which he treated them when subdued, and his giving them their

liberty, on condition of turning Christians, attracted their love, respect, and esteem. In this manner they continued to fight the battles of their country for several years, whilst every messenger brought to Rome, some new accounts of their generosity, their courage, and the wounds they had received or given. Their country was pleased, and praised their merit ; but chiefly their mother, though now grown old, thought herself happy.— She received the news of their victories with pleasure, and thanked heaven that gave her an opportunity of bringing into the world, so many heroes for the defence of their declining country. Upon Adrian's return, after conquering the enemy, a triumph was decreed him by the senate, and he entered Rome in the usual solemnities, with his whole army, and the captives and spoils taken from the enemy ; but in the whole army, none were more remarkable than the seven brothers, all exactly cloathed alike in similar armour, and all covered over with the wounds they had received in several years hard campaigns. The acclamations of the people were loudest whenever they passed by, whilst they moved forward with modest downcast looks, and at last went to pay those duties which they longed to pay to their mother. They continued in Rome for some years, and though they had been long bred soldiers, yet a military life only served to increase their love for Christianity, being, if possible, rather more remarkable for their piety than their valour. It was in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, that a new persecution commenced against Christians of every denomination : neither sex, age, dignity, nor former services were remembered, but all were indiscriminately dragged to execution, and suffered all the punishments that barbarous super-

stition, or mistaken zeal could inflict. Among the number, who were accused of being Christians, were Felicitas the matron, and her seven sons. The idolatrous priests, had long been incensed at the numbers which were converted to Christianity by their influence, arguments, and example. They complained to the emperor, then at Rome, representing her and her sons as so many implacable enemies to the gods of Rome, and assuring him that the security of his empire depended on appeasing the offended deities by their blood. They were therefore seized in their own palace, and orders were given from the emperor himself, that they should recant their opinions, or suffer the punishment which the magistrates, in such cases, were empowered to decree. It was in vain that the unhappy family remonstrated, that they had long faithfully served their emperor and country, when they were most wanted, and that it was hard now to condemn them for opinions they had before professed with openness and impunity; they enlarged on the favours they received from Nerva, and entreated at last to be rescued from the resentment of the priesthood, and that if they must fall, that it might be by the judgment of a secular tribunal. Upon this the emperor's orders were dispatched to Publius, who was then governor of Rome, to see the judgment executed without severity: but Publius himself was one of the number of those, who still adhered to the barbarous worship established by law, and was one of the most zealous persecutors of the Christians that had ever been known before. He therefore called the Christian family into his presence, and began with the mother, now aged seventy-three, imagining that if he could gain her, the example would influence her sons, at the

same time hoping that maternal tenderness would induce her to change her opinions, merely to secure her children. He therefore addressed her in the language of an able orator; laid before her the numberless advantages that would result to her upon her abjuring of Christianity; talked largely of the religion of her ancestors, by which they had grown into power and fame, and displayed the ill consequences that would be the result if Christianity should prevail: but to those remonstrances Felicitas answered, "That she had learned the truths of her religion from her very infancy, of which she was thoroughly convinced, and that to recant them now, would only be giving the lie to her professions. She knew, she said, all that could be urged against her, and was prepared to receive it. Her ancestors, she told him, had many of them died for their country, but she was determined to be greater still, and die for her God."

The magistrate now began to change his language, and let her understand the tortures that were prepared in case she should refuse: but Felicitas with a look of the utmost intrepidity, regarding her children that stood round her, replied, "that she had seven sons who were not terrified when surrounded with dangers, and that she would shew herself worthy to be their mother." Publius, surprised at the resolution of her reply, endeavoured to bring her to compliance, by observing, that though she had no consideration for her own life, yet he hoped she would have some tenderness for the lives of her children. To which she answered, "that life and death were things but of small consequence in her estimation, and that whether her children lived or died, she hoped they would behave like profes-

sors of christianity, like soldiers, and like men." This was the first conference, and was held privately, at the governor's own house ; but the next day he took his seat, in the place appointed for the public examination of criminals, and ordered the prisoners to be conducted from their dungeons into his presence. Upon their appearance, he again accosted the heroic mother, observing, "that her life might be indifferent to her, as she had not long to live, yet it was her duty to regard her children, whose flourishing youth, promised long servises to society." "No, replied the undaunted matron, they have long fought for their ungrateful country, their God, now calls for an exertion of their courage, and as they formerly toiled for transitory reward, let them now fight for rewards that shall be eternal." The warmth of this reply raised the judge's utmost indignation ; he considered it as an insult upon his authority, and ordered her to be struck on the face for her presumption, and to be instantly removed from the tribunal.

The judge now signified his desire to examine the sons, which he undertook to do separately, and Januarius, the tribune, was first brought to his trial. The governor attempted to shake his constancy, by shewing him what preferments, authorized by the emperor himself, would attend his conforming to the religion by law established, at the same time, laying before him what cruel tortures must attend his refusal. But Januarius still remained inflexible, and shewed his bosom all covered with wounds. "Think you," cries he, "that I, who have borne all these in fighting for you while you remained inactive here, will fear to receive a thousand for the master who died for me? No! prepare your whips and tor-

“ments ; at least you shall find, that as I have
“given my fellow soldiers an example how to live,
“they shall see in me, an example how to die.”

This reply only exasperated the governor still the more, he therefore ordered him to be immediately whipped in his presence, at the same time loading him with invectives. While the orders were performing, Felix, the second son of this illustrious family, was called forth to the tribunal, who followed his brother's example, and met with the same treatment. Philip, the third brother was then brought forward, and told the emperor's orders, were, that he should sacrifice to Mars ; to which he replied, “that the God which had given him courage in battle, he had sacrificed to every day ; and whilst he had life he would never quit his standard, nor by a base desertion gain his safety here, by the loss of immortality.” In this manner, they all persisted in their adherence to Christianity. But the governor had some hopes of prevailing with the youngest, as he was as yet but a mere youth, and consequently unable to refute the objections which could be brought against it. There was, therefore, every method tried to influence him : he was told that the emperor had a right to challenge his obedience preferable to his mother, and had it in his power to exact it under severe penalties. But the young Christian replied, that, “It was true he owed the emperor his duty, but that his God challenged it first ; that gratitude, justice, and every other motive conspired to make him the servant, first of an heavenly master ; and when his duties to him were fulfilled, that then he should discharge all that was due to his temporal sovereign.”

In this manner they were brought to and from the tribunal for several days and allowed in their prison nothing but bread and water ; yet still they continued fixed in their resolutions of dying, and encouraged each other in setting an example of heroic, or rather of Christian fortitude. At length, however the emperor's orders for their execution arrived, and they were all taken from prison ; the mother to be beheaded, and the sons whipped to death, with cords loaded with plummets of lead.

The terrible procession began from the prison gates ; the mother, with a firm and resolute countenance, marched first, and the son followed, laden with chains, and attended by the executioners, with the instruments of death in their hands. This was a very different procession, from that in which they had some years before traversed the streets of Rome, when they were crowned with garlands, and saluted with acclamations in every street. Yet those very looks which, after their return from victory, were so modest, now assumed a noble majestic severity ; and they walked forward through pitying multitudes—their eyes directed to that heaven to which these honorable martyrs were hastening.

When arrived at the place of execution, they were unbound in order to take leave of each other ; and the mother, fondly hanging on the face of her eldest son, who was first to undergo the torture, is said to have spoken in the following manner : “ I
“ thought myself once happy in having so many
“ children to present to my country, I am now
“ much happier in having so many to offer to my
“ God. Blest, blest be the day in which you
“ were born, and the pangs which I felt in bringing you into the world. Oh my boy, my soldier, my hero, my Christian ! this, this is your

“ day of triumph ; I shall soon have more reason to
“ rejoice at your groans and sufferings, than when,
“ crowned with conquest you triumphantly entered
“ the streets of Rome. As for my own life,
“ it is worn to the very last dregs, and cannot be
“ an offering so acceptable to heaven as thine :
“ persevere to the last, and we shall in a few minutes
“ meet together, where we shall fear no future
“ disturbance from men, and no ingratitude
“ from our country.”

The executioner now began to inflict the dreadful punishment, and the mother without fainting or betraying the least weaknesses of her sex continued to look on. Januarius kept his eyes still directed to heaven, nor could the severity of his torture, nor the insults from his executioners draw from him a single groan. In the same manner the rest of her children took leave, and even the spectators, averse as they were to the Christians, could not refrain from shedding tears on this horrid occasion.

Felicitas still looked on with a steady and noble countenance, till it came to the turn of her youngest child, who, with looks still blooming with youth and beauty came to take his last farewell of her. Upon his coming up to embrace her, her spirits could no longer contain, but she burst into a flood of tears, and hung upon his neck for some time in a transport of unspeakable sorrow. At last resuming her former fortitude : “ O
“ thou,” said she, “ my all that is now left me,
“ my youngest lad, dear child, resist but a few
“ minutes and we shall soon be together. I have
“ now but one short pang, and all will be over. All
“ mankind are set against us, and what have we to
“ do amongst them ? No my child, let us go to
“ a place of endless rest, where the good shall
“ meet with friends like themselves, and the wick-

“ed cannot intrude to molest us. Look upon the
“poor mangled bodies of your already happy
“brethren ! What is there terrible in death, when
“attended with those rewards which shall crown
“the righteous ? They are now looking on, with
“happiness, upon us two miserable creatures, as
“we are, thus struggling under, thus loaded with
“earthly calamity.”

When all the sons were tortured to death, at last it came to the matron's turn to suffer ; but their fortitude seemed nothing when compared to hers : she received the stroke with greater looks of joy than she had ever before testified, and set the surviving world a pattern of constancy, piety, and maternal tenderness.

St. Gregory observes, that she seemed as much afraid of leaving her children in the world, as other parents are of surviving them.

BOADICEA.

THE first female character in English history which draws our attention, is Boadicea, queen of the Iceni, who, when the emperor Nero sent Suetonius to conquer England, then in a state of barbarism, having been treated ignominiously by the Romans, headed the Britons with undaunted spirit, and attacked with success several settlements of her insulting conquerors. London, which was then a flourishing Roman colony, was reduced to ashes, and seventy thousand of the enemy were destroyed. But this carnage was revenged by Suetonius in a great and decisive battle, where thirty thousand Britons are said to have perished ; and Boadicea herself, rather than

fall into the hands of the enraged victor, put an end to her own life by poison....It is necessary to observe, that as this period was previous to the introduction of christianity into our island, the Saxon of religion did not teach its followers to suffer and submit.

BERTHA.

DURING the heptarchy, Ethelbert king of Kent married Bertha, the only daughter of Caribert king of Paris, one of the descendants of Clovis, conqueror of Gaul; but before he was admitted to this alliance, he was obliged to stipulate that the princess should enjoy the free exercise of her religion, which was that of christianity.... Bertha brought over a French bishop to the court of Canterbury, and being zealous for the propagation of her religion, she had been very assiduous in her devotional exercises, had supported the credit of her faith by an irreproachable conduct, and had employed every art of insinuation and address, to reconcile her husband to her religious principles. Her popularity and influence over Ethelbert paved the way for the reception of the christian doctrine; in a short time it was embraced by the king and his court, and the whole nation by degrees followed his example. Every woman therefore, who enjoys with gratitude the inestimable comforts of the gospel, must feel a noble pride on reflecting that Bertha, by her good sense, mildness and propriety of conduct, was the leading instrument of converting our ancestors to christianity.

PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT,

(Queen-consort of Edward the Third.)

IN 1346, Edward the Third undertook the siege of Calais, which was defended by a valiant knight, John de Vienne. While Edward was employed in this siege, which lasted near twelve months, David, king of Scotland, taking advantage of the king's absence, entered Northumberland at the head of fifty thousand men, and carried his ravages and devastations to the gates of Durham. But the queen assembling a body of a little more than twelve thousand men, which she entrusted to the command of lord Percy, ventured to approach him at Neville's Cross, near that city; and riding through the ranks of the army, exhorted every man to do his duty, and to take revenge on those barbarous ravagers; nor could she be persuaded to leave the field, till the armies were on the point of engaging. The troops animated by her spirit, broke the ranks of the enemy, drove them off the field, killed between fifteen and twenty thousand, and took the king prisoner. Philippa having secured her royal captive in the tower, crossed the sea at Dover, and was received in the English camp, before Calais, with all the triumph which was due to her rank, merit and success. John de Vienne, governor of Calais, finding he could no longer resist the attack of the enemy, was obliged to accept the hard terms exacted by the conqueror; that six of the most considerable citizens should repair to Edward's camp bare-headed and bare-footed with ropes about their necks, carrying the keys of the city in their hands; and on these considerations the king promised to spare the lives

of the remaining inhabitants. In compliance with these commands, six principal burghers, whom history has immortalized, voluntarily offered themselves, habited like malefactors; they laid the keys of the city at Edward's feet, and were ordered to immediate execution.

At this instant a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The queen had just arrived with a powerful reinforcement of her gallant soldiers.

Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience. My lord, said she, the question I am to enter upon is not touching the lives of a few mechanics; it respects a matter, more estimable than the lives of all the natives of France, it respects the honour of the English nation, it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king.

You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my lord, they have sentenced themselves, and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward.

They have behaved themselves worthily; they have behaved themselves greatly; I cannot but respect, while I envy them, for leaving us no share in the honor of this action, save that of granting a poor, an indispensable pardon.

I admit they have deserved every thing that is evil at your hands. They have proved the most inveterate of your enemies. They alone withstood the rapid course of your conquests, and have withheld from you the crown to which you were born. Is it therefore that you would in-

dulge their ambition, and enwreath them with everlasting glory?

But, if such a death would exalt mechanics over the fame of the most illustrious heroes, how would the name of my Edward, with all his triumphs, be tarnished! Would it not be said that magnanimity and virtue are grown odious in the eyes of the monarch of Britain, and that the objects, whom he destines to the punishment of felons, are the very men who deserve the esteem of mankind? The stage on which they should suffer, would be to them a stage of honor, but a stage of shame to Edward, and indelible disgrace to his name.

No, my lord. Let us rather disappoint these burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expense. We cannot, indeed, wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended, but we may cut them short of their desires; in the place of that death by which the glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts; we shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue.

I am convinced; you have prevailed; be it so, cried Edward, prevent the executions; have them instantly before us!

They came; when the queen, with an aspect and accent diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them.

Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, ye have put us to a vast expense of blood and treasure in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance; but you acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment, and we admire in you that valour by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions.

You noble burghers, you excellent citizens! though you were ten-fold our enemies, we can

feel nothing on our part, save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tried. We loose your chains ; we snatch you from the scaffold ; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you shew us that excellence is not of blood ; of title, or of station ; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings ; and that those, whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours, are raised above all human distinctions.

You are free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties ye have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not to carry with you the due tokens of our esteem.

Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves, by every endearing obligation ; and for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours, that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons.

“ Ah my country, exclaimed Saint Pierre, (the mayor of Calais and one of those distinguished citizens) it is now that I tremble for you ! Edward could only win your cities, but Philippa conquers hearts.”

“ Brave Saint Pierre,” said the queen, “ wherefore look you so dejected !” “ Ah madam !” replied Saint Pierre, “ when I meet with another such opportunity of dying, I shall not regret that I survived this day.”

ELEANOR OF CASTILE.

IN the year 1270, Eleanor of Castile, who was married to the prince of Wales, afterwards Edward I. accompanied her husband in the crusades, when he received a wound which was supposed to have been made by a poisoned arrow. Eleanor immediately sucked the wound, that by drawing away the poison from him to herself, she might preserve his life, which was dearer to her than her own. Eleanor did not meet that death which she expected, but her name is transmitted to posterity as having felt the strongest of conjugal attachments. Thomson has this beautiful incident in his tragedy of Edward and Eleonora.

MARGARET OF ANJOU,

CONSORT OF HENRY VI.

MARGARET of Anjou, was most probably the cause of raising the dreadful contest between the houses of York and Lancaster. If she had not made Henry's reign obnoxious, he would perhaps, unmolested, have transmitted the crown to his posterity. But there is almost in every person something to praise, as well as something to blame ; therefore a sketch of the various events of the life of Margaret is given, not doubting that the bad part of her character will be condemned as it deserves, and the worthy part applauded and admired.

On the death of Henry V. in 1422, his only son Henry VI. an infant, inherited Eng-

land and the greater part of France. During his minority the great virtues and talents of his uncles, the dukes of Bedford and Gloucester, maintained him on the throne : when he came of age, he was too weak in his intellects to bear the weight of government ; and the duke of Gloucester, who had been appointed regent during the king's minority, continued to guide the realm.— A party, in opposition to the duke of Gloucester, concluded a treaty of marriage between Henry and Margaret of Anjou. She was daughter of Rene, titular king of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem, and duke of Anjou ; who with all these pompous titles, was the poorest prince in Europe : and though she brought no accession of fortune or territory, yet Henry was induced to purchase the marriage by the cession of Maine and Anjou to France.

Margaret was the most accomplished princess of the age, and seemed to possess those talents which would equally qualify her to govern, and supply all the weaknesses and defects of her husband. Of a masculine and enterprising temper, endowed with solidity as well as vivacity of understanding ; she had displayed the power of her mind even in the privacy of her father's family ; and it was reasonable to expect, that when she should ascend the throne, her talents would break out with still superior lustre.

On her arrival in England, in 1443, she endeavoured to acquire an entire ascendancy in all political affairs. Grateful to the party which had raised her to the throne ; she joined the cabal of the cardinal of Winchester, the dukes of Somerset and Suffolk, against the duke of Gloucester. He was a great and generous character, as unsuspecting of plots and conspiracies, as he was in-

capable of forming them against others ; and therefore easily became the dupe of the artifices of his rivals for power : he was accused, arrested, confined, and as it was supposed, privately put to death in prison. How far Margaret was involved in this dreadful transaction, does not appear from history ; but it is reasonable to suppose, that a princess who had not reached the twentieth year of her age, could not be accessory to the murder of her husband's uncle ; and it is probable, that he fell a victim to the revenge and perfidy of his brother the cardinal of Winchester, the most unprincipled character of that barbarous age. The duke of Suffolk, Margaret's peculiar favourite, succeeded the duke of Gloucester as a prime minister, and became so extremely obnoxious, that an insurrection took place : to appease the people, Suffolk was arraigned, and condemned to banishment ; and in his attempt to retire into France, was seized and beheaded, by persons unknown. Somerset succeeded him, as well in the ministry and favour of the queen as in the hatred of the nation.

The administration of Margaret became so unpopular, that Richard, duke of York, lineally descended from Edward III. was induced to advance his right to the throne in preference to the house of Lancaster, and to come forward as the great leader of opposition to the counsels of Margaret : and as the reigning king, always unfit to conduct the helm of government, was at this time seized with a mental derangement, which increased his natural imbecility, and rendered him incapable of maintaining even the appearance of royalty ; the party of the white rose prevailed over the red rose ; Margaret yielded to the torrent, and Richard was appointed protector during pleasure. His moderation, how-

ever, in being content with the protectorate, and not seizing the crown when it was within his grasp, raised the hopes of the Lancastrians. The king recovered in a certain degree from his indisposition : Margaret, eager to regain her former influence, made him resume the reins of government, released Somerset from the tower, and dissolved the administration of the duke of York. This bold measure gave birth to instant hostilities, and the memorable field of St. Alban's, in which the Lancastrian party lost the day, was stained with the first blood in the fatal quarrel between the rival houses of York and Lancaster ; a quarrel which continued during thirty-six years, was signalized by twelve pitched battles, opened a scene of extraordinary fierceness and cruelty, is computed to have cost the lives of eighty princes of the blood, and almost annihilated the ancient nobility of England.

In 1460, after a variety of successes and defeats on both sides, the competitor of Henry was slain, and Margaret stained her memory by gazing with delight on his head, which was fixed on a pole over the gates of York. His son who possessed more spirit and less scruples than his father, repaired to London. Assisted by the earl of Warwick, he was proclaimed king, under the name of Edward the Fourth ; and after two decided victories at Towton and Hexham, appeared firmly established on the throne.

The fate of the unfortunate royal family after these defeats was truly singular. Margaret flying with her son, who was only in the ninth year of his age, into a forest, was beset during the darkness of the night by robbers, who despoiled her of her rings and jewels, and treated her with the utmost indignity. While the robbers were

disputing on the division of the spoil, she escaped with her son into the thickest part of the forest, and wandered for some time, leading the prince by the hand, till extenuated with hunger and fatigue, they sunk upon the ground. In this dreadful situation she observed a robber approaching with his naked sword : finding all escape impossible, she advanced towards him, and presenting the young prince, exclaimed, "Behold, my friend, the son of your king, I commit him to your protection." The man, whose humane and generous spirit had been obscured, but not entirely extinguished by his vicious course of life, vowed to devote himself to their security, concealed them in the forest, and finally conducted them to the sea coast, from whence they made their escape into Flanders. She repaired to her father's court and passed several years in privacy and retirement, brooding over the fate of her deposed husband, who was confined in the tower.

In this disastrous state of affairs, Margaret was surprised by the presence of the earl of Warwick, who had hitherto been the devoted partisan of the house of York, and the inveterate enemy of the Lancastrian party. This great but turbulent nobleman, from his exorbitant influence called *the King-maker*, had taken umbrage at Edward the fourth, and offered his services to reinstate Henry the sixth. Margaret excepted his offer with joy and gratitude : by her influence a fleet and army was procured in France ; Warwick landed at Dartmouth, drove Edward from England, released Henry from the tower, into which place he had been the chief cause of throwing him, and proclaimed him king with great solemnity.

During these troubles, Margaret had remained in France, active in gaining assistance to restore her husband, and extremely attentive to the education and instruction of her son. She had set him examples of magnanimity, and endeavoured to inspire him with that true magnanimity which braves danger. She besought him at the same time to neglect nothing, and to fear nothing that could lead to the possession of a crown, which heaven had given him a right to enjoy; and to comfort himself with the same firmness, if its loss should be found inevitable. On the news of Warwick's success, Margaret and her son were hastening towards England, but were detained by contrary winds, till a new revolution, no less sudden than the former, plunged them into greater misery than that from which they had just emerged. In 1470, Edward, impatient to recover his lost authority, landed in Yorkshire with a force not exceeding two thousand men; and partisans every moment flocked to his standard. Warwick assembled an army at Leicester, with an intention of giving battle to the enemy; but Edward taking another road, passed him unmolested, and arrived in London. He was received with acclamations in the city; met the enemy at Barnet, and gained a complete victory over Warwick who was slain in the engagement, and took Henry prisoner.

The same day in which this decisive battle was fought, queen Margaret and her son now a promising youth about eighteen years of age, arrived at Weymouth. On receiving intelligence of her husband's captivity, and of the death of the earl of Warwick, her courage under so many trying circumstances, did not yet forsake her, and she still determined to defend to the utmost ruins

of her fallen fortunes. But her last attempt was annihilated by the bloody defeat at Tewkesbury, and she was almost a melancholy witness to the butchery of her only son. Margaret and her son were taken prisoners, and brought to the king; the young prince being asked in a most insulting manner, how he dared to invade England, more mindful of his high birth than of his present fortune, boldly replied, "I came hither to recover my father's kingdom." The ungenerous Edward, irritated by this reply, and insensible to pity, smote him on the face with his gauntlet, and his attendants taking the blow as a signal for farther violence, dispatched him with their daggers.

From this dreadful scene, Margaret was conveyed to the tower, and in a few days her unparalleled misfortunes were finally aggravated by the account of Henry's death, who was supposed to have been privately murdered. She remained in prison till 1475, in which year a treaty between the kings of France and England stipulated her liberty; and Edward, in delivering Margaret from her confinement, exhorted her to enjoy her freedom with tranquility. A solitary imprisonment of five years, which succeeded to a variety of numerous calamities, had given such a turn to her temper, that there was little occasion for this exhortation.

History is silent in regard to a woman, whose nod a few years before could pacify or convulse England. She resided with her father till his death, which happened in 1480, and followed him to the grave in 1482 in the fifty-third year of her age. This princess, who had been so active on the stage of the world, and who had experienced such a variety of misfortunes, was more il-

lustrious for her undaunted spirit in adversity, than for her moderation in prosperity. She seems neither to have possessed the virtues, nor been subject to the weaknesses of her sex, and was as much tainted by the ferocity, as endowed with the courage, of that barbarous age in which she lived. But if there is a valuable lesson to be drawn from her history, it is chiefly from that marvellous vigour of mind which made her suddenly pass from the lowest extremes of debasement and consternation to the noblest resolutions and the most heroic enterprize.

LADY ELIZABETH GREY.

When Edward the Fourth was established on the throne by the captivity of Henry the Sixth, being desirous of ensuring the friendship of France, he dispatched in 1464, the earl of Warwick to Paris, to demand in marriage the princess Bona of Savoy, sister of Charlotte, queen of Louis the Eleventh. His proposals were accepted; the treaty was concluded; and nothing was wanting to complete the espousals but the ratification of the terms, and the arrival of the princess in England. But while policy was acting abroad, love on a sudden changed the whole scene at home.

Elizabeth, daughter of the dutchess of Bedford, by a second marriage with Sir Walter Widville, was remarkable for the grace and beauty of her person; she had married Sir John Grey, to whom she bore several children. Her husband being killed as fighting on the side of the house of Lancaster, and his estates being confiscated, his

widow retired to her father's seat at Grafton in Northamptonshire, and was involved in great distress. At this period, Edward the Fourth being on a hunting party, paid an accidental visit to the dutchess of Bedford. He was a prince who excelled in beauty of person and dignity of address ; no less renowned in feats of gallantry than in deeds of arms ; and possessed a heart easily susceptible of soft impressions. The occasion seemed favorable ; the young widow flung herself at his feet, and with many tears intreated him to take pity on her impoverished and distressed children. The sight of so much beauty in affliction strongly affected Edward ; love stole insensibly into his heart under the guise of compassion, and her sorrow, so becoming a virtuous matron, made his esteem and regard quickly correspond with his affection. He raised her from the ground with assurances of favour ; he found his passion increase every moment by the conversation of the amiable object ; and he was soon reduced in his turn to the posture and style of a suppliant at the feet of Elizabeth. But the lady disdainfully repulsed her royal lover, declaring that although she knew herself unworthy to be a queen, yet she valued her honor and person more than to be the greatest prince's concubine ; and all the endearments and caresses of the young and amiable monarch proved fruitless against her rigid and inflexible virtue. At length his passion, irritated by opposition, and encreasing by veneration for such honorable sentiments, he resolved to share his throne as well as his heart, with a woman, whose beauty of person and dignity of character rendered her worthy of both. On the first of May 1464 the marriage was privately celebrated at Grafton.

It has been asserted that Warwick, deemed himself affronted at the breach of the treaty of marriage and his recall, retired from court in disgust, and joined the Lancastrian party. But this account has been recently shown to be false by Henry, in his history of Britain, who has proved from unquestionable evidence, that in September 1464, when Edward declared his marriage, the earl of Warwick himself assisted in leading Elizabeth to the abbey church at Reading, and in publicly declaring her queen; that he likewise stood godfather to the princess Elizabeth, of whom the queen was delivered in February 1465; and received many honors and appointments from Edward subsequent to his return from France.

In fact, Elizabeth undoubtedly occasioned the defection of the earl of Warwick, but from another cause. Her relations, by whom she was implicitly governed deriving influence from her elevation, monopolised the powers and principal offices of state, and endeavoured to remove from court all persons who had any influence over the king. On their representations, Elizabeth infused jealousies into the mind of her husband, and gradually estranged him from the earl of Warwick, to whom Edward principally owed his elevation. The earl's haughty and unbending spirit could not brook to see such honors bestowed on the queen's relations; and was more particularly irritated against them, from a conviction that they were ardently endeavouring to diminish the wealth, power, and influence of his family in order to increase their own. Elizabeth and her relations raised also the resentment of the king's brother the duke Clarence. He thought himself neglected by the king, and imputed that neglect to the influence of the queen, united him-

self to Warwick by marrying his eldest daughter. This marriage was soon followed by an open rebellion, by the ascendancy of the Lancastrian party, the flight of Edward, and the temporary restoration of Henry the Sixth. Elizabeth, the cause of all these revolutions, seeing the king fled, and with him all hopes of safety, and all friends vanishing with prosperity, retired privately from the tower at midnight; and with her daughter and a few faithful friends, took shelter in the sanctuary of Westminster. In this melancholy abode, she was delivered, on the fourth of November 1470, of her eldest son, the unfortunate Edward, whose birth while his mother was in a state of seclusion from the world, seemed a prophetic prelude to his fatal catastrophe.—From this distress Elizabeth was relieved by the triumphant return and restoration of Edward the Fourth: and her misfortunes seem only to have overtaken her to render her power still greater, and the influence of her family more conspicuous than ever. Her ambition, inflamed by the temporary degradation, excited from her doating husband continual marks of favour and distinction. But the mind of Elizabeth was not so warped by ambition or steeled by resentment, as to forget the sentiments of benevolence and pity, on Edwards recovery of the throne. When queen Margaret was committed to the tower, it was judged expedient, from her well-known spirit of intrigue, to deny her the privilege of seeing or holding correspondence with any of her relations or partizans, Elizabeth had felt the vicissitudes of fortune, and schooled in adversity, might say, with the poet,

“What sorrow was, thou badst her know,
And from her own she learnt to melt at others woe.”

She accordingly exerted her influence over Edward in favour of Margaret, and obtained her the permission of seeing a few friends, and acquiring her such other indulgencies as might in some measure mitigate the rigours of imprisonment.

Happy for herself and children had it been, if Elizabeth had always humanely interfered in favour of the unfortunate ; and if, incited by her relations, she had not assisted in urging Edward to a deed of cruelty, which proved fatal to her own family. Clarence, who had been restored to favour by a defection from the earl of Warwick, and had a principal share in the total defeat of the Lancastrians, and the restoration of Edward, had never been sufficiently rewarded for these important services. His conduct in espousing the daughter of the earl of Warwick, the great enemy of the house of York, in suffering himself to be declared prince of Wales and successor to Henry the sixth, left lasting impressions on Edward's mind, not to be effaced by his subsequent treachery to Warwick and Henry. The displeasure and jealousy of the king were fomented by the queen and her relations ; and it was principally at their suggestion, that the weak and imprudent Clarence, was tried for high treason, and executed ; that his son, the earl of Warwick was attainted, his fortune confiscated, and several of Clarences estates granted to the earl of Rivers, the queen's brother, under the hypocritical pretence, that it would be an advantage to his soul after death, that his estates would be possessed by a man whom he had so much injured during his life.

Although Richard duke of Gloucester, shared in the imputation of co-operating in the ruin of

Clarence, yet that artful prince contrived to throw the principal blame on the queen and her relations, and thus increased their unpopularity. Violent disputes took place between them and the great officers of the court; and though Edward on his death-bed, apparently effected a reconciliation, as the only means of securing the quiet succession to his son, yet this reconciliation was only feigned, and on the king's decease both parties strove to secure the person of the young monarch, and with it the administration of affairs.

The party of Elizabeth had taken every precaution for this purpose. Her brother, earl Rivers, was appointed his governor; Richard lord Grey, her son by her first husband, had a distinguished place in his household; her eldest son, lately created the marquis of Dorset, was made governor of the tower, and by that means was in possession of the arms and treasure; and the queen instantly sent orders to escort the young king to London with a train of two thousand horse. But these very precautions hastened, if they did not occasion the ruin of her family, and the dethronement of her son.

The party in opposition to the queen was chiefly headed by lord Hastings and the duke of Buckingham, who dreaded the power vested in the hands of her family; and Richard, duke of Gloucester, who, as first prince of the blood, was by the laws of the kingdom entitled to the regency, conceived suspicions, that the queen intended to exclude him from the administration, and to govern in concert with her own family.

While Elizabeth was endeavouring in London to encrease her party, she received the alarming intelligence, that her brother earl Rivers, her son lord Richard Grey, and the other officers of the

household, were seized at Stoney Stratford, where the king was arrived in his way to London; that all his attendants were dismissed, and a proclamation published expelling them from court: that the person of young Edward was likewise secured: and that the duke of Gloucester, just returning from a successful expedition against the Scots, after having proclaimed his nephew, king Edward the Fifth, and making the strongest professions of loyalty and respect, was accompanying his royal charge to London. On the first news of these alarming transactions, Elizabeth took sanctuary in Westminster, with her second son the duke of York, and her five daughters. She trusted that the ecclesiastical privileges which had formerly afforded her protection against the Lancastrian party, would not be violated by her brother-in-law, while her son was seated on the throne; and she resolved there to await the return of better fortune:

Meanwhile Richard accompanied the king to London, riding bare-headed before him, and repeatedly called to the people, "Behold your king," conducted him in triumph to the tower of London. He was declared protector by the council of state, and issued orders for the coronation of the young king. His immediate accession to power was stained with the execution of earl Rivers, lord Richard Gray, and lord Hastings; because those noblemen were likely to oppose his designs on the crown. Before the queen was made acquainted with these scenes of horror, Richard, anxious to secure the person of the duke of York, deputed the two archbishops of Canterbury and York, and several lords of the council, to represent to the queen her ill-grounded apprehensions, and the necessity of the young

prince's appearance at the ensuing coronation of his brother.

The deputies found the unhappy queen surrounded by her weeping children, sitting on the floor bathed in tears, and bewailing the approaching destruction of herself and family. The two prelates were known to be persons of integrity and honour, and being themselves persuaded of the sincerity of the duke's intentions, they employed every argument accompanied with zealous entreaties, exhortations and assurances, to bring Elizabeth over to the same opinion. She persevered in her resolution for a great length of time, and urged that the duke, by continuing within those sacred walls, was not only secure himself, but also gave security to the king, whose life no one would dare attempt while his successor and avenger remained in safety. But, finding that no one supported her in her sentiments, and that force, in case of refusal, was threatened by the council, she at last complied. On presenting her son, she said to him, "Farewell, my sweet son, the Almighty be thy protector! let me kiss thee once more before we part, for God knows when we shall kiss again!" Having embraced him, she bedewed his cheeks with tears, blessed him, and then went away, leaving the child with the lords, weeping also for her departure.

The protector had no sooner secured the person of the duke of York, than he manifested his design of seizing the crown. The queen and her family were so obnoxious to the nobility, and so odious to the nation in general, that he found little difficulty in effecting his purpose, by a most improbable and dishonourable falsity. His emissaries asserted, that Edward the Fourth, before his marriage with the lady Gray, had secretly

espoused lady Elizabeth Talbot, widow of lord Butler, and daughter of the earl of Shrewsbury. This idle tale was believed ; his marriage with Elizabeth was declared illegal, and Richard assumed the crown. The deposed monarch and his brother were confined in the tower, and murdered by the orders of the usurper. The estates of the queen-mother were confiscated, and that unfortunate princess, reduced to poverty and overwhelmed with disgrace, had no other alternative than to leave the sanctuary, and put herself and her five daughters into the hands of the usurper of her son's throne. Richard took a solemn oath in the house of peers, that they should be in no danger of their lives, that he would allow her seven hundred marks a year, give to each of her daughters a portion of two hundred marks, and marry them to gentlemen.

Thus reduced to the state of a private gentlewoman, Elizabeth looked forward with hopes to the preparations of the earl of Richmond, and promised to bestow her eldest daughter Elizabeth on him who was considered as chief of the Lancaster party. But while she was secretly abetting this plot against the usurper, Richard, well aware that the whole success of Richmond's plan depended on his marriage with the princess, and being a widower by the death of his wife Anne, formed the design of defeating the scheme of his enemies, by espousing his niece Elizabeth ; and as kings court the fair with great advantage, and the lustre of a crown is apt to dazzle the brightest eyes ; both the young princess and the queen her mother consented to this unnatural alliance with a man, who had done them the most cruel injuries, but now enticed them by the most tempting promises. The queen communicated the de-

sign to her son the marquis of Dorset, who was at Paris with the earl of Richmond, and intreated him to return to England to receive the honours that had been promised him by Richard.— This conduct cannot be justified, unless we suppose, what is not improbable, that Elizabeth, in whose cabinet was first laid the plan of the great confederacy, which overthrew the throne of Richard, deceived the king by false promises, and was continuing her negociations with the earl of Richmond, and urging him to hasten his invasion at the moment that she affected to accept the alliance of Richard. Richmond, alarmed with the news of this intended marriage, hastened his preparations ; landed in England, and being joined by numerous bodies, who flocked to his standard from all parts, he defeated and killed Richard at the battle of Bosworth-field, and seated himself on the throne, under the name of Henry the Seventh.

Elizabeth seemed now to have attained the height of human felicity. She saw the man who had injured her own honour, usurped her son's throne, and murdered her family, dethroned by the earl of Richmond, who had promised to marry her daughter, and by uniting the two roses, she gave peace and tranquillity to her distracted country, so long torn to pieces by civil discord.

But the chagrin of Elizabeth was only to be terminated with her life. Instead of expressing gratitude to Elizabeth for having first laid the plan of the greatest confederacy, to which he owed his elevation ; the gloomy and malignant Henry never forgave her consent to the alliance with Richard, and treated her with coolness and reserve. Unwilling to appear as if he owed his crown to his marriage with the heiress of the

house of York, he delayed two years the celebration of that ceremony. The general joy which his subjects testified at the marriage filled him with displeasure. His suspicions disturbed his tranquillity, bred disgust towards his queen, poisoned all his domestic enjoyments ; and the malignant ideas of party prevailed in his sullen mind over all the sentiments of gratitude to the queen-dowager, and affection towards his virtuous and obsequious consort.

The queen-dowager seeing her daughter treated with severity, herself excluded from the smallest share of authority, her friends in disgrace, and her party persecuted, conceived against Henry the most violent resentment. As she was preparing again to discover that character of ambition and intrigue which she had betrayed during the reign of her husband, and the usurpation of Richard, she was suddenly arrested and imprisoned in the abbey of Bermondsey. In excuse for so arbitrary an act, it was alledged that notwithstanding a secret agreement to marry her daughter to Henry, she had yielded to the solicitations and menaces of Richard, and delivered that princess and her sisters into the hands of the tyrant. This crime, if such it could be called, now become obsolete, was supposed not to be the real cause of the severity with which she was treated ; and it was credited, or at least Henry himself believed, that she secretly countenanced the report that the duke of York had escaped from the tower, and that she abetted the imposture of Lambert Simmel, who personated the earl of Warwick, and was publicly proclaimed king at Dublin, under the name of Edward the Sixth. These suspicions were afterwards the more confirmed, when it was found that the unfortunate

queen-dowager, though she survived this disgrace several years, was never treated with more lenity : her large estates were confiscated, and she ended her life, which had been chequered with such various fortunes, as lord Bacon in his life of Henry the Seventh says, " in prison, poverty, and solitude."

The merit of Elizabeth consisted in her prudent and virtuous conduct towards Edward before she became his wife ; in her compliance with his temper after marriage, and patience under his numerous infidelities ; in her humanity towards the dethroned queen Margaret ; and in the eminent protection she afforded to literature by founding Queen's College, in the university of Cambridge. Her principal defects were a restless ambition, and too great a partiality to her relations, which was the cause of all her misfortunes.

CATHARINE OF ARRAGON,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.

IF any woman could ever derive elevation of mind from high birth and dignity of connections, that woman was Catharine of Arragon :—Her father Ferdinand was king of Arrogan, Naples, and Sicily ; her mother Isabella was queen of Castile ; and her nephew, so well known under the name of Charles the Fifth, was emperor of Germany.

Catharine was born 1485, and before she had attained the age of sixteen, married Arthur prince of Wales, who was scarcely fifteen, and in less than half a year became a widow.

In 1502, by means of a dispensation from the Pope, she was betrothed to Henry, the brother of Arthur, then only twelve years of age. This match was so contrary to the inclination of the young prince, that he did not agree to it, till he was compelled by the positive commands of his father, Henry the Seventh, whose avarice rendered him averse to return so considerable a dowry as Catharine had brought into the kingdom.

But as the nation in general was prejudiced against the marriage of such near connections, the king, though he had been so eager to have the espousals solemnized, gave evident proofs of his intention to annul them. He ordered the young prince, as soon as he came of age, to enter a protestation marriage; and on his death-bed he charged him, as his last injunction, not to finish so unlawful an alliance.

At the accession of Henry the Eighth, a council was summoned to deliberate on this momentous affair. On the one hand her former marriage with the king's brother, and the inequality of their years, were strong objections. On the other, the propriety of the match was supported by Catharine's known virtue, mild temper, and affection to the king, by the necessity of returning her large dowry, by the expediency of fulfilling the engagements of the late king, and the dread of offending two such powerful sovereigns as Ferdinand and Isabella; whose alliance, in case of a rupture with France, was of such great importance. Henry followed the advice of his council, and solemnized the marriage. Her person being handsome, and her manner agreeable, Henry behaved to her with affection; and as she possessed sound judgment, he treated her with

such confidence, that during an expedition into France he appointed her regent.

The king had thus for eighteen years lived upon terms of affection with his virtuous queen, without feeling the smallest scruples on the validity of the marriage, or giving any outward mark of unkindness, when suddenly his conscience smote him with remorse. Many other reasons, however, besides religious scruples, made him weary of this match, and induced him to form another connection. The queen being six years older than the king, the decay of her beauty, together with her ill health, had contributed, notwithstanding her blameless character, to render her person unacceptable. Though she had borne him several children, they all died in early infancy, except the princess Mary; and it was apprehended that should doubts of Mary's legitimacy be combined with the weakness of her sex, the country might again be thrown into confusion.

The evils of civil convulsions, as yet recent, arising from a disputed succession, made a deep impression upon the minds of the people, and rendered them universally desirous of any event, which might obviate so dreadful a calamity.

But his affection for Anne Boleyn was a still more forcible reason, and concurring with private disgust and motives of public interest, impelled him to seek the dissolution of his inauspicious, and, as it was esteemed by many, unlawful marriage with Catharine.

Henry therefore applied to the see of Rome for a divorce: Clement the Seventh seemed inclined to favour the king's suit, and appointed a commission, consisting of Cardinal Campegio on the side of the pope, and cardinal Wolsey on the side of Henry, for the trial of the marriage.

Catharine herself was naturally of a firm and resolute temper, and was engaged by every motive to persevere in protesting against the measure. The reluctance of yielding to her rival, who had supplanted her in the king's affection, excited the most poignant affliction; the imputation of incest, which was thrown upon her marriage with Henry, struck her with the highest indignation; and the dread of her daughter being declared illegitimate awakened the feelings of a mother.—Actuated by these considerations, she prevailed on Charles the Fifth to intercede with the Pope in her favour, and to insist that the cause should be referred to Rome, where alone she thought she could expect justice.

Meanwhile the two legates opened their court at London, and cited the king and queen to appear. They both presented, themselves, and the king answered to his name when called: but Catharine instead of answering to her's, rose from her seat and throwing herself at Henry's feet, made a very pathetic harangue, which her virtue, dignity, and misfortunes rendered uncommonly affecting. She told him, "that she was a stranger in his dominions, without protection, without counsel, without assistance; exposed to all the injustice which her enemies were pleased to impose upon her; that she had quitted her native country without other resources than her connections with him and his family; and expected, that instead of suffering any violence or indignity, she should find an assylum; that she had been his wife during twenty years, and now appealed to himself, in the face of the public, whether her affectionate submission to his will had not merited other treatment than to be thus thrown from him with so much indignity. Their parents," she

added, "the kings of England and Spain, were esteemed the wisest princes of their time, and had undoubtedly acted by the best advice when they concluded the treaty of marriage, which was now represented as so criminal; that she acquiesced in their judgment, and would not submit her cause to be tried by a court, whose dependence on her enemies was too notorious, ever to allow her any hopes of obtaining from them an equitable and impartial decision." Having uttered these words, she rose, and making the king a low reverence, departed from the court; and never would again appear. After her departure Henry did her the justice to acknowledge, that she had ever been a dutiful and affectionate wife, and that the whole tenor of her behaviour had been conformable to the strictest rules of probity and honour. He only insisted on his own scruples with regard to the lawfulness of the marriage.

The legates, after citing the queen anew to appear, declared her contumacious, notwithstanding her appeal to Rome, and then proceeded to the examination of the cause.

The business went on so rapidly that the king was every day in expectation of a sentence in his favour; when to his great surprize Campegio; without the least warning, and upon frivolous pretences, prorogued the court for five months.

The impetuous Henry, who could bear no contradiction to his will, was extremely enraged at this disappointment, was ready to encourage every argument which might seem to prove the necessity of a divorce; and as at this time the doctrines of Luther had begun to gain strength, and the idea of the Pope's infallibility to lose ground, many opinions were given, which tended to call in

question the power of the See of Rome to give a dispensation for a marriage so contrary to the laws both of God and man. Amongst the rest Dr. Thomas Cranmer, an eminent divine of Cambridge, happening to be in company with Gardiner, secretary of state, when the business of the divorce became the subject of conversation ; he observed, that the readiest way either to quiet Henry's conscience or extort the Pope's consent, would be to consult all the universities of Europe, with regard to this controverted point : if they agreed to approve the king's marriage with Catharine, his remorse would naturally cease ; if they condemned it, the Pope would find it a difficult matter to resist the solicitations of so great a monarch, seconded by the opinion of all the learned men in Christendom. When the king was informed of the proposal, he swore, with more alacrity than delicacy, that Cranmer had got the right sow by the ear.

His agents were immediately employed to collect the judgments of all the universities in Europe ; who gave a verdict in the king's favour.— Henry, in order to give weight to all these authorities, engaged his nobility to recommend his cause to the Pope ; and to threaten him with the most dangerous consequences in case of a denial of justice. But Clement, who was entirely under the influence of the emperor, refused to grant a divorce, and continued to summon the king, by proxy, before his tribunal at Rome. Henry rejected such a condition, and would not even admit of any citation, which he regarded as a high insult, and a violation of his prerogative. The father of Anne Boleyn, created earl of Wiltshire, carried to the Pope the king's reasons for not appearing by proxy ; and as the first instance of

disrespect from England refused to kiss his holiness's slipper.

Henry being now fully determined to stand all consequences, espoused the object of his affection, and obtained both from parliament and from an ecclesiastical court, which he summoned in contempt of the Pope's authority, a confirmation of his divorce from Catharine, and a ratification of his marriage with Anne Boleyn.

But the humiliation of Catharine did not end with her divorce. Henry, in order to efface as much as possible all marks of his first marriage, sent to inform her, that she was henceforth to be treated only as princess of Wales, and all means were employed to make her acquiesce in that determination. But she persevered in maintaining the validity of her marriage ; and she would admit of no service from any person who did not approach her with the accustomed ceremonial.

Henry, with his usual harshness, employed menaces against her servants, who complied with her commands in this particular ; but even though he attainted several of high treason who treated her as queen, yet these rigorous measures never compelled Catharine to relinquish her title and pretensions ; and she persisted till her death in calling herself his wife.

She died in 1536, at Kimbolton, in the county of Huntingdon, in the fiftieth year of her age ; and on her death-bed she dictated this affectionate letter :

"My most dear Lord, King and Husband,

"THE hour of my death approaching, I cannot choose, out of love I bear you, but advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world's

flesh whatsoever. For which you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles : but I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage, which is not much, they being but three ; and to all my other servants a year's pay, besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make a vow that mine eyes desire you above all things."

This last proof of Catharine's affection extorted tears even from the obdurate Henry. He ordered her remains to be interred with due solemnity in the monastery of St. Peterborough, and afterwards erected that monastery into a bishop's see, as a tribute of affection and regard to the memory of a person, whose sweetness of temper and elevation of soul rendered her worthy of a better fate.

ANNE BOLEYN,

QUEEN-CONSORT OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.

ANNE BOLEYN, the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, was born in 1507, and carried to France at seven years of age, by the sister of Henry VIII, who was given in marriage to Louis XII. After the death of Louis, his widow returned to her native country, but Anne remained in France, in the service of Claudia, the wife of Francis I. The year of her return to England is uncertain ; but it appears to have been about

the time when scruples were first entertained by Henry VIII, respecting the legality of his marriage with the betrothed wife and widow of his brother, Catharine of Arragon. In his visits to the queen, to whom Anne Boleyn became maid of honour, Henry had an opportunity of observing her beauty and captivating manners. Anne quickly perceived her influence over the heart of the monarch, whose passion, either from principle or policy, she resolutely resisted.

The king, soon after, entertained the design of raising Anne Boleyn to the throne ; and was the more confirmed in this resolution, when he found that her virtue precluded all hopes of gratifying his passion in any other manner. With this view he eagerly sued for a divorce from Catharine ; and when Clement conducted the affair in so dilatory and ambiguous a manner, that Henry did not seem to be the least nearer the accomplishment of his wishes, he laid the extravagant proposal before the pope, to grant him a dispensation to have two wives, and to render the children of both legitimate ; and as the king was a great casuist in matters of divinity, which seem to flatter his passion, he alledged in favour of so immoral a proceeding, several precedents in the Old Testament.

But when these, and all other means of obtaining the pope's consent failed of success, he broke with the see of Rome, divorced himself from Catharine, espoused Anne Boleyn, and obtained from parliament the ratification of his marriage.

Soon after this event the pregnancy of Anne both gave joy to the king, and was regarded by the people as a strong proof of her virtue. On being delivered of a princess, (who afterwards swayed the sceptre with such renown under the name of Elizabeth) Mary, the only daughter of

Henry by Catharine, was set aside, and the succession to the crown vested in the issue of Anne Boleyn by the king.

Henry had persevered constantly in his love for this lady during six years that his prosecution of the divorce lasted ; and the obstacles which opposed the gratification of his passion served only to redouble his ardour : but the affection which had subsisted so long under difficulties, had no sooner attained secure possession of its object than it languished from satiety ; and the king's heart was apparently alienated from his consort. Her enemies soon perceived this fatal change, and were very forward to widen the breach. She had brought forth a dead son, and Henry's extreme fondness for male issue being thus, for the present, disappointed, his temper, equally violent and superstitious, was disposed to make the innocent mother answerable for this misfortune. But the chief means which Anne's enemies employed to inflame the king against her, was his jealousy.

Anne, though she appears to have been entirely innocent, and even virtuous in essentials, had a certain gaiety, if not levity of character, which threw her off her guard, and made her less circumspect than her situation required. Her education in France rendered her the more prone to these freedoms, and she conformed herself with difficulty to that strict ceremonial which was practised in the court of England. More vain than haughty, she was pleased to see the influence of her beauty on all around her ; and she indulged herself in an easy familiarity with persons who were formerly her equals.

Henry's dignity was offended by these popular manners, and though the lover had been entirely

blind, the husband possessed but too quick discernment and penetration. Wicked instruments interposed, and put a malignant interpretation on the harmless liberties of the queen. The viscountess of Rocheford in particular, who was married to the queen's brother, but who had lived on bad terms with her sister-in-law, insinuated the most cruel suspicions into the king's mind; and, as she was a woman of a very profligate character, paid no regard either to truth or humanity in those calumnies which she suggested. She misrepresented every instance of favour which the queen conferred on all who approached her person, as tokens of affection; and even pretended that her own husband was engaged in a criminal correspondence with his sister. These imputations of guilt were eagerly admitted by Henry, who had transferred his affection to Jane Seymour, maid of honour to the queen, whom he had determined to raise to the throne.

The divorce of one queen, or the murder of another, under the sanction of the law, were no obstacles to Henry's will, when his passion was to be gratified.

The king's jealousy first appeared openly in a tilting at Greenwich; where the queen happened to drop her handkerchief; an instance, probably casual, but interpreted by him as an instance of gallantry to some of his paramours. He immediately retired from the place, sent orders to confine her to her chamber, arrested several gentlemen who were attendants at court, and her brother, the earl of Rocheford.

The queen was at first more astonished than alarmed at this instance of his violence and impetuosity, and concluded that he intended only to terrify her. But when she discovered that his

indignation did not subside, she reflected on his obstinate unrelenting spirit; and prepared herself for that melancholy doom which seemed to wait her.

As she was conveyed to the tower, she was informed of her supposed offences, of which she had been hitherto ignorant: she made earnest protestations of her innocence, and when she entered her prison, she fell upon her knees, and prayed God so to help her, as she was not guilty of the crime imputed to her.

Of all those whom the beneficence of the queen's temper had obliged, during her prosperous fortune, no one, except Cranmer, durst interpose between her and the king's fury; and the person whose advancement every breath had favoured, and every countenance had smiled upon, was now neglected and abandoned. Even her uncle the duke of Norfolk, preferring the connections of party to the ties of blood, was become her most dangerous enemy, and all the retainers to the catholic religion hoped, that her death would terminate the king's quarrel with Rome, and induce him to renew his intimate connection with the apostolic See.

In this crisis of alarm and danger, the queen endeavoured to soften the heart of her obdurate husband, by a letter, which from its simplicity and firmness conveys internal evidence that she was not essentially culpable.

This letter had no influence on the mind of Henry. The four gentlemen who were arrested, Norris, Weston, Brereton and Smeton, were tried, but no legal evidence was procured against them. Smeton was prevailed on, by the vain hope of life, to confess a criminal correspondence with the queen: but her enemies never dared to

confront him with her, and he was immediately executed. Norris, who had been much in the king's favour, received an offer of pardon, if he would confess his crime and accuse the queen; but he generously rejected that proposal, and said, that in his conscience, he believed her entirely guiltless, and would die a thousand deaths rather than calumniate an innocent person.

The queen and her brother were tried by a jury of peers; their uncle the duke of Norfolk presided as lord high steward. Upon what proof or pretence the crime of incest was imputed to them, is unknown: the most trivial and absurd circumstances were admitted by the peers of England as a sufficient evidence for sacrificing an innocent queen to the cruelty of a tyrant. Though unassisted by counsel, she defended herself with great judgment and presence of mind, and the spectators could not forbear pronouncing her entirely innocent. Judgment however was given by the court both against the queen and lord Rocheford. When sentence of death was pronounced, lifting up her hands to heaven she said: "O Father, O Creator! thou art the way, the truth, and the life, thou knowest that I have not deserved this death;"—and then turning to the Judges made the most pathetic declaration of her innocence.

The queen now prepared for death. She sent her last message to the king, and acknowledged her obligations to him, in continuing thus uniformly his endeavours for her advancement: from a private gentlewoman, she said he had first made her a marchioness, then a queen, and now since he could raise her no higher in this world, he was sending her to be a saint in heaven. She then renewed the protestations of her innocence,

and recommended her daughter to his care. Before the lieutenant of the Tower, and all who approached her, she made the like declaration, and continued to behave herself with her usual serenity, and even with cheerfulness.

When her execution was deferred for a few hours, she said to the lieutenant of the Tower, "I am sorry I shall not die till noon, for I thought to be dead by this time, and past my pain; but the executioner, I hear is very expert, and my neck is very slender." Upon which she grasped it in her hand and smiled.

Such was her calmness and serenity at the hour of her death, that the lieutenant of the tower said, "I have seen many men and women executed and they have been in great sorrow; and to my knowledge, this lady hath much pleasure in death."

When she was brought to the place of execution she expressed herself in the following manner:

"Good christian people! I am come hither to die according to law, and by the law I am judged to die, and therefore I will speak nothing against it. I am come hither to accuse no man, nor to speak any thing of that whereof I am accused and condemned to die. But I pray God save the king, and send him long to reign over you; for a gentler or more merciful prince was there never, and to me he was ever a good, a gentle, and a sovereign lord. And if any person will meddle of my cause, I require them to judge the best. And thus I take my leave of the world, and of you all; and I heartily desire you to pray for me."

CATHARINE PAR.

HENRY having divorced himself from Catharine of Arragon, and Anne of Cleves; lost Jane Seymour by death, and beheaded Anne Boleyn, and Catharine Howard; espoused in 1543, Lady Catharine Par, widow of Nevil, Lord Latimer, "a woman," according to Lord Herbert of Cherbury "of much integrity and worth, and some maturity of years; beautified with many excellent virtues, especially with humanity, the beauty of all other virtues."

Henry, who was as fickle in his opinions and sentiments about religion, as he had shewn himself with regard to his wives, was continually altering his religious tenets, which he obstinately required should be believed and followed throughout the kingdom. Many persons were cruelly tortured and punished with death, for not recanting their opinion; among others queen Catharine was near falling a sacrifice to his malignity. In 1546, the king from his extreme corpulency and bad habit of body, became afflicted with disorders, which threatened his life, and rendered him even more than usual, peevish and passionate. The queen attended him with the most tender and dutiful care, and endeavored by every soothing art and compliance, to allay those gusts of humor which were increased by his infirmities to a most alarming degree. His favorite topic of conversation was theology; and Catharine, whose good sense made her capable of discoursing on any subject, was frequently engaged in the argument; and being secretly inclined to the

principles of the reformers, she unwarily discovered too much of her mind on these occasions. Henry, highly provoked that she should presume to differ from him, made complaints of her obstinacy to Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, who gladly laid hold of the opportunity to inflame the quarrel. He praised the king's anxious care for preserving the orthodoxy of his subjects; and represented, that the more elevated the person who was chastised, and the more near to his person, the greater terror would the example strike into every one, and the more glorious would the sacrifice appear to all posterity.

Henry, hurried by his own impetuous temper, and encouraged by his counsellors, went so far as to order articles of impeachment to be drawn up against his consort. Wriothesely the chancellor, executed his commands; and having obtained the signature of the warrant, he chanced to drop this important paper from his pocket; and as some person of the queen's party found it, it was immediately carried her. She was sensible of the extreme danger to which she was exposed; but did not despair of being able by her prudence and address, still to elude the efforts of her enemies. She paid her usual visit to the king, and found him in a more serene disposition than she had reason to expect. He entered on a subject which was so familiar to him, and he seemed to challenge her to an argument in divinity. She gently declined the conversation, and observed that such profound speculations were ill suited to the natural imbecility of the sex. "Women," she said, "by their first creation, were made subject to men; the female after the image of the male; it belonged to the husband to choose principles for his wife; the wife's duty

was, in all cases, to adopt implicitly the sentiments of her husband : and as to herself, it was doubly her duty, being blest with a husband, who was qualified by his judgment and learning, not only to choose principles for his own family, but for the most wise and knowing of every nation."

" Not so by St. Mary !" replied the king ; " you are now become a doctor, Kate ; and better fitted to give than to receive instruction." She meekly replied, " that she was sensible how little she was entitled to these praises ; that though she usually declined not any conversation, however sublime, when proposed by his majesty ; she well knew that her conceptions could serve to no other purpose, than to give him a little momentary amusement, that she found the conversation apt to languish when not revived by some opposition, and had ventured sometimes to feign a contrariety of sentiments, in order to give him the pleasure of refuting her ; and that she also proposed, by this innocent artifice, to engage him into topics, whence she had observed by frequent experience, that she reaped profit and instruction."—" And is it even so sweetheart ?" replied the king, " then we are perfect friends again."—He embraced her with great affection, and sent her away with assurances of protection and kindness.

Catharine's enemies, who were ignorant of this reconciliation, prepared next day to convey her to the tower, pursuant to the king's warrant. Henry and Catharine were conversing amicably in the garden, when the chancellor appeared with forty constables. The king spoke to him at some distance from her ; and seemed to expostulate with him in the severest manner : she even overheard the terms of knave, fool, and beast, which

he very liberally bestowed upon the magistrate ; and then ordered him to depart from his presence. Catharine afterwards interposed to mitigate his anger, " Poor soul ! you know not how little intitled this man is to your good offices. From thenceforth, the queen having narrowly escaped so great a danger, was careful not to offend Henry's humor by any contradiction ; and Gardiner whose malice had endeavoured to widen the breach, could never afterwards recover his favour and good opinion.

Thus Catharine, by her good sense and propriety of conduct, and by yielding to the torrent which she could not stop, affords a convincing proof that mildness of temper will often gain that ascendancy over the turbulent passions of man, which a less gentle spirit would in vain endeavour to control.

MARIA BEATRICE D'ESTE,

CONSORT OF JAMES THE SECOND.

MARIA BEATRICE LEONORA, of the illustrious house of Este, second consort of James the Second, was daughter of Alfonso the Fourth, duke of Modena, and of Loura Martinozzi, niece of Cardinal Mazarine. She was born in 1658, and educated with a view to take the veil : but fortune disposed of her otherwise, and instead of being immured in the tranquil gloom of a convent, she was thrown into a busy scene, and destined to be buffeted by the storms and tempests of an adverse world.

James, duke of York, soon after the death of his first wife declared his conversion to the Catholic religion, and agreed to espouse Maria of the house of Este, whom Louis the fourteenth declared an adoptive daughter of France, and offered to provide her with a suitable portion. But when the messenger brought to Modena the proposals of the duke of York, her mother Loura, opposed the match, under the pretence that her daughter, then only fifteen, was too young, and intended to assume the veil, and recommended in her stead the princess Honoria, sister of her late husband Altonso the fourth.

The young princess, either secretly instigated by her mother, or impelled by devotion, expressed a determined resolution to enter into a convent; nor was her repugnance overcome, until a letter was procured from the Pope, commending the marriage as highly beneficial to the Roman Catholic religion, and condemning the resolutions of the princess, to persevere in assuming the veil, as immoral and criminal. This letter had its effect: on the 30th of September Maria was married to the duke of York, by proxy, and accompanied by her mother, arrived at Paris; where, as a prelude to her future misfortunes, she was detained till the repugnance of parliament, to the marriage of the presumptive heir with a Catholic princess, was finally overcome. It was not till the 10th of December that she disembarked at Dover, where she was received by the duke, her husband; by whom she was conducted with regal pomp to London.

Her amiable qualities and meekness of behaviour, would have conciliated the esteem of the English, if the dread of the Roman Catholic religion had not hardened their hearts, and made

her the object of general aversion. Unfortunately for her, the conduct of James contributed to render his marriage more and more unpopular, and as the house of Modena was in close alliance with France, it was apprehended that Louis would assist him, on his succession to the crown, to restore the church of Rome. These apprehensions were but too nearly verified : James after his accession rapidly caused laws to be enacted for the advantage of the Roman Catholics, and the oppression of the Protestants.

In consequence of these innovations, the Protestants made application to the prince of Orange to protect their laws and religion. The prince landed at Torbay the 5th of November, 1688 : James himself, deserted by his army, and even by his own children, and none remaining in whom he could confide, precipitately embraced the resolution of sending his family, and likewise retiring himself, into France. In this resolution he was encouraged by the queen, who was sensible that her strong attachment to her own religion had rendered her the object of general hatred, and who was terrified by the great ferment into which the nation was thrown.

Louis the Fourteenth having, with the greatest humanity, offered his protection to the deposed king at a time when all abandoned and betrayed him, sent the duke de Lauzun to London, to convey the queen and the prince of Wales, then an infant, privately to France. Madame de Sevigne has thus described their escape :

“ The evening of Lauzun’s arrival in London, the king, who had taken the resolution to favour the queen’s escape, retired with her as usual into her apartment, laid himself down to repose, and dismissed his attendants. An hour afterwards he

rose, and ordered a valet to introduce a person whom he would find waiting at the door of the anti-chamber ; it was the duke de Lauzun. The king said to him, ' I trust the queen and my son to your care ; you must risk all hazards, and encounter all difficulties, to conduct them into France.' Lauzun thanked him for the trust reposed in him, but said it was absolutely necessary, that another person should accompany him ; and introduced Saint Victor, a gentleman of courage and merit. Saint Victor took the infant and wrapped him up in his great coat. Lauzun handed the queen, (you may easily imagine the scene of parting between the king and queen) and, followed by two female attendants, conducted her into the street, placed her in a hackney coach, and conveyed her to the Thames, where they took a small open boat and descended the river, in such boisterous and rainy weather, that the elements, while they seemed to conspire against them, in reality favoured their escape.

At length reaching the mouth of the Thames, they embarked in a small sloop. Lauzun sat by the side of the captain, purposing to throw him into the sea, if he should discover the rank of the persons whom he had on board, and offered to deliver them unto the adverse party : but the captain imagining that he carried ordinary passengers, was only anxious to pass carefully through fifty Dutch ships, which paid no attention to this little yacht.

" Thus, concealed by the mean appearance of the vessel, and conducted by heaven, the queen and her party landed at Calais. The queen retired into a convent at Boulogne, till she received news of the king's safety. It is well known that the prince of Orange was desirous that James

should leave England. He was sent to Rochester, the very place to which he had intended going. The house appointed for his reception was strongly guarded in front, but the back part was not secured, by which means he made his escape to France.

“ Louis acts divinely towards the royal fugitives ; for is it not being the image of the All-powerful Being, to support a king at a time when he was betrayed and abandoned by his subjects, and obliged to fly from his kingdom ?

“ The magnanimous soul of Louis performs this great part. He sat out with his retinue and a hundred coaches and six, to meet the queen and the prince of Wales. When he perceived the prince’s coach he alighted from his carriage, and embraced the child tenderly ; then he ran to the queen, saluted her, and conversed with her some time. He seated her on his right hand in his own carriage, and carried her to Saint Germain, where she found herself treated like a queen ; was provided with clothes, and every accommodation, and was presented with a small box, containing six thousand louis d’ors.

“ The following day James arrived at St. Germain. Louis went to the end of the hall to receive the king of England : James bowed very low, as if he would embrace his knees : Louis prevented him, and embraced him very cordially ; and then said to him, ‘ This, Sir, is your house ; when I shall come here you will do the honours, and I will pay them to you when you come to Versailles.’

“ Louis sent ten thousand louis d’ors to the fallen king. James appears old and worn out ; the queen is thin, and distress is painted on her countenance ; but she has fine black eyes, beautiful

teeth, an elegant shape ; and is possessed of a superior understanding. On seeing Louis caress the prince of Wales, who is a lovely child, she said to him, ‘ I have often envied the happiness of my son, because he cannot feel the weight of his misfortunes, but now I pity him because he is insensible to the value of the caresses and the kindness of your majesty.’

“ Her husband forms a total contrast to her character ; he has great personal courage, but an inferior understanding, and relates, with an astonishing degree of insensibility, the unparalleled adventures which have befallen him in England.”

Many efforts were made by Louis to restore James to the throne, but they all proved ineffectual. The queen entered into correspondence with several of the English nobility, who were favourable to her cause ; but all her attempts to procure a revolution were fruitless. She had much more spirit and far greater ambition than James, who was satisfied with the empty title of king, which he enjoyed in France, and what he valued still more highly, the appellation of Saint ; for which he relinquished a crown, and even prided himself on the loss. His principles of religion were sincere, and he frequently was heard to declare, that he owed more to the prince of Orange than to all the world besides, as, by seizing his crown, he had proved to him the nothingness of all human grandeur, and rendered him fitter for the kingdom of Heaven.

On his death bed, almost his last words were, that he entreated God to pardon all his enemies, and particularly the prince of Orange ; and he said to his son with a mixture of philosophy and religion, ‘ Whatever may be the charms of a crown, the time must come when it is of no va-

lue ; respect your mother, love the king of France, and prefer your religion to all earthly grandeur.'

Louis the Fourteenth had long hesitated whether he should acknowledge the son of James the Second, after the death of his father.

On the day previous to that on which James died, Maria, introduced by Madame de Maintenon into the presence of Louis the Fourteenth, conjured him not to affront the memory of a king, whom he had so warmly protected, and who was soon to be no more, by withholding from his son a simple title, the sole remains of all his grandeur, nor to heap such disgrace on her innocent son, whom he had already treated as prince of Wales, and whom he ought therefore to acknowledge as king after the death of his father. His glory, by such a conduct, she added, would be sullied, and his interests would not be advanced : for whether he acknowledged, or refused to acknowledge, the son of the unfortunate king, England would equally arm against France, and he would only experience the regret of having sacrificed the feelings of humanity and dignity of sentiment, to useless precautions. Louis, affected by her tears, which were ably seconded by the representations of Madame de Maintenon, immediately repaired to the apartment of the dying king : ' I am come, sir,' he said, ' to acquaint your majesty, that whenever it pleases God to remove you from this world into a better, I will take your family under my protection ; that I will treat your son, the prince of Wales, in the same manner as I have treated you, and will acknowledge him as king of England, as will be his undoubted right.'

All who were present, shed tears at this speech, some threw themselves at his feet and embraced his knees ; some uttered incoherent expressions ;

others testified, by gestures, more expressive than words, their sensibility at so generous an action. Louis himself was so affected at this touching scene, that he wept; and the dying monarch was seen struggling, almost in the agonies of death, to signify his gratitude and joy.

Not long before the death of Anne, Maria indulged the fond hope that her son would be called to the succession; but saw that hope frustrated almost as soon as it was conceived. She heard that, on the accession of George, the English nation was filled with discontents, and that a large party was ready to declare in favour of her son. She embraced him at his departure, in order to put himself at the head of the mal-contents, and said, 'My son, return king, or do not return at all;' yet in a few months she had the mortification to see him return without a crown, and the still greater mortification to behold the regent-duke of Orleans in close alliance with George the first, and the court of France, which had hitherto protected her son, compel him to retire in disgrace from that kingdom in which he had taken an asylum.

She lived, however, to hear, that he was received at Madrid with royal honours, and that great preparations were making to restore him to the throne; but death saved her from the chagrin of finding her sanguine expectations again frustrated, and of beholding him a fugitive, wandering without any settled abode, and avoided by the principal powers of Europe.

Maria died at St. Germain, on the 7th of May, 1718, in the sixty-first year of her age; a princess whose meekness in prosperous, and dignity in adverse circumstances, attracted the esteem

of her own age, and deserve the admiration of posterity.

QUEEN MARY,

CONSORT OF WILLIAM III.

MARY, eldest daughter of James, duke of York, by Anne Hyde, daughter of the earl of Clarendon, was born in May, 1662, and by the command of Charles the second, was educated in the Protestant religion, in direct opposition to her father, who professed the doctrines of the Roman Catholic church.

Charles, though without religion himself, had sense sufficient to perceive and calculate its effects and influence over the public mind; and in order to quiet the suspicions of the people, and to stem the torrent of popular discontents, offered the lady Mary in marriage to his nephew, William, prince of Orange.

During the course of the negociation for the marriage, Mary experienced a satisfaction which few princesses ever enjoy, that of being convinced that her person and dispositions, no less than her rank and situation, were the motives which influenced the choice of William.

On his arrival in England he declined acceding to the offer of the princess's hand, until he had seen and conversed with her. He declared that, contrary to the usual sentiments of persons of his rank, he placed a great part of his happiness in domestic satisfaction; and would not, upon any consideration of interest or policy, unite himself with a person who was not perfectly agreeable to

him. Being introduced, he found the princess in the bloom of youth and beauty, pleasing in her manners, graceful in her person, and meek in her disposition; and became no less eager from inclination than prompted by interest to conclude the match. Mary had penetration sufficient to distinguish the great and noble mind of the prince of Orange, through his cold and reserved behaviour.

The marriage was solemnized on the 10th of May, 1677. Mary accompanied her husband abroad, and resided in Holland. The court of the Hague became the centre of the intrigues and cabals of the popular party in England, who looked up to the prince of Orange as their support and protection against the profligate Charles, the pensioner of the French court, and the attempts of James, to subvert the constitution of church and state. At length the spirit of the English nation, and the prudence and valour of William effected the revolution of 1688, and placed William and Mary on the throne. During the disputes which accompanied the act of settlement, Mary preserved herself free from all interference, and co-operated with the wishes of her husband, and the sentiments of the nation. Both houses of parliament were desirous of proclaiming Mary queen and the prince of Orange regent. When William had expressed his resolution not to accept the crown, which must depend on the life and will of another, Mary seconded his views, and preferred her duty to her husband and the interest of her country, to every motive of ambition and interest. When lord Danby also offered the princess, that if she would join his party he would place her alone upon the throne, Mary replied, that she was the prince's wife, and that

her only desire was to act in conjunction with him, and that she should be extremely displeased with all those, who, under a pretence of promoting her particular welfare, should presume to set up a divided interest between her and the prince; and she instantly sent lord Danby's letter and the answer to the prince, and thus broke all the measures of those who wished to create a misunderstanding between them.

Accordingly the crown was settled on William and Mary, the sole administration vested in William; and Mary did not again appear in a public and political character till 1690, when James landed in Ireland at the head of a French army, and was joined by a large concourse of the natives: William repaired instantly to the scene of danger; and Mary was appointed regent during his absence. She had lived so abstracted from business, and so totally absorbed in domestic occupations, that it was generally concluded she had no talents for government; but William knew and appreciated her capacity for business.

While the English were intent upon the fate of the Irish war, they were alarmed with the discovery of a conspiracy at home, in which several Scottish and English noblemen were engaged, and were to be assisted by the navy of France, which soon arrived upon the coast of England. The queen exerted herself with great vigour in causing the principal conspirators to be arrested, and exemplified a wonderful magnanimity in this time of trial and danger, as appears by the following expressions in her letter to king William:

“ The news which has come to-night, of the French fleet being upon the coast, makes it be thought necessary to write to you both ways; and

I, that you may see how matters stand in my heart, prepare a letter for each. I think lord Torrington has made no haste : and I cannot tell whether his being sick, and staying for lord Pembroke's regiment, will be a sufficient excuse. But I will not take up your time with my reasonings, I shall only tell you, that I am so little afraid, that I begin to fear I have not sense enough to apprehend the danger : for whether it threatens Ireland or this place, to me it is much as one as to the fear ; for as much a coward as you think me, I fear more for your dear person than for myself. I know which is most necessary in the world. What I fear most at present is not hearing from you. Love me, whatever happens, and be assured I am ever entirely your's till death."

When the French squadron arrived upon the coast of England, lord Torrington, who commanded the English and Dutch fleets engaged with the French off Beachy-head ; the Dutch lost several vessels, and the next day the combined fleets declined a second battle, and retired to the Thames, to defend the metropolis ; the Dutch, in their retreat, burning some of their own ships, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy.

When this defeat was known in London, a sudden despondency seized all the people, and it was believed that England and Holland would fall victims to the fatal friendship of Louis and James. Yet Mary, even then, by her actions and in her letters, shewed great fortitude, and expressed extreme confidence in the goodness of her cause :

" As for the ill-success at sea, I am more concerned for the honour of the nation than any thing else ; but I think it has pleased God to punish them justly, for they really talked as if it

were impossible they should be beaten. I pray God we may no more deserve the punishment. I fear this news may give courage to those who retired before ; but God can disappoint them all, and I hope will take care of his cause. I long to hear again from you, which is my only comfort, loving you more than my life."

Again—" Monmouth endeavours to fright me, by telling me the danger we are in, and indeed things have but a melancholy prospect ; but I am fully persuaded God will do some great thing or other, it may be when human means fail, he will shew his power."

Having heard that William was wounded, in the midst of her anxiety for the fate of Great Britain, she writes—" For God's sake, let me beg you to take more care for the time to come ; consider what depends upon your safety ; there are so many more important things than myself, that I am not worthy of naming them."

William immediately after gained the memorable battle of the Boyne, which entirely gave his party the ascendancy in that kingdom, and James's cause seemed hopeless. On receiving the news of this victory, in which William totally routed James's army, Mary thus represented the feelings of her heart :

" How to begin this letter I do not know, or how ever to render God thanks enough for his mercy ; my heart is so full of joy and acknowledgment to that great God who has preserved you, and given you such a victory, that I am unable to explain it. I was yesterday out of my senses with trouble—I am now almost so with joy.

" When lord Nottingham brought me your letter yesterday, I could not hold, so he saw me

cry,* which I have hindered myself from before every body till then, that it was impossible ; and this morning, when I heard the joyful news from Mr. Butler, I was in pain to know what was become of the late king, and durst not ask him ; but when lord Nottingham came, I did venture to do it, and I had the satisfaction to know he was safe. I know I need not beg you to let him be taken care of, for I am confident you will for your own sake ; yet add that to all your kindness, and, for my sake, let people know you would have no hurt come to his person—forgive me this.”

The news of William's success no sooner arrived in England than the people's spirits, which were before so much depressed, were immediately raised. William became extremely popular. The queen took advantage of the favourable current, and in order to save the honour of national courage, which had suffered by the late engagement at sea, committed lord Torrington to the tower. She ordered the Dutch ships to be repaired at the expense of the English ; their wounded seamen were taken care of in the hospitals ; pensions were given to the widows and children of those who died in the battle ; and conduct-money to the seamen whose ships had been burned, which led them to carry accounts to their countrymen of the noble disposition of that nation, for which they had suffered.

Mary continued to act with vigour for the support of the nation till William's return. The following letter to him shews her humble opinion of herself, and her attachment to her husband :

“ You may believe I shall do as much as lies in my power to follow your directions in all things.

* When king William was wounded.

whatever, and am never so easy as when I have them. Judge, then, what a joy it was to me to have your approbation of my behaviour ; and the kind way you expressed it in, is the only comfort I can possibly have in your absence ; what other people say I ever suspect, but when you tell me I have done well, I could be almost vain upon it."

Her anxiety to promote the cause of religion appears by the following letter to William :

" I have been desired also to beg you not to be too quick in parting with confiscated estates, but consider whether you will not keep some for public schools, to instruct the poor Irish. For my part, I must needs say, that I think you would do very well, if you would consider what care can be taken of the poor souls there ; and indeed, if you give me leave, I must tell you, I think the wonderful deliverance and success you have had should oblige you to think upon doing what you can for the advancement of true religion and promoting the gospel."

William, upon his return from Ireland, was received with joy by the people, and Mary retired from the management of public affairs to the milder enjoyments of domestic happiness ; in which retirement she still continued to set as bright an example to the nation as she had before done in public life. She endeavoured to reform the manners of the ladies about the court, for great irregularities had been committed during the two preceding reigns. Her deportment was perfectly prudent, yet unrestrained ; and she was so animated with a natural cheerfulness of disposition, and she set religion and virtue in so amiable a light, that she freed the court from those

intrigues and immoralities which had so long been a scandal to the nation.

But the adored queen of the English nation had but a very short time allotted her to influence the world by her example. She was seized with the small-pox. Her illness was soon judged to be fatal: the king, on hearing that the queen was past all hope of recovery, called bishop Burnet into his closet, burst into tears and exclaimed, "From the happiest, I am now going to be the most miserable creature upon earth. During the whole course of my life I have never known one single fault in her; there is a worth in her which nobody knows besides myself." While she remained alive he was in great agonies, fainting and bursting into loud lamentations.

She expired in the thirty-third year of her age, and the sixth of her reign. After her death, the king's spirits were so depressed, that it was apprehended he would not long survive her.

Mary was a rare instance of a person, who was the next heir to a crown, who had abilities requisite to fill that exalted station, and yet was so entirely devoid of ambition, as not to appear even desirous of being the first person in the kingdom. Conjugal affection seems to have been the ruling principle of her life. The only part of her character which can be called in question, is the taking part against her father. But it may surely be allowed, as her justification, that her regard for her religion, and for the liberties of the nation, might make her think this step necessary and lawful. And it is to be lamented, that she was placed in so critical a situation, that she must either have joined her father against her husband, her religion, and the liberty of her native country—or have joined her husband, her religion, and liberty, against her father.

The character of this great and amiable queen has been often drawn, but by none more ably than by Mr. Boyer.*

“ Her person was tall and well proportioned ; her shape, while princess of Orange, easy and genteel ; her visage oval, her eyes quick and lively, and the rest of her features regular. Her stately port and native air of greatness, commanded respect from the most confident ; but her sweet and graceful countenance tempered the awfulness of majesty, and her affable temper encouraged the most timorous to approach her.

“ Her apprehension was clear and ready, her memory exact, and her judgment steady and solid ; her soul free from all the weaknesses of her own sex, and endowed with the courage and strength that seemed peculiar to ours. She was neither elated with prosperity, nor dejected by adversity ; and it remains undecided, whether she bore with more temper the smiles or the frowns of fortune !

“ When the necessity of affairs called the king out of his dominions, she alone was sensible of his absence, which she fully supplied to these three kingdoms, by her wise and prudent administration. While he went abroad as the arbiter of Europe, to wage a just war, she staid at home, to maintain peace and administer justice. He was to oppose and conquer enemies ; she to maintain and gain friends. In all this there was an union of their thoughts, and a concurrence in the same ends, the safety of Europe, the support of the protestant religion, and the honour and prosperity of England. An eagerness of command was so far below her, that never was so great a

* See Rapin's History of England, vol. xiv. p. 146.

capacity for government joined with so little appetite to it ; or an authority so unwillingly assumed, so modestly managed, and so cheerfully laid down. It was easy for her to reward, for all sorts of bounty flowed readily from her ; but it was much harder for her to punish, except when the nature of the crime made mercy become a cruelty, for then she was inexorable.

“ She had the most active zeal for the public, and the most constant desire of doing good, joined with such unaffected humility, that the secret flatteries of vanity or self-love had no power over her ; for, when due acknowledgments were made, or decent things said upon occasions that well deserved them, these seemed scarce to be heard, and she presently turned off the discourse to other subjects.

“ Her piety and virtue were real and unaffected ; and the vivacity and sweetness of her temper and conversation softened all those disagreeable ideas, which the world is too willing to entertain of the severities of virtue, and of the strictness of true religion.

“ She was not content with being devout herself, but she infused piety into all who came near her ; especially those whom she took into her more immediate care, and whom she studied to form with the tenderness and watchfulness of a mother. She charmed them with her instructions, as she overcame them with her kindness. Never was mistress both feared and loved so entirely as she was. She scattered books of instruction round about her, that such as waited might not be condemned to idleness, but might entertain themselves usefully, when they were in their turns of attendance.

“ She had a sublime idea of the Christian religion in general, and a particular affection to the church of England, but an affection that was neither blind nor partial. She had a true regard to piety wherever she saw it, in whatever form or party soever. Her education and judgment led her to the national communion ; but her charity was extended to all. She longed to see all protestants, both at home and abroad, in a close and brotherly conjunction ; and few things ever grieved her more than the prospect of so desired an union vanished out of sight.

“ Access to her was never obstructed by self-interested supercilious domestics. She made those her favourites, who made the distressed theirs. She wondered that the true pleasure which accompanied doing good, did not engage princes to pursue it more effectually. Without this she thought that a private life was the happier, as well as the safer state. When reflections were once made before her of the sharpness of some historians, who had left heavy imputations on the memory of some princes, she answered, “ That if those princes were such as the historians represented them, they had well deserved that treatment ; and others, who tread their steps, might look for the same, for truth would be told at last.” Her charity was not confined to her own subjects, but extended in a most particular manner to multitudes of French exiles, whom persecution sent hither. The scattered Vaudois had a share in her bounty ; and when, by the king’s intercession, restored to their vallies, they were enabled by the queen to transmit their faith to posterity. And the last great project, that her thoughts were working on, with a relation to a noble and royal provision for disabled seamen at Greenwich, was

particularly designed to be so constituted, as to put them in a probable way of ending their days in the fear of God.

“ She was a perfect example of conjugal love, chastity and obedience. She set her husband’s will before her as the rule of her life. Her admiration of him made her submission not only easy, but delightful; and it is remarkable, that when Dr. Tennison, named to be archbishop of Canterbury, went to comfort the king, his majesty answered, “ That he could not but grieve, since he had lost a wife, who, in seventeen years, had never been guilty of an indiscretion.”

“ The openness of her behaviour was subject to universal observation, but under that regularity of conduct, that those, who knew her best, or saw her oftenest, could never discover her thoughts further than as she herself had a mind to reveal them; and this she managed so, that no distrust was shewn in it nor distaste given by it.

“ She maintained sincerity so entirely, that she never once needed explanations to justify either her words or actions. As she would neither deceive others, so she avoided the saying of any thing that might give them occasion to deceive themselves. And when she did not intend to promise, she took care to explain her meaning so critically, that fruitless hopes might not be conceived from general words of favour.

“ Her age and her rank had denied her opportunities for much study, yet she had read the best books in English, French and Dutch, the three languages that were almost equally familiar to her. She gave the most of her retired hours to the reading of the Scriptures, and of books relating to them. Next to the best subjects, she bestowed most of her time on books of history, espe-

cially of the latter ages, and particularly of her own kingdoms, as being the most proper to give her useful instructions. She had a great relish, as well as a great love for poetry, but loved it best when it was conversant about divine and moral subjects ; and she would often express her concern for the defilement of the English stage.

“ She had no relish for those indolent diversions which are too common consumers of most people’s time, and which make as great wastes on their minds, as they do on their fortunes. If she used them sometimes, it was only in compliance with forms, because she was unwilling to seem to censure others with too harsh a severity. She gave her minutes of leisure with the greatest delight to architecture and gardening. She had no other inclination, besides this, to any diversions that were expensive ; and since this employed many hands, she was pleased to say, “ That she hoped it would be forgiven her.” When her eyes were endangered by reading too much, and in all those hours that were not given to better employments, she wrought with her own hands, and that sometimes with so constant a diligence, as if she had been to get her living by it. It was a new sight, (and such an one as was made by some the subject of raillery) to see a queen work so many hours in a day. But she used to say, “ That she looked upon idleness as the greatest corrupter of human nature. That if the mind had no employment given it, it would create some of the worst sort to itself.” Her example soon wrought-on not only those who belonged to her, but the whole kingdom to follow it ; so that it was become as much the fashion among the ladies of quality to work, as it had been formerly to be idle.

“ She thought it a barbarous diversion, which resulted from the misfortunes, imperfections, or follies of others ; and she scarce expressed a more entire satisfaction in a sermon, than in that of archbishop Tillotson, against evil speaking : when she thought some were guilty of it, she would ask them, “ if they had read that sermon ? ” which was understood to be a reprimand, though in the softest manner. She had indeed one of the blessings of virtue, that does not always accompany it, for she was as free from censures, as she was from deserving them.

“ She received the intimations of approaching death with an entire resignation to the will of God ; and when in the closest struggle with the king of terrors, she preserved a perfect tranquillity. The melancholy sighs of all who came near her, could not discompose her. She then declared, “ That she felt the joys of a good conscience, and the power of religion, giving her supports, which even the last agonies could not shake.” She received the sacrament with a devotion that inflamed, as well as melted all who saw it ; and then quietly concluded a life that had been led through a variety of accidents with a constant equality of temper. To sum up all, she was a tender wife, a kind friend, a gentle mistress, a good Christian, and one of the best of women.”

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

THE unfortunate Marie Antoinette, consort of the equally unfortunate Louis XVI. king of France, was sister to the late emperor of Germany. They were married while Louis was dau-

phin ; and, on their accession to the throne, were idolized by the people for that mild condescension of manners, which induced them to forego much of the etiquette of royalty, and mingle familiarly with their subjects. The queen, in particular, a beautiful young woman, the pride of the house of Austria, launched too precipitately into the vortex of pleasure ; consulting less the dignity of her exalted situation than the vain gratification of a perpetual thirst after gaiety, and those frivolous amusements, which, in time, enervate the noblest hearts, and sap the foundation of the sternest virtue. A momentous lesson, this, to the sovereigns of Europe ! who might expect similar effects to result from similar causes ; and a no less salutary caution to the subordinate ranks of society, who are not likely to escape unhurt, by the inordinate desire of seeking a meretricious felicity in those flowery paths of pleasure, where lurk the concealed serpents, whose deadly fangs have so unpityingly lacerated royalty.

How far this ill-fated queen was led to transgress the bounds of decorum, we have no materials on which we can rely, that enable us to judge. The fabrication of the many gross calumnies, published against her character, by the most depraved of the human species, bear internal evidence of the vileness and atrocity of their authors, whose detestable minds are capable of the most diabolical suggestions, and who are, therefore, not entitled to the smallest degree of credibility. In the relaxed morals of the court of France, and the feminine degeneracy and dissipation of the whole nation, we have, probably, the true causes of all the misery with which that devoted country has been overwhelmed.

The queen certainly degraded herself, by emulating opera performers; and by suffering those to become her companions who were of reproachable characters. It is sufficient for virtue if she pities, but she ought never to countenance vice. It is probable, however, that a mere excess of good nature impelled the queen to associate with those whom she found it necessary to consult respecting her favorite fetes, and other trivial amusements. She sought to secure happiness for herself; she sought to diffuse it among the people; but unhappily, she sought it not solely in that tranquil and retired path of domestic virtue, where all that is to be met with on earth, can *alone* be found; in the pure affection of a beloved husband, and in the chaste endearments of a lovely and innocent offspring, training up to piety and virtue. This seems to have been the grand error of her life. She loved her husband, and she loved her children; but sought not, in their society alone, her chief happiness.

There are various, well authenticated anecdotes, of the queen's feeling and humanity; of the many gross and indelicate charges against her, there seems no one positive proof. On her true character, the page of the future historian must decide; when prejudices shall have been mowed down by the scythe of time; and when friendly pity for her sufferings, which must long fill every virtuous bosom, and render humid every eye, at the shocking recital, shall sufficiently subside, to yield truth the powers of giving the sad tale faithfully to posterity. In the mean time, we make no scruple to assert, that the charges under which both herself and her august consort were condemned to the ignominious death they so shamefully suffered, constituted the vilest mockery of justice that ever

was exhibited among the people pretending to the smallest degree of civilization. And that nothing against her morals was exhibited on her trial, except the incredible story respecting her infant son, a child scarcely eight years of age, and which no human being ever believed, is a most powerful argument in favour of the queen's *actual virtue*.

After suffering a long and cruel imprisonment ; having seen a beloved husband led to the scaffold ; been deprived of the sole remaining consolation, by a brutal separation from her children, and insulted by the solemn mockery of a public trial ; she was *beheaded* at Paris, on Wednesday, the 16th of October, 1793, being in her thirty-eighth year. The corpse of the ill-fated queen was immediately buried in a grave filled with *quick-lime*; in the church-yard, called *De La Madelaine*, where her unfortunate consort, Louis XVI. had been before deposited, and consumed in the same manner.

Mr. Burke's animated description of the late Queen of France.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles ; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she seemed hardly to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her, just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere, she just began to move in, glittering, like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh, what a revolution ! and what a heart must I have to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation, and that fall ! Little did I dream, that when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever

be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace, concealed in that bosom ; little did I dream that I should live to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour, and cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look, threatening her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone ; that of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded ; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex ; that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprize, is gone ! It is gone—that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound ; which inspired courage, while it mitigated ferocity ; which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which, vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

MISS ELIZABETH SMITH.

THE "Fragments in Prose and Verse," of this extraordinarily ingenious and most excellent young lady, have been lately published, with some account of her life and character; and from them we extract the leading particulars illustrative of the life and mind of Miss Smith.

She was born at Burnhall, in the county of Durham, in December, 1776.

At a very early age she discovered that love of reading, and that close application to whatever she engaged in, which marked her character through life. She was accustomed, when only three years old, to leave an elder brother and younger sister to play and amuse themselves, while she eagerly seized on such books as a nursery library commonly affords, and made herself mistress of their contents. At four years of age she read extremely well. What in others is usually the effect of education and habit, seemed born with her. From a very babe the utmost regularity was observable in all her actions. Whatever she did was *well done*, and with an apparent reflection far beyond her years.

"In the beginning of 1782," says Mrs. Smith, "we removed into a distant country, at the earnest entreaty of a blind relation, and in the following year my attendance on him becoming so necessary as daily to engage several hours, at his request I

was influenced to take a young lady, whom he wished to serve in consequence of her family having experienced some severe misfortunes. This lady was then scarcely sixteen; and I expected merely to have found a companion for my children during my absence; but her abilities exceeded her years, and she became their governess during our stay in Suffolk, which was about eighteen months. On the death of my relation, in 1784, we returned to Burnhall, and remained there till June, in the following year, when we removed to Piercefield. In the course of the preceding winter Elizabeth had made an uncommon progress in music. From the time of our quitting Suffolk, till the spring of 1786, my children had no instruction except from myself; but their former governess then returned to me, and continued in the family three years longer. By her the children were instructed in French, and in the little Italian which she herself then understood. I mention these particulars to prove how very little instruction in languages my daughter received, and that the knowledge she afterwards acquired of them was the effect of her own, unassisted study.

“ It frequently happens that circumstances apparently trifling determine our character, and, sometimes, even our fate in life. I always thought that Elizabeth was first induced to apply herself to the study of the learned languages, by accidentally hearing that the late Mrs. Bowdler acquired some knowledge of Hebrew and Greek, purposely to read the holy scriptures in the original languages. In the summer of 1789, this most excellent woman, with her youngest daughter, spent a month at Piercefield, and I have reason to hail it as one of the happiest months of my

life. From the above mentioned visit I date the turn of study which Elizabeth ever after pursued, and which, I firmly believe, the amiable conduct of our guests first led her to delight in.

“ At the age of thirteen, Elizabeth became a sort of governess to her younger sisters ; for I then parted with the only one I ever had, and from that time the progress she made in acquiring languages, both ancient and modern, was most rapid. This degree of information, so unusual in a woman, occasioned no confusion in her well-regulated mind. She was a living library ; but locked up, except to a chosen few. Her talents were ‘ like bales unopened to the sun ;’ and, from a want of communication, were not as beneficial to others as they might have been ; for her dread of being called a learned lady, caused such an excess of modest reserve as, perhaps, formed the greatest defect in her character.

“ When a reverse of fortune drove us from Piercefield, my daughter had just entered her seventeenth year, an age at which she might have been supposed to have lamented deeply many consequent privations. Of the firmness of her mind on that occasion, no one can judge better than yourself ; for you had an opportunity to observe it, when immediately after the blow was struck, you offered, from motives of generous friendship, to undertake a charge which no pecuniary considerations could induce you to accept a few months before. I do not recollect a single instance of a murmur having escaped her, or the least expression of regret at what she had lost. On the contrary, she always appeared contented ; and particularly after our fixing at Coniston, it seemed as if the place and mode of life were

such as she preferred, and in which she was most happy.

“ I pass over in silence a time in which we had no home of our own, and when, from the deranged state of our affairs, we were indebted for one to the kindness and generosity of a friend ; nor do I speak of the time spent in Ireland, when following the regiment with my husband, because the want of a settled abode interrupted those studies in which my daughter most delighted.— Books are not light of carriage, and the blow which deprived us of Piercefield, deprived us of a library also. But though this period of her life afforded little opportunity for improvement in science, the qualities of her heart never appeared in a more amiable light. Through all the inconveniences which attended our situation while living in barracks, the firmness and cheerful resignation of her mind at the age of nineteen, made me blush for the tear which too frequently trembled in my eye, at the recollection of all the comforts we had lost.

“ In October, 1800, we left Ireland, and determined on seeking out some retired situation in England ; in the hope, that by strict economy, and with the blessing of cheerful, contented minds, we might yet find something like comfort ; which the frequent change of quarters with four children, and the then insecure state of Ireland, made it impossible to feel, notwithstanding the kind and generous attention we invariably received from the hospitable inhabitants of that country. We passed the winter in a cottage on the banks of the lake of Ulswater, and continued there till the May following, when we removed to our present residence at Coniston. This country had many charms for Elizabeth. She drew correctly from

nature, and her enthusiastic admiration of the sublime and beautiful often carried her beyond the bounds of prudent precaution, with regard to her health. Frequently in the summer she was out during twelve or fourteen hours, and in that time walked many miles. When she returned at night she was always more cheerful than usual; never said she was fatigued, and seldom appeared so. It is astonishing how she found time for all she acquired and all she accomplished. Nothing was neglected. There was a scrupulous attention to all the minutiae of her sex; for her well regulated mind, far from despising them, considered them as a part of that system of perfection at which she aimed; an aim which was not the result of vanity, nor to attract the applause of the world. No human being ever sought it less, or was more entirely free from conceit of every kind. The approbation of God and of her own conscience, were the only rewards she ever sought.

“ Her translation from the book of Job was finished in 1803. During the two last years of her life she was engaged in translating from the German some letters and papers, written by Mr. and Mrs. Klopstock.

“ In the summer of the year 1805, Elizabeth was seized with a cold, which terminated in her death: and I wish the cause was more generally known, as a caution to those whose studious turn of mind may lead them into the same error. I will give the account as she herself related it, a very short time before she died, to a faithful and affectionate servant, who first came into the family when my daughter was only six weeks old.

“ One very hot evening in July, I took a book, and walked about two miles from home, where I seated myself on a stone beside the lake. Being

much engaged by a poem I was reading, I did not perceive that the sun was gone down, and was succeeded by a very heavy dew ; till in a moment I felt struck on the chest as if with a sharp knife. I returned home, but said nothing of the pain. The next day being also very hot, and every one busy in the hay-field, I thought I would take a rake and work very hard, to produce perspiration, in the hope that it might remove the pain ; but it did not."

" From that time a bad cough, with occasional loss of voice, gave me great apprehension of what might be the consequence if the cause were not removed ; but no entreaties could prevail on her to take the proper remedies, or to refrain from her usual walks. This she persisted in, being sometimes better and then a little worse, till the beginning of October."

About this time Miss Smith accompanied her mother on a visit to Bath, and thence to Sunbury ; but finding no amendment in her health, they returned to Coniston, where Miss Smith expired on the 7th of August, 1806, aged twenty-nine, and was interred at Hawkshead.

The character of Miss Smith is thus briefly summed up by Mrs. Bowdler, in a letter to Dr. Mumssen :

" Her character was so extraordinary, and she was so very dear to me, that I hope you will forgive my dwelling a little longer on my irreparable loss. Her person and manners were extremely pleasing, with a pensive softness of countenance that indicated deep reflection ; but her extreme timidity concealed the most extraordinary talents that ever fell under my observation. With scarcely any assistance, she taught herself the French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin, Greek

and Hebrew languages. She had no inconsiderable knowledge of Arabic and Persic. She was well acquainted with geometry, algebra and other branches of the mathematics. She was a very fine musician. She drew landscapes from nature extremely well, and was a mistress of perspective. She showed an early taste for poetry, of which some specimens remain ; but, I believe, she destroyed most of the effusions of her youthful muse, when an acquaintance with your great poet, and still more when the sublime compositions of the Hebrew bards gave a different turn to her thoughts. With all these acquirements she was perfectly feminine in her disposition ; elegant, modest, gentle and affectionate. Nothing was neglected which a woman ought to know ; no duty was omitted which her situation in life required her to perform. But the part of her character on which I dwell with the greatest satisfaction, is that exalted piety which seemed always to raise her above this world, and learn her, at sixteen years of age, to resign its riches and its pleasures almost without regret ; and to support with dignity a very unexpected change of situation. For some years before her death the Holy Scripture was her principal study, and she translated from the Hebrew the whole book of Job, &c. &c. How far she succeeded in this attempt I am not qualified to judge ; but the benefit which she herself derived from these studies, must be evident to those who witnessed the patience and resignation with which she supported a long and painful illness ; the sweet attention which she always showed to the feelings of her parents and friends, and the heavenly composure with which she looked forward to the awful change which has now removed her to a world, ' where (as one of her

friends observes) her gentle, pure and enlightened spirit will find itself more at home than in this land of shadows, &c. &c."

To this Dr. M. replies in a letter, from which we select the following paragraph :

" The account you gave me of the extraordinary character of your late angelic friend, has filled my breast with admiration and awe. I have read your letter with tears. So many accomplishments, natural and moral ; so much of science, erudition and eminence of rare talents, combined with grace, with gentleness, and all the virtues that adorn a female mind ! It is wonderful, and cannot be enough admired. Great, indeed, must have been your happiness in the possession of this treasure ! Alas ! the gentle spirit that moved her tender limbs is soon divested of its mortal garment, and gone to join its kindred angels !

" Vattene in pace, Alma beata e bella !"

But I think her happy in this our period ; for what can be more fortunate on earth than to fall into the hands of the virtuous, and, free from contact of a corrupted race, to make her passage over our unlucky planet, pure and immaculate, and, with the robe of innocence, appear before her Creator ? To taste all the sweets of science and art, and, having satisfied all honest desires, remove from the feast of life with gratitude—
' 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished."



ANNA MARIA SCHURMAN.

THE learned and ingenious Anna Maria Schurman was born at Cologne, Nov. 5th, 1607. Her

parents were descended from noble protestant families. Anna Maria discovered from her early childhood extraordinary ingenuity. At six years of age she cut, with her scissars, without pattern or model, a variety of curious figures in paper.—Two years afterwards, she learned in a few days to design flowers with great perfection; and in her eleventh year, acquired, in three hours, the art of embroidering. She afterwards received instructions in music, in painting, in sculpture, and in engraving; in all of which she was admirably successful. It is observed, by Mr. Evelyn, in his history of Calcography, “that the very knowing Ann Maria Schurman is skilled in this art, with innumerable others, even for a prodigy of her sex!” Her hand-writing, specimens of which have been preserved by the curious in their cabinets, was in all languages inimitably beautiful. Mr. Joby, in his journey to Munster, speaks of the beauty of her penmanship in Greek, Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, and French, of which he had been an eye-witness: he also mentions her skill in miniature-painting; and in drawing, with the point of a diamond, portraits upon glass: she painted her own picture. She possessed the art of imitating pearls, which could not be distinguished from the originals, but by piercing them with a needle.

The powers of her understanding were not inferior to her ingenuity. At eleven years of age, being occasionally present at the lessons of her brothers, she frequently set them right by a whisper, when examined in their Latin exercises.—Her father, observing her genius for literature, resolved to cultivate a capacity so uncommon: a foundation was thus laid for her future acquirements. Her proficiency in the Hebrew, Greek,

and Latin languages, in which she wrote and spoke fluently, astonished the learned. She made great progress also in the oriental languages, the Arabic, Ethiopic, Chaldee, and Syriac. With the living languages, English, Italian, and French, she was not less conversant. She studied the sciences with equal success, geography, astronomy, and physics. Her temper having early acquired a devotional cast, she at length exchanged for theology the more liberal pursuit of learning.

Her father had, during her infancy, settled at Utrecht, whence, for the improvement of his children, he moved to Franeker; where, in 1623, he died: On this event, his widow returned to Utrecht, where Anna Maria continued to devote herself to her studies. Her predilection for letters prevented her from engaging in more active life, and induced her to decline an advantageous establishment. Mr. Cots, pensionary of Holland, and a celebrated poet, who, when she was only fourteen years of age, had written verses in her praise, offered her his hand and heart.

Her modesty, no less singular than her knowledge, rendered her desirous of burying her acquirements in obscurity: it was in despite of her inclination that Rivetus, Spanheim, and Vossius, brought her forward to notice. To these may be added, Salmasius, Huygens, and Beverovicus, who, holding with her a literary correspondence, spread her fame through foreign countries. Her reputation, thus extended, procured her letters from Balzac, Gassendi, Mercennus, Rochart, Contart, and other men of eminence: while she was visited by princesses, and persons of the first distinction, cardinal Richelieu also honoured her with marks of his esteem.

About the year 1650 her religious sentiments underwent a revolution. Having declined attendance on public worship, she performed her devotions in private. It was reported that she meant to embrace popery. The truth was, she had attached herself to Labadie, the celebrated quietist, whose principles she embraced, and whom she accompanied wherever he went. She resided with him for some time at Altona, in Holstein, where she attended him at his death, in 1674. She retired afterwards to Wierwart, in Frieland, where she was visited by William Penn, in 1677. She died at Wiewart, the following year, May 5th, 1678.

FROM THE PORT FOLIO.

MRS. ELIZABETH FERGUSON.

MRS. ELIZABETH FERGUSON was the daughter of Dr. Thomas Græme, by Anne, the daughter of Sir William Keith, then governour of Pennsylvania. Her father was a native of Scotland, and a graduate in medicine. For nearly half a century he maintained the first rank in his profession in the city of Philadelphia. He held, during the great part of this time, the office of collector of the port. Her mother possessed a masculine mind, with all those female charms and accomplishments which render a woman alike agreeable to both sexes. They had one son and three daughters, all of whom attained to the age of maturity. The subject of this memoir was the youngest of them. She discovered, in early life, signs of uncommon talents and virtue, both of which were cultivated with great care, and chiefly

by her mother. Her person was slender and her health delicate. The latter was partly the effect of native weakness, being a seven month's child, and partly acquired by too great application to books. She passed her youth in the lap of parental affection. A pleasant and highly improved retreat, known by the name of Græme Park, in Montgomery county, twenty miles from Philadelphia, in which her parents spent their summers, afforded her the most delightful opportunities for study, meditation, rural walks and pleasures, and, above all, for cultivating a talent for poetry. This retreat was, moreover, consecrated to society and friendship. A plentiful table was spread daily for visitors, and two or three young ladies from Philadelphia generally partook with Miss Græme of the enjoyments which her situation in the country furnished. About her seventeenth year she was addressed by a citizen of Philadelphia of respectable connections and character. She gave him her heart, with the promise of her hand, upon his return from London, whither he went to complete his education in the law. From causes which it is not necessary to detail, the contract of marriage, at a future day, was broken; but not without much suffering on the part of Miss Græme. To relieve and divert her mind from the effects of this event, she translated the whole of *Telemachus* into English verse; but this, instead of saving, perhaps aided the distress of her disappointment, in impairing her health, and that to such a degree as to induce her father, in conjunction with two other physicians, to advise a voyage to England for its recovery. Her mother concurred in this advice, but for another reason besides that of restoring her daughter's health. This venerable and excellent woman had

long laboured under a disease which, she believed, would have a fatal issue. She anticipated the near approach of death; and that it might be less terrible to her, she wished her daughter to be removed beyond the sphere of the counter attraction of her affections from the world of spirits, which her presence near her deathbed would excite. This feeling is not a solitary or casual one, in the human mind. Archbishop Lightfoot wished to die from home, that he might dissolve more easily his ties to his family. A lady in Philadelphia, some years ago, in her last moments, said to her daughter, who sat weeping at her bedside, "Leave me, my child; I cannot die while you are in the room." Many instances of similar conflicts between religion and nature have occurred in domestic history, which have escaped general observation.

Mrs. Græme died, according to her expectations and wishes, during her daughter's absence, leaving behind her two farewell letters to be delivered to her upon her return; one, upon the choice of a husband, and the other upon the management of a family. These letters contain many original ideas, and the most ardent expressions of maternal affection. The tenor of these expressions may easily be conceived by the following sentence extracted from the introduction to one of them. "I have rested for some time with my pen in my hand, from being at a loss to find out an epithet to address you with, that shall fully express my affection for you. After a good deal of deliberation, I can find nothing that pleases me better than 'my own dear Betsy.'"*

* Mrs. Græme left letters to several of her friends, to be delivered to them after her death. The follow-

Miss Græme spent a year in England, where she was accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Richard Peters, of Philadelphia, a gentleman of highly polished manners, and whose rank enabled him to introduce her to the most respectable circles of company. She sought, and was sought for, by the most celebrated literary gentlemen who flourished in England at the time of the accession of George the Third to the throne. She was introduced to this monarch and particularly noticed by him. The celebrated Dr. Fothergill, whom she consulted as a physician, became her friend and correspondent as long as he lived. An accident attached the sentimental and then popular author of *Tristram Shandy* to her. She took a seat upon the same stage with him at the York races. While bets were making upon different horses, she selected a small horse that was in the rear of the coursers as the subject of a trifling wager. Upon being asked the reason for doing so, she said that the "race was not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Mr. Sterne, who stood near

ing is an extract from one of them to Mrs. Redman, the wife of the late Dr. John Redman :

"I have been waiting with a pleasing expectation of my dissolution a great while, and I believe the same portion of grace which has been afforded me hitherto, will not be withdrawn at that trying hour. My trust is in my heavenly Father's mercies, procured and promised for the all-sufficient merits of my blessed Saviour, so that whatever time it may be before you see this, or whatever weakness I may be under on my deathbed, be assured *this* is my faith ; *this* is my hope from my youth up until now. And thus, my dear, I take my final leave of you. Adieu, forever.

ANNE GRÆME."

Sept. 22, 1762.

to her, was struck with this reply, and, turning hastily towards her, begged for the honour of her acquaintance. They soon became sociable, and a good deal of pleasant conversation took place between them, to the great entertainment of the surrounding company.

Upon her return to Philadelphia, she was visited by a numerous circle of friends, as well to condole with her upon the death of her mother, as to welcome her arrival to her native shores. She soon discovered, by the streams of information she poured upon her friends, that she had been "all eye, all ear, and all grasp," during her visit to Great-Britain. The Journal she kept of her travels, was a feast to all who read it. Manners and characters in an old and highly civilized country, contrasted with those to which she had been accustomed in our own, accompanied with many curious facts and anecdotes, were the component parts of this interesting manuscript. Her modesty alone prevented its being made public, and thereby affording a specimen to the world and to posterity, of her happy talents for observation, reflection and composition.

In her father's family she now occupied the place of her mother. She kept his house, and presided at his table and fire-side, in entertaining all his company. Such was the character of Dr. Græme's family for hospitality and refinement of manners, that all strangers of note who visited Philadelphia were introduced to it. Saturday evenings were appropriated for many years during Miss Græme's winter residence in the city, for the entertainment not only of strangers, but of such of her friends of both sexes as were considered the most suitable company for them. These evenings were, properly speaking, of the attic kind.

The genius of Miss Græme evolved the heat and light that animated them. One while she instructed by the stores of knowledge contained in the historians, philosophers and poets of ancient and modern nations, which she called forth at her pleasure ; and again she charmed by a profusion of original ideas, collected by her vivid and widely expanded imagination, and combined with exquisite taste and judgment into an endless variety of elegant and delightful forms. Upon these occasions her body seemed to vanish, and she appeared to be all mind. The writer of this memoir would have hesitated in giving this description of the luminous displays of Miss Græme's knowledge and eloquence at these intellectual banquets, did he not know there are several ladies and gentlemen now living in Philadelphia, who can testify that it is not exaggerated.

It was at one of these evening parties she first saw Mr. Hugh Henry Ferguson, a handsome and accomplished young gentleman who had lately arrived in this country from Scotland. They were suddenly pleased with each other. Private interviews took place between them, and in the course of a few months they were married. The inequality of their ages (for he was ten years younger than Miss Græme) was opposed in a calculation of their conjugal happiness, by the sameness of their attachment to books, retirement and literary society. They settled upon the estate in Montgomery county, which Mrs. Ferguson's father (who died at an advanced age soon after her marriage) bequeathed to her. But before the question of their happiness could be decided by the test of experiment, the dispute between Great-Britain and America took place, in which it became necessary for Mr. Ferguson to take part.

He joined the former in the year 1775, and from that time a perpetual separation took place between him and Mrs. Ferguson. Other causes contributed to prevent their re-union after the peace of 1782; but the recital of them would be uninteresting as well as foreign to the design of this publication. Mrs. Ferguson passed the interval between the year 1775 and the time of her death, chiefly in the country upon her farm, in reading and in the different branches of domestic industry. A female friend who had been the companion of her youth, and whose mind was congenial to her own, united her destiny with hers, and soothed her various distresses by all the kind and affectionate offices which friendship and sympathy could dictate. In her retirement she was eminently useful. The doors of the cottages that were in her neighbourhood bore the marks of her footsteps, which were always accompanied or followed with cloathing, provisions or medicines to relieve the nakedness, hunger or sickness of their inhabitants. During the time Gen. Howe had possession of Philadelphia, she sent a quantity of linen into the city, spun with her own hands, and directed it to be made into shirts for the benefit of the American prisoners that were taken at the battle of Germantown.

Upon hearing, in one of her visits to Philadelphia, that a merchant, once affluent in his circumstances, was suddenly thrown into gaol by his creditors, and was suffering from the want of many of the usual comforts of his life, she sent him a bed, and afterwards procured admission into his apartment, and put twenty dollars into his hands. He asked for the name of his benefactress. She refused to make herself known to him, and suddenly left him. This humane and charitable act

would not have been made known, had not the gentleman's description of her person and dress discovered it. At this time her annual income was reduced to the small sum of one hundred and sixty dollars a year, which had been saved by the friendship of the late Mr. George Meade, out of the wreck of her estate. Many such secret acts of charity, exercised at the expense of her personal and habitual comforts, might be mentioned. They will be made known elsewhere. In these acts she obeyed the gospel commandment of loving her neighbours *better* than herself. Her sympathy was not only active, but passive in a high degree. In the extent of this species of sensibility, she seemed to be all nerve. She partook of the minutest sorrows of her friends, and even a newspaper that contained a detail of public or private wo, did not pass through her hands without being bedewed with a tear. Nor did her sympathy with misery end here. The sufferings of the brute creation often drew sighs from her bosom, and led her to express a hope that reparation would be made to them for those sufferings in a future state of existence.

I have said that Mrs. Ferguson possessed a talent for poetry. Some of her verses have been published, and many of them are in the hands of her friends. They discover a vigorous poetical imagination, but the want of a poetical ear. This will not surprise those who know there may be poetry without metre, and metre without poetry.

The prose writings of Mrs. Ferguson indicate strong marks of genius, taste and knowledge. Nothing that came from her pen was common. Even her hasty notes to her friends placed the most trivial subjects in such a new and agreeable light, as not only secured them from destruction,

but gave them a durable place among the most precious fragments of fancy and sentiment.

Mrs. Ferguson was a stranger to the feelings of a mother, for she had no children; but she knew and faithfully performed all the duties of that relation to the son and daughter of one of her sisters, who committed them to her care upon her deathbed. The both possessed hereditary talents and virtues. Her nephew, John Young, became under her direction, an accomplished scholar and gentleman. He died a lieutenant in the British army, leaving behind him a record of his industry and knowledge, in an elegant translation of d'Argent's *Ancient Geography*, into the English language. A copy of this valuable work is to be seen in the Philadelphia Library, with a tribute to the memory of the translator, by Mrs. Ferguson.* The mind of her niece, Ann Young, was an elegant impression of her own: she married Dr. William Smith, of Philadelphia, and lived but a few years afterwards. She left a son and daughter; the latter followed her mother prematurely to the grave, in the year 1808, in the thirtieth year of her age; after exhibiting to a numerous and affectionate circle of acquaintances, a rare instance of splendid talents and virtues,

* A singular incident laid the foundation for the literary acquirements of this young gentleman. Before his twelfth year, he was an idle boy; about that time his aunt locked him in her father's library, for four and twenty hours, as a punishment for some offence. In this situation he picked up a book to relieve himself from the uneasiness of his solitude. This book arrested and fixed his attention. He read it through, and from that time he became devoted to books and study.

descending unimpaired through four successive generations.

The virtues which have been ascribed to Mrs. Ferguson, were not altogether the effects of education, nor of a happy moral texture of mind. They were improved, invigorated and directed in their exercises by the doctrines and precepts of Christianity. To impress the contents of the Bible more deeply upon her mind, she transcribed every chapter and verse in it, and hence arose the facility and success with which she frequently selected its finest historical and moral passages to illustrate or adorn the subjects of her writings and conversation.

She was well read in polemical divinity, and a firm believer in what are considered the mysteries of revelation. Although educated in the forms and devoted to the doctrines of the church of England, she worshipped devoutly with other sects, when she resided among them, by all of whom she was with a singular unanimity believed to be a sincere and pious Christian.

There was a peculiarity in her disposition, which would seem, at first sight, to cast a shade over the religious part of her character. After the reduction of her income, she constantly refused to accept of the least pecuniary assistance, and even of a present, from any of her friends. Let such persons who are disposed to ascribe this conduct to unchristian pride, recollect, there is a great difference between that sense of poverty which is induced by adverse dispensations of Providence, and that which is brought on by voluntary charities. Mrs. Ferguson conformed, in the place and manner of her living, to the narrowness of her resources. She knew no want that could make a wise or good woman unhappy, and she

was a stranger to the "real evil" of debt. Her charities, moreover, would not have been her own, had they been replaced by the charities of her friends.

The afflictions of this excellent woman from all the causes that have been mentioned, did not fill up the measure of her sufferings. Her passage out of life was accompanied with great and protracted pain. This welcome event took place on the 23d of February, in the year 1801, in the sixty-second year of her age, at the house of Seneca Lukins, a member of the Society of Friends, near Græme Park. Her body was interred, agreeably to her request, by the side of her parents, in the enclosure of Christ Church, in Philadelphia.

NARRATIVE.

THE BLACK VELVET PELISSE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

MR. BERESFORD was a merchant, engaged in a very extensive business, and possessed of considerable property, a great part of which was vested in a large estate in the country, on which he chiefly resided.

Beresford was what is commonly denominated *purse-proud*; and so eager to be honoured upon account of his wealth, that he shunned rather than courted the society of men of rank, as he was fond of power and precedence, and did not like to associate with those who had an indisputable claim to that deference of which he himself was desirous. But he earnestly wished that his only child and heiress should marry a man of rank; and being informed that a young baronet of large estates in his neighbourhood, and who was also heir to a barony, was just returned from his travels, and intended to settle at his paternal seat, Mr. Beresford was resolved that Julia should have every possible opportunity of shewing off to the best advantage before so desirable a neighbour; and he determined that his daughter, his house, and his table, should not want any charm which money could procure.

Beresford had gained his fortune by degrees; and having been educated by frugal and retired

parents, his habits were almost parsimonious ; and when he launched out into unwonted expenses on becoming wealthy, it was only in a partial manner. His house and his furniture had a sort of pye-bald appearance ;—his syle of living was not consistent, like that of a man used to live like a gentleman, but opulence, with a timid grasp, seemed to squeeze out its indulgencies from the griping fingers of habitual economy. True, he could, on occasions, be splendid, both in his public and private gifts ; but such bounties were efforts, and he seemed to wonder at himself whenever the exertion was over.

Julia Beresford, his daughter, accustomed from her birth to affluence, if not to luxury—and having in every thing what is called the spirit of a gentlewoman, was often distressed and mortified at the want of consistency in her father's mode of living ; but she was particularly distressed to find that, though he was always telling her what a fortune he would give her when she married and at his death, he allowed her but a trifling sum, comparatively, for pocket money, and required from her, with teasing minuteness, an account of the manner in which her allowance was spent ; reproaching very severely her propensity to spend her money on plausible beggars and pretended invalids.

But on this point he talked in vain ; used by a benevolent and pious mother, whose loss she tenderly deplored, to impart comfort to the poor, the sick, and the afflicted, Julia endeavoured to make her residence in the country a blessing to the neighbourhood ; but, too often, kind words, soothing visits, and generous promises, were all that she had to bestow ; and many a time did she purchase the means of relieving a distressed fel-

low creature by a personal sacrifice : for though ever ready to contribute to a subscription either public or private, Beresford could not be prevailed upon to indulge his daughter by giving way to that habitual benevolence, which, when once practised, can never be left off.

But though the sums were trifling which Julia had to bestow, she had so many cheap charities in her power, such as sending broth to the neighbouring cottages, and making linen of various sorts for poor women and children, that she was deservedly popular in the neighbourhood ; and though her father was reckoned as proud as he was rich, the daughter was pronounced to be a pattern of good nature, and as affable as he was the contrary.

But wherever Beresford could have an opportunity of displaying his wealth to advantage, he regarded not expense :—and to outvie the neighbouring gentlemen in endeavours to attract the rich young baronet, whom all the young ladies would, he supposed, be aiming to captivate, he purchased magnificent furniture and carriages, and promised Julia a great addition to her wardrobe, whenever sir Frederic Mortimer should take up his abode at his seat.

Julia heard that the baronet was expected, with a beating heart. She had been several times in his company at a watering place, immediately on his return from abroad, and had wished to appear as charming in his eyes as he appeared in hers ; but she had been disappointed. Modest and retiring in her manner, and not showy in her person, though her features were regularly beautiful, sir Frederick Mortimer, who had only seen her in large companies, and with very striking and

attractive women, had regarded her merely as an amiable girl, and had rarely thought of her again.

Julia Beresford was formed to steal upon the affections by slow degrees ; to interest on acquaintance, not to strike at first sight. But the man who had opportunities of listening to the sweet tones of her voice, and of gazing on her varied countenance when emotion crimsoned her pale cheek, and lighted up the expressions of her eyes, could never behold her without a degree of interest which beauty alone often fails to excite. Like most women, too, Julia derived great advantages from dress : of this she was sensible, though very often did she appear shabbily attired, from having expended on others, sums destined to ornament herself ; but, when she had done so, a physiognomist would have discovered in her countenance probably an expression of self satisfaction, more ornamental than any dress could be. But, generally, as Julia knew the value of external decoration, she wisely wished to indulge in it.

One day Julia, accompanied by her father, went to the shop of a milliner, in a large town, near which they lived ; and, as winter was coming on, and her pelisse, a dark and now faded purple, was nearly worn out, she was very desirous of purchasing a black velvet one, which was on sale ; but her father hearing that the price of it was twelve guineas, positively forbade her to wish for so expensive a piece of finery ; though he owned that it was very handsome, and very becoming.

“ To be sure,” said Julia smiling, but casting a longing look at the pelisse, “ twelve guineas might be better bestowed :” and they left the shop.

The next day Mr. Beresford went to town on business, and, in a short time after, he wrote to his daughter to say that he had met sir Frederic

Mortimer in London, and that he would soon be down at his seat, to attend some pony races which Mr. Hanmer, who had a mind to shew off his dowdy daughter to the young baronet, intended to have on a piece of land belonging to him ; and that he had heard all the ladies in the neighbourhood were to be there.

“ I have received an invitation for you and myself,” continued Mr. Beresford : and therefore, as I am resolved the Miss Traceys, and the other girls, shall not be better or more expensively dressed than my daughter, I enclose you bills to the amount of thirteen pounds ; and I desire you to go and purchase the velvet pelisse which we so much admired ; and I have sent you a hat, the most elegant which money could procure, in order that my heiress may appear as an heiress should do.”

Julia's young heart beat with pleasure at this permission : for she was to adorn herself to appear before the only man whom she ever *wished* to please : and the next morning she determined to set off to make the desired purchase.

That evening, being alone, she set out to take her usual walk ; and having, lost in no unpleasing reverie, strayed very near to a village about three miles from home, she recollected to have heard an affecting account of the distress of a very virtuous and industrious family in that village, owing to the poor man's being drawn for the militia, and not rich enough to procure a substitute. She therefore resolved to go on and inquire how the matter had terminated. Julia proceeded to the village, and reached it just as the very objects of her solicitude were come to the height of their distresses.

The father of the family, not being able to raise more than half the money wanted, was obliged to serve ; and Julia, on seeing a crowd assembled, approached to ask what was going forward ; and found she was arrived to witness a very affecting scene : for the poor man was taking his last farewell of his wife and family, who, on his departure to join the regiment, would be forced to go to the workhouse, where, as they were in delicate health, it was most probable they would soon fall victims to bad food and bad air.

The poor man was universally beloved in his village ; and the neighbours, seeing that a young lady inquired concerning his misfortunes with an air of interest, were all eager to give her every possible information on the subject of his distress. “ And only think, Miss,” said one of them, “ for the want of nine pounds only, as honest and hard working a lad as ever lived, and as good a husband and father, must be forced to leave his family, and be a militia man—and they, poor things, go to the workhouse !”

“ Nine pounds !” said Julia, “ would that be sufficient to keep him at home ?”

“ La ! yes, Miss ; for that young fellow yonder would gladly go for him for eighteen pounds !”

On hearing this how many thoughts rapidly succeeded each other in Julia’s mind ?—If she paid the nine pounds, the man would be restored to his family, and they preserved perhaps from an untimely death in a workhouse !—But then she had no money but what her father had sent to purchase the pelisse, nor was she to see him till she met him on the race ground !—and he would be so disappointed if she were not well dressed ! True, she might take the pelisse on trust ; but then she was sure her father would be highly in-

censed at her extravagance, if she spent twelve guineas, and gave away nine pounds at the same time :—therefore she knew she must either give up doing a generous action, or give up the pelisse, that is, give up the gratification of her father's pride and her own vanity.

“ No, I dare not, I cannot do it,” thought Julia ; “ my own vanity I would willingly mortify, —but not my father's—No—the poor man must go !”

During this mental struggle the bye standers had eagerly watched her countenance ; and thinking she was disposed to pay the sum required, they communicated their hopes to the poor people themselves ; and as Julia turned her eyes towards them the wretched couple looked at her with such an imploring look ! but she was resolved :—“ I am sorry, I am very sorry,” said she, “ that I can do nothing for you :—however, take this.” So saying, she gave them all the loose money she had in her pocket, amounting to a few shillings, and then, with an aching heart, walked rapidly away ; but as she did so, the sobs of the poor woman, as she leaned on her husband's shoulders, and the cries of the little boy, when his father, struggling with his grief, bade him a last farewell, reached her, and penetrated to her heart.

“ Poor creatures !” she inwardly exclaimed ; “ and nine pounds would change these tears into gladness, and yet I withhold it ! And is it for this that Heaven has blessed me with opulence ? for this, to be restrained by the fear of being reproved for spending a paltry sum such as this is, from doing an action acceptable in the eyes of my creator ! no ; I will pay the money ! I will give myself the delight of serving afflicted worth, and

spare myself from, perhaps, eternal self reproach !”

She then, without waiting for further consideration, turned back again, paid the money into the poor man’s hands ; and giving the remaining four pounds to the woman, who, though clean, was miserably clad, desired her to lay part of it out in clothes for herself and children.

I will not attempt to describe the surprise and gratitude of the relieved sufferers, nor the overwhelming feelings which Julia experienced ; who, withdrawing herself with the rapidity of lightning from their thanks, and wishing to remain unknown, ran hastily along her road home, not daring to stop, lest her joy at having done a generous deed, should be checked by other considerations.

But at length exhausted, and panting for breath, she was obliged to relax in her speed ; and then the image of her angry and disappointed parent appeared to her in all its terrors.

“ What can I do ?” she exclaimed.—“ Shall I order the pelisse, though I can’t pay for it, or go without ? No ; I ought not to incur so great an expense without my father’s leave, though I know him to be able to afford it ; and to run in debt he would consider as even a greater fault than the other. Well, then—I must submit to mortify his pride ; and though I rejoice in what I have done, the joy is amply counterbalanced by the idea of giving pain to my father.”

Poor Julia ! her own wounded vanity came in for its share in causing her uneasiness ; and the rest of that day, and the next, Julia spent in reflections and fears, which did not tend to improve her looks, and make a becoming dress unnecessary.

The next morning was the morning for the races. The sun shone bright, and every thing looked cheerful but Julia. She had scarcely spirits to dress herself. It was very cold ; therefore she was forced to wear her faded purple pelisse, and now it looked shabbier than usual ; and still shabbier from the contrast of a very smart new black velvet bonnet.

At length Julia had finished her toilette, saying to herself, " My father talked of Mr. Hanmer's dowdy daughter. I am sure Mr. Hanmer may return the compliment ;" and then, with a heavy heart, she got into the carriage, and drove to the house of rendezvous.

Mr. Beresford was there before her ; and while he contemplated with fearful admiration the elegant cloaks, and fine showy figures and faces of the Miss Traceys, between whose father and himself there had long been a rivalry of wealth, he was consoled for their elegance by reflecting how much more expensive and elegant Julia's dress would be, and how well she would look, flushed as he expected to see her, with the blush of emotion on entering a full room, and the consciousness of more than usual attraction in her appearance.

Julia at length appeared, but pale, dejected, and in her old purple pelisse !

What a mortification ! His daughter, the great heiress, the worst dressed and most dowdy looking girl in the company ! Insupportable ! scarcely could he welcome her, though he had not seen her for some days ; and he seized the very first opportunity of asking her if she had received the notes.

" Yes, I thank ye, sir ;" replied Julia.

“Then why did you not buy what I bade you? It could not be gone; for, if you did not buy it, nobody else could, I am sure.”

“I—I—I thought I could do without it—and —”

“There now, there is perverseness. When I wished you not to have it, then you wanted it; and now I protest if I don’t believe you did it on purpose to mortify me; and there’s those minxes, whose father is not worth half what I am, are dressed out as fine as princesses. I vow, girl, you look so shabby and ugly, I can’t bear to look at you!”

What a trial for Julia! her eyes filled with tears; and at this moment sir Frederic Mortimer approached her, and hoped she had not been ill; but he thought she was paler than usual!

“Paler!” cried her father: “why, I should not have known her, she has made such a fright of herself.”

“You may say so, sir,” replied the baronet politely, though he almost agreed with him; “but no other man can be of that opinion.”

Julia was rather gratified by this speech; but without waiting for an answer, sir Frederic had gone to join the Miss Traceys; and as he entered into an animated conversation with them, Julia was allowed, unattended, to walk to the window in the next room, and enjoy her own melancholy reflections.

At length, to Julia’s great relief, they were summoned to the race-ground; the baronet taking Miss Hanmer under one arm and the elder Miss Tracey under the other.—“So,” cried Beresford, seizing Julia roughly by the hand, “I must lead you, I see; for who will take any notice of such

a dowdy ? Well girl, I was too proud of you, and you have contrived to humble me enough."

There was a mixture of tenderness and resentment in this speech, which quite overcame Julia, and she burst into tears. "There—now she is going to make herself worse by spoiling her eyes. But come, tell me what you did with the money ; I insist upon knowing."

"I—I—gave it away," sobbed out Julia.

"Gave it away ! monstrous ! I protest I will not speak to you again for a month." So saying, he left her, and carefully avoided to look at or speak to her again.

The races began, and were interesting to all but Julia, who, conscious of being beheld by her father with looks of mortification and resentment, and by the man of her choice with indifference, had no satisfaction to enable her to support the unpleasantness of her situation, except the consciousness that her sorrow had been the cause of happiness to others, and that the family whom she had relieved were probably at that moment naming her with praises and blessings. "Then why should I be so selfish as to repine ?" thought Julia ; "perhaps no one present has such a right as I to rejoice ; for how poor are the gratifications of vanity to the triumphs of benevolence !"

So like a philosopher reasoned our heroine ; but she felt like a woman, and, spite of herself, an expression of vexation still prevailed over the usual sweetness of her countenance.

The races at length finished, and with them she flattered herself would finish her mortifications ; but in vain. The company was expected to stay to partake of a cold collation, which was to be preceded by music and dancing ; and Julia was obliged to accept the unwelcome invitation.

As the ladies were most of them very young, they were supposed not to have yet forgotten the art of dancing minuets—an art now of so little use ; and Mr. Hanmer begged sir Frederic would lead off his daughter to shew off in a minuet. The baronet obeyed ; and then offered to take out Julia for the same purpose ; but she, blushing, refused to comply.

“ Well, what’s that for ? ” cried Beresford angrily, who knew that Julia was remarkable for dancing a good minuet. “ Why can’t you dance when you are asked, Miss Beresford ? ” “ Because,” replied Julia, in a faltering voice, “ I have no gown on, and I can’t dance a minuet in my—in my pelisse.”

“ Rot your pelisse ! ” exclaimed Beresford, forgetting all decency and decorum, and turned to the window to hide his angry emotions, while Julia hung her head, abashed ; and the baronet led out Miss Tracey, who, throwing off the cloak which she had worn before, having expected such an exhibition would take place, displayed a very fine form, set off by the most becoming gown possible.

“ Charming ! admirable ! what a figure ! what grace ! ” was murmured throughout the room. Mr. Beresford’s proud heart throbbed almost to agony : while Julia, though ever ready to acknowledge the excellence of another, still felt the whole scene so vexatious to her, principally from the mortification of her father, that her only resource was again thinking on the family rescued from misery by her.

Reels were next called for ; and Julia then stood up to dance ; but she had not danced five minutes when, exhausted by the various motions which she had undergone during the last eight and forty

hours, her head became so giddy, that she could not proceed, and was obliged to sit down.

"I believe the deuce is in the girl," muttered Mr. Beresford ; and, to increase her distress, Julia overheard him.

In a short time the dancing was discontinued and a concert begun. Miss Hanmer played a sonata, and Miss Tracey sung a bravura song with great execution. Julia was then called upon to play ; but she timidly answered that she never played lessons :

"But you sing," said Miss Hanmer.

"Sometimes ; but I beg to be excused singing now."

"What ! you will not sing neither ?" said Mr. Beresford.

"I can't sing now, indeed, sir ; I am not well enough ; and I tremble so much that I have not a steady note in my voice."

"So, Miss," whispered Mr. Beresford, "and this is what I get in return for having squandered so much money on your education ?"

The Miss Traceys were then applied to, and they sung, with great applause, a difficult Italian duo, and were complimented into the bargain on their readiness to oblige.

Poor Julia.

"You see, Miss Beresford, how silly and contemptible you look," whispered Beresford, "while these squalling Misses run away with all the admiration."

"Julia's persecutions were not yet over.—" "Though you are not well enough, Miss Beresford, to sing a song," said Mr. Hanmer, "which requires much exertion, surely you can sing a ballad without music, which is, I am told, your forte."

“ So I have heard,” cried sir Frederic. “ Do, Miss Beresford, oblige us.”

“ Do,” said the Miss Traceys ; “ and we have a claim on you.”

“ I own it,” replied Julia, in a voice scarcely audible ; “ but you, who are such proficient in music, must know, that to sing a simple ballad requires more self-possession and steadiness of tone than any other kind of singing ; as all the merit depends on the clearness of utterance, and the power of sustaining the notes.”

“ True ; but do try.”

“ Indeed I cannot :” and, shrugging up her shoulders, the ladies desisted from further importunities. “ I am so surprised,” said one of them to the other, leaning across two or three gentlemen : I had heard that Miss Beresford was remarkably good humoured and obliging, and she seems quite sullen and obstinate : don’t you think so ?”

“ O dear, yes ! and not obliging at all.”

“ No, indeed,” cried Miss Hanmer : “ she seems to presume on her wealth, I think : what think you, gentlemen ?”

But the gentlemen were not so hasty in their judgments—two of them only observed that Miss Beresford was in no respect like herself that day.

“ I don’t think she is well,” said the baronet.

“ Perhaps she is in love,” said Miss Tracey, laughing at the shrewdness of her own observations.

“ Perhaps so,” replied sir Frederic, thoughtfully.

It was sir Frederic’s intention to marry, and, if possible, a young woman born in the same county as himself ; for he wished her to have the same local prejudices as he had, and to have the

same early attachments : consequently he inquired of his steward, before he came to reside at his seat, into the character of the ladies in the neighbourhood ; but the steward could or would talk of no one but Julia Beresford ; and of her he gave so exalted a character, that sir Frederic, who only remembered her as a pleasing modest girl, was very sorry that he had not paid her more attention.

Soon after, in the gallery of an eminent painter, he saw her picture ; and though he thought it flattered, he gazed on it with pleasure, and fancied that Julia, when animated, might be quite as handsome as that was. Since that time he had frequently thought of her, and thought of her as a woman formed to make him happy ; and indeed he had gone to look at her picture the day before he came down to the country, and had it strongly in his remembrance when he saw Julia herself, pale, spiritless, and ill-dressed, in Mr. Hammer's drawing room.

Perhaps it would be too much to say, that he felt as much chagrined as Mr. Beresford ; but certain it is, that he was sensibly disappointed, and could not help yielding to the superior attraction of the lovely and elegant Miss Tracy : besides, he was the object of general attention, and

“ We know of old that all contend

“ To win her grace, whom all commend.”

The concert being over, the company adjourned to an elegant entertainment set out in an open pavilion in the park, which commanded a most lovely view of the adjacent country.

Julia seated herself near the entrance ; the baronet placed himself between the two lovely sisters ; and Beresford, in order to be able to vent

his spleen every now and then in his daughter's ear, took a chair beside her.

The collation had every delicacy to tempt the palate, and every decoration to gratify the taste : and all, except the pensive Julia, seemed to enjoy it : when, as she was leaning from the door to speak to a lady at the head of the table, a little boy, about ten years old, peeped into the pavilion, as if anxiously looking for some one.

The child was so clean, and so neat in his dress, that a gentleman near him patted his curly head, and asked him what he wanted?

“ A lady.”

“ But what lady? Here is one, and a pretty one too,” showing the lady next him; “ will not she do?”

“ Oh no! she is not my lady,” replied the boy.

At this moment Julia turned round, and the little boy, clapping his hands, exclaimed, “ Oh! that's she! that's she!” Then turning out, he cried, “ Mother! mother! Father! father! here she is! we have found her at last!” and before Julia, who suspected what was to follow, could leave her place, and get out of the pavilion, the poor man and woman whom she had relieved, and their now well clothed, happy looking family, appeared before the door of it.

“ What does all this mean? cried Mr. Hammer. “ Good people, whom do you want?”

“ We come, sir,” cried the man, “ in search of that young lady,” pointing to Julia; “ as we could not go from the neighbourhood without coming to thank and bless her; for she saved me from going for a soldier, and my wife and children from a workhouse, sir, and made me and mine as comfortable as you now see us.”

"Dear father! let me pass, pray do," cried Julia, trembling with emotion, and oppressed with ingenious modesty.

"Stay where you are, girl," cried Beresford, in a voice between laughing and crying.

"Well, but how came you hither?" cried Mr. Hanmer, who began to think this was a premeditated scheme of Julia's to show off before the company.

"Why, sir—shall I tell the whole story?" asked the man.

"No, no, pray go away," cried Julia, "and I'll come and speak to you."

"By no means," cried the baronet eagerly: "the story, the story, if you please."

The man then began, and related Julia's meeting him and his family, her having relieved them, and then running away to avoid their thanks, and to prevent her being followed, as it seemed, and being known. That, resolved not to rest till they had learnt the name of their benefactress, they had described her person and her dress: "but bless your honour," interrupted the woman, "when we said what she had done for us, we had not to ask any more, for every one said it could be nobody but Miss Julia Beresford."

Here Julia hid her face on her father's shoulder, and the company said not a word. The young ladies appeared conscience struck; for it seemed that none in the neighbourhood (and they were of it) could do a kind action but Miss Julia Beresford.

"Well, my good man, go on," cried Beresford gently.

"Well, sir; yesterday I heard that if I went to live at a market town four miles off, I could get more work to do than I have in my own vil-

lage, and employ for my little boy too ; so we resolved to go and try our luck there : but we could not be easy to go away, without coming to thank and bless that good young lady ; so, hearing at her house that she was come hither, we made bold to follow her ; your servants told us where to find her—ah ! bless her !—thanks to her, I can afford to hire a cart for my poor sick wife and family !”

“ Ah ! Miss, Miss,” cried the little boy, pulling Julia by the arm, “ only think, we shall ride in a cart, with a tall horse ; and brother and I have got new shoes—only look !”

But Miss was crying, and did not like to look : however, she made an effort, and looked up, but was forced to turn away her head again, overset by a “ God bless you !” heartily pronounced by the poor woman, and echoed by the man.

“ This is quite a scene, I protest,” cried Miss Tracey.

“ But one in which we should all have been proud to have been actors, I trust,” answered the baronet. “ What say you, gentlemen and ladies ?” continued he, coming forward : “ though we cannot equal Miss Beresford’s kindness, since she sought out poverty, and it comes to us, what say you ? shall we make a purse for these good people, that they may not think there is only one kind being in the neighbourhood ?”

“ Agreed !” cried every one ; and as sir Frederic held the *hat*, the subscription from the ladies was a very liberal one ; but Mr. Beresford gave *five guineas* ; then Mr. Hanmer desired the overjoyed family to go to his house to get some refreshment, and the company re-seated themselves.

But Mr. Beresford, having quitted his seat, in order to wipe his eyes unseen at the door, the baronet had taken the vacant place by Julia.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," cried Beresford, blowing his nose, "you shall see a new sight—a parent asking pardon of his child. Julia, my dear, I know I behaved very ill—I know I was very cross to you—very savage ; I know I was. You are a good girl—and always were, and ever will be, the pride of my life—so let's kiss and be friends"—and Julia, throwing herself into her father's arms, declared she should now be herself again !

"What ! more scenes !" cried Mr. Hanmer. "What, are you sentimental too, Mr. Beresford ? Who should have thought it."

"Why, I'll tell a story now," continued he : "that girl vexed and mortified me confoundedly—that she did. I wished her to be smart, to do honour to you and your daughter to-day ; so I sent her twelve guineas to buy a very handsome velvet pelisse, which she took a fancy to, but which I thought too dear. But instead of that, here she comes in this old fright, and a fine dowdy figure she looks : and when I reproached her, she said she had given the money away ; and so I suppose it was that very money which she gave to these people. Heh ! was it not so, Julia ?"

"It was," replied Julia ; "and I dare not then be so extravagant as to get the pelisse too."

"So, Hanmer, continued Beresford, "you may sneer at me for being *sentimental*, if you please ; but I am now prouder of my girl in her shabby cloak here, than if she were dressed out in silks and satins."

"And so you ought to be," cried sir Frederic. "And Miss Beresford has converted this garment," lifting up the end of the pelisse, "into a robe of honour :"—so saying, he gallantly pressed it to his lips. "Come, I will give you a toast,"

continued he : here is the health of the woman who was capable of sacrificing the gratification of her personal vanity to the claims of benevolence !”

The ladies put up their pretty lips, but drank the toast, and Beresford went to the door to wipe his eyes again ; while Julia could not help owning to herself, that if she had had her moments of mortification, they were richly paid.

The collation was now resumed, and Julia partook of it with pleasure ; her heart was at ease, her cheek recovered its bloom, and her eyes their lustre. Again the Miss Traceys sung, and with increased brilliancy of execution. “ It was wonderful ! they sung like professors,” every one said ; and then again was Julia requested to sing.

“ I can sing *now*,” replied she ; “ and I never refuse when I *can* do so. Now I have found my father’s favour, I shall find my voice too ;” and then, without any more preamble, she sung a plaintive and simple ballad, in a manner the most touching and unadorned.

No one applauded while she sung, for all seemed afraid to lose any particle of tones so sweet and so pathetic ; but when she had ended, every one, except sir Frederic, loudly commended her, and he was silent ; but Julia saw that his eyes glistened, and she heard him sigh, and she was very glad that he said nothing.

Again the sisters sung, and Julia too, and then the party broke up ; but Mrs. Tracey invited the same party to meet at her house in the evening, to a ball and supper, and they all agreed to wait on her.

As they returned to the house, sir Frederic gave his arm to Julia, and Miss Tracey walked before them.

“ That is a very fine, showy, elegant girl,” observed sir Frederic.

“ She is, indeed, and very handsome,” replied Julia ; “ and her singing is really wonderful.”

“ Just so,” replied sir Frederic ; “ it is wonderful, but not pleasing. Her singing is like herself—she is a bravura song—showy and brilliant, but not *touching*—not interesting.” Julia smiled at the illustration ; and the baronet continued :—
“ Will you be angry at my presumption, Miss Beresford, if I venture to add that you too resemble your singing ? If Miss Tracey be a bravura song, you are a ballad—not showy, not brilliant, but touching, interesting and—”

“ O ! pray say no more,” said Julia, blushing and hastening to join the company—but it was a blush of pleasure ; and as she rode home she amused herself with analysing all the properties of the *ballad*, and she was very well contented with the analysis.

That evening Julia, all herself again, and dressed with exquisite and becoming taste, danced, smiled, talked and was universally admired. But was she *particularly* so ? Did the man of her heart follow her with delightful attention ?

“ Julia,” said her happy father, as they went home at night, “ you will have the velvet pelisse and sir Frederic too, I expect.”

Nor was he mistaken. The pelisse was hers the next day, and the baronet some months after. But Julia to this hour preserves with the utmost care the faded pelisse, which sir Frederic had pronounced to be “ a robe of honour.”

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY MRS. HUNTER.

—I shall proceed without any prelude beyond that of telling you that the family, as usual, dispersed yesterday morning immediately after we left the room. Mr. Davenport repaired to the library to write letters for our conveyance to town, and Mrs. Berry to her girls. “Mrs. Davenport and myself, said Mr. Palmerstone, whose words I mean to adopt, were left *tete-a-tete*. ‘I intend, my good friend,’ said this charming woman with her usual vivacity, ‘to keep you a prisoner. I have owed you a grudge for some years : and this shall be the hour of retribution.

“You will perceive,’ continued she, taking up her knotting-bag, ‘the odious appellation which you and some others of my very kind friends contrived to affix to my name. It is but just that you listen patiently to all the various griefs and mortifications which have resulted from your plots and contrivances with Davenport, to render me a *cruel step-mother*, instead of a handsome widow. How many sad events,’ sighed she, ‘have separated us since those smiling hours ! And let me add,’ pressing my hand affectionately, on observing my emotion—‘let me add, my dear and venerable friend, how many blessings have marked that chequered interval !’

“From your hand my excellent Davenport received me,’ continued she : ‘you may remember we parted at the abbey-door ; and, leaving you to answer all congratulations, we set out for Mr. Davenport’s seat in Dorsetshire. I was then in my thirty-third year, and my boy George, twelve.

Our reception at my destined home had more in it of vulgar curiosity than of cordial welcome. All was in state, and we were ushered into the best drawing-room with sullen reverence. Poor Harriet was stationed in it, as fine as hands could make her, and, without doubt, had been tutored to receive her mother-in-law with her best courtsey : but no sooner did she see her father, than, unmindful of me, she ran into his arms and sobbed aloud. A very fat but comely woman joined her in these lamentations ; and Frank Davenport stood confused and sad with his eyes rivetted to the carpet. A look from my husband sent Mrs. Nurse, as I found her to be, to her apartment : he then put the weeping child into my arms ; she actually shrunk from my embrace, and again, as it were, sought the protecting wing of her father ; who, to conceal his agitation, now presented his son to me and my George.

“ A few questions relative to the occurrences which had happened in his absence succeeded ; and the detail of the lameness of Frank’s pony gave George an opportunity of showing his skill in farriery. The boys became interested in this conversation, and soon at their ease : this somehow led to *fishing*. George was at home again here : he produced his treasures of flies, and an appointment followed for the next morning to employ them in the finest trout-stream in England. Poor Harriet, during this animated conversation, remained silent and dejected : but I fortunately recollected some caricature prints we had picked up in our road from Bath : these were produced, and I had the satisfaction of seeing her pretty features relax into a smile. We supped tolerably composed, and not uncheerfully. Frank, on retiring for the night, took his father’s hand,

wishing him good night. I held out mine. He saw my purpose, blushed deeply, saluted me with fervour, dropped his eyes, and then imploringly raised them to his sister. She fearfully advanced, and greatly distressed me by falling on my bosom and weeping bitterly. "We shall meet to-morrow, my love," said I, returning her to her father, who looked displeased: "If it be a fine morning, we will go and give notice to the poor trout of your brothers' evil intentions." They each took a passive hand, and conducted her, blinded by tears, to her room.

"After they had quitted us, my husband expressed his tender fears lest I might have received an unfavourable impression of his child from her behaviour. I re-assured him. 'I perfectly understand,' said I, 'all this business: I have not been so improvident as to be unprepared: be satisfied. You shall be jealous of this child's affection for me in less than a year, unless your confidence equals the love you cherish for me. Your children must be happy, or I miserable.' We then entered into some discussions relative to the domestic concerns of the family.

"You may perceive already, my dear Susan, (said my worthy husband) 'that I repose all my cares on you; but I conjure you exert not your prudence at the expense of your comforts. I well know I have been too easy a master, and that by my indolence I have converted very good servants into very idle ones.' He then detailed to me the enormous increase of his house-bills, and the general neglect of his concerns, which had insensibly gained upon his domestics. 'They are,' said he, 'honest, but, like their master, love their ease. I wish to meet contented faces and cheerful obedience; and they see in mine that of a

friend : but we all want regulation, and you must redress these grievances.'

"The next day Mrs. Dawson; with much formality, showed me the way through my new habitation ; talked a great deal of her good and indulgent master ; of the surprise it would be to some young ladies in the neighbourhood, to hear that he had brought home a lady. I dismissed my loquacious conductress at the door of Harriet's apartment, and entered. She was composed, but not gay ; and in all her answers to my questions called me *madam*. Nurse was stately and reserved ; and, I believe, thought my visit an intrusion. On asking her the age of her charge, she said, 'Miss Harriet was just turned of eleven'—and voluntarily added, 'that her dear mother had been dead six years.' Her face flushed, and her eyes swam in tears. She suddenly stooped to tie anew Harriet's sash, which she had done the instant before, apparently to her satisfaction.

"The bustle of receiving visitors appeared to divert Harriet's mind from the contemplation of her misfortune : she was also much flattered by my attention to her dress. The stiff-boned stays gave place to the dimity corset ; and the *Bath fashions* became with Harriet the standard of taste. Nurse observed, with jealous eyes, my growing influence, but prudently yielded to an ascendancy with which she found herself unequal to contest.

"Amongst our most early visitors were a Mr. and Mrs. Barnet, with a very handsome daughter. I concluded, from the little ceremony they observed on the occasion, that they were very intimate friends of my husband ; for they surprised us at the breakfast table : but the cold civility of the mother and daughter tallied not with this idea,

and I suspended my opinion for further knowledge. On their leaving us, I asked Harriet whether the ladies were near neighbours? 'Oh, yes,' answered she, 'within a walk; and Miss Barnet is the sweetest-tempered young lady in the world. She is so good, she comes herself to fetch me to pass the day with her and her sisters; and when I am there she amuses me in the most obliging manner, notwithstanding Nurse says she is very proud.' The second time I met this family, was at a large dinner party made in honour of the bride. Harriet, although highly gratified by going with us, seemed to derive her principal pleasure from seeing Miss Barnet. The young lady appeared not to have forgotten her favourite. She placed her next her at table; and, to judge from the whispers which passed from ear to ear, had much to say and to hear.

"After dinner the lady of the house proposed a walk in the labyrinth; and, quitting the room for this purpose, I perceived Harriet and her friend, arm in arm, taking a different path from that the company were in. A sudden fog soon made our retreat to the house prudent. On returning thither, I saw the young folks sitting on a rustic bench at a little distance from me. Fearing Harriet should take cold, I turned to the path which appeared to me to lead directly towards her; but so ingeniously was this maze contrived, that it conducted me behind the ladies, though within hearing.

"As I approached them, I heard Miss Barnet say, 'So you really think she is good-natured?' 'Yes,' replied Harriet, 'I do indeed believe she is.' 'Ah! my dear girl,' rejoined Miss Barnet, 'she may *seem* to be what you think; *these* are early days: you will soon find in her *the mother-*

in-law.' I confess, my worthy friend, that I felt my indignation rise ; but a moment's reflection sufficed to check it. I advanced, rustling the branches which impeded my approach, and calling them aloud. They started with surprise, joining me in evident confusion. I remarked the change in the weather, and then instantly adverted to the ingenuity which had so happily succeeded in planting a snare for the stranger's feet. I believe my ease banished their apprehensions of having been overheard ; but had I wanted a clue to the heart of this misguided girl, I should have found it in this little incident. I was sure that the innocent and unsuspecting mind of a child could not long retain the impressions of suspicious ill-will, when opposed to uniform kindness and gentleness ; but I had every thing to fear from the pernicious effects of such lessons as Miss Barnet's, and became painfully anxious for the result of a conduct on which I had reposed as the infallible means of producing a change in this child's prejudiced mind, and on which my happiness, as much as her own, depended.

" The boys happily gave me no inquietude. They were inseparable ; and Frank left us at the end of a month or six weeks in triumph, having accomplished his purpose with his father to place him in the same school with his brother. Tranquillity succeeded to our late dissipated life ; and somewhat more at my ease in regard to Harriet, I turned my attention to the servants. I had been too much engaged to infringe on the privileges of Dawson. I had silently observed that my guests had been regaled with an abundance which would not have disgraced a lord mayor's feat ; but there were also proofs of her skill, no less undeniable. I made her my compliments on

the one, and forbore to criticise the other. On her bringing me her accounts to settle, I mentioned with great caution some regulations which I wished to introduce : these were neither difficult nor mortifying. I spoke of her long and faithful services ; of her master's sense of them ; and, finally, of his intention of retrenching in some articles of expense to which he affixed neither enjoyment nor usefulness. ' To be sure, madam,' answered she with civility, ' the bills rise very high ; but every thing is now so dear.' ' It is very true,' replied I, smiling, ' and you have given an additional reason for œconomy. But you know your master, Mrs. Dawson ; his honour, his comforts and independence will never be bartered for idle parade. I doubt not but you will readily meet his wishes—to me they are *commands*—plenty, not profusion, is his aim.' She coloured. ' I will spare you some trouble,' continued I : ' I have been in the habit of visiting my larder every morning, and my present leisure will settle me in my accustomed duty.' Dawson would not have been displeased, I believe, with an occasion more ostensible for offence ; but attachment to her master, and something like respect for me, repressed her displeasure. She soon discovered that I was not capricious or unreasonable, and for some time we governed in our respective posts very amicably.

" Three years after I married, she quitted me and engaged in business ; on this occasion I served her, and received, at her recommendation, the widow of her son, who is still in my service. I allow you to smile,' continued Mrs. Davenport, at this enumeration of my troubles : but I assure you, even in this point, they were vexatious ; my firmness relieved me, but my victory was not com-

plete. The butler found there was no living with Mr. Davenport's *second wife*: he therefore left his place—and many dozens of empty bottles instead of full ones in the cellar. Your favourite, Richard, with the title of Mr. Bingham, took his office. I am not ashamed to say, that I was as much gratified as the honest man, by this proof of his master's favour; for Richard had not appeared in any way alarmed by Mr. Davenport's change of condition. On the approach of the Christmas vacation, I was importantly engaged one morning in trimming a straw bonnet for Harriet: the Bath fashion was to direct our taste; and Mr. Davenport was called upon to decide on the colour of the ribband. This point settled, he said to his girl, 'I dare say you will not wear this smart bonnet till your brothers arrive. They will be here to-morrow se'nnight,' added he, giving me a letter from one of them he had just received.—'We will surprise them,' continued he, 'by showing them what an excellent horse-woman you are become, Harriet. If the weather permit, we will meet them at Blandford.' She looked delighted; but, suddenly checking her rising gaiety, sighed, 'Poor Sally Madder! how sadly will her holidays pass this Christmas!' 'Why so, my love?' asked I. 'Why,' answered she, colouring like scarlet, 'Nurse says, she is sure you will not permit her to come any more to the Hall in her vacations from school.' 'Nurse is mistaken,' replied I; 'nor had she any ground for such a supposition. It is time she should know me. I am incapable of depriving a mother of the innocent and laudable satisfaction of the society of a deserving child. Go, and tell her this.' I spoke with seriousness, and Harriet retired abashed.

“ On entering her apartment some time after, I found Mrs. Madder’s features considerably relaxed. She thanked me with some confusion for my goodness to her daughter. ‘ I am sure,’ cried the delighted Harriet, interrupting her, ‘ I am sure, mamma, (we had forgotten the formal *madam*) you will like her ! She is so good, and so gentle and ingenious ! I will show you some of her work,’ rummaging the drawers as she spoke. ‘ *These*,’ presenting some articles of school work, ‘ are nothing to what she does now ; for she is a fine young woman at present, and her governess says she is her right hand.’ A summons from the music-master stopped Harriet in her eulogium of Miss Madder ; but the subject was too agreeable to Nurse to let it drop. She pursued it on my daughter’s quitting the room. ‘ She is, indeed, madam,’ said she with honest exultation, ‘ an excellent young creature. She is the pride of my life.’ ‘ And in that pride,’ replied I, ‘ you may safely trust for an evidence that you deserve to have a good child. But,’ added I, ‘ cannot she be settled with us before our young men come home ? Can you inform her that you and Harriet will fetch her hither on Thursday in a carriage ?’ I had inadvertently touched the heart of Mrs. Madder, by a proposal I did not even consider as a compliment, but merely as an accommodation ; but it seems that Sally had heretofore been obliged to the coachman and a pillion on these annual visits to the Hall. The fond mother, subdued by this unexpected attention to her child, bowed before my irresistible power. She burst into tears. ‘ You are too good, madam,’ sobbed she. ‘ I do not deserve your kindness, for I have not behaved well. I beg you will hear my excuse.

“I had a cruel and wicked step-mother, madam ; she was the ruin of my poor industrious father ; she drove my only brother from his home ; he went to sea, and has never been heard of since. She beat and ill-treated me ; and robbed us all, to supply her own dissolute son with money, to make him still more wicked. My father died of a broken heart in a gaol. I must have starved, or done worse, had it not been for a sister of my mother. She received me, and, what was still better, as her own child. I remained with her till I married. My husband was under-tenant to my master ; and we lived very near the Hall. At the death of my husband I was left with Sally, and an infant at my breast. Mrs. Davenport’s health was then on the decline, and she was unable to suckle her infant, Miss Harriet. I was sent for, and for some days took the charge of her and my own child. My mistress was pleased with me, and prevailed upon me to place my baby at nurse, and to remain with her. The doctors assured me I was not able to rear two, and that my infant, being a very vigorous one, would do very well without the breast. My aunt recommended to me a compliance, engaging to take care of Sally. . Thus, madam, I became a domestic in this family : but my poor little boy was the victim ; he drooped and died ; and I was very unhappy. My kind mistress consoled and comforted me, and my dear nursling thrived. I know not how it was, but it seemed as if God had given me this child in the place of that which he had called to himself. Four happy years passed. My mistress placed Sally at Mrs. Cravan’s, and ordered that no pains should be spared in her learning ; and she often said, she was providing herself with another comfort. She was indeed a

benefactress to me and mine ! I now dreaded the event of her approaching confinement, I saw all the hazard of it. She lived, however, some days after the birth of the child, who died almost instantly after it was born. I never quitted my dear lady's bedside ; and I saw with an aching heart her trouble respecting her children, particularly for Miss Harriet. Some hours before she breathed her last, she requested of my master that I should never be removed from my attendance on her daughter. Ah ! madam, had she requested harder conditions, they would have been complied with ; for never did I see such grief as my poor master's.

“ My lady provided for Sally's continuance at school, and left me a hundred pounds. I shall never forget her last look, nor her last words ! They were—‘ my Harriet !—do not forsake my child !’ That I should remember these words does not surprise you, madam : but I doat upon this child, and I have always dreaded my master's marrying again, as the greatest misfortune I could meet with. My own early afflictions were constantly coming into my mind ; for although my dear child had nothing to fear from poverty, I well knew she might be miserable in abundance. I will now, madam, tell you all : I verily believe I could have heard of the death of my honoured master with less grief than I did of his second marriage. Blessed be God ! I see I have been wrong. My child, yes madam, my child will be happy, and I shall die in peace.’ I was, my good friend, much affected ; and with sincerity and warmth assured the good creature that I honoured her principles : and from that hour Mrs. Madder, I believe, forgot I was a *step-mother*. Her daughter fully answered Harriet's eulogium, and I soon

saw that Mrs. Davenport's plans would not be abortive.

"After the holidays we went to town, Mr. Davenport having secured a good house in Berners-street for our reception. In April he set out for Scotland, in order to settle the litigious claims of my son's unworthy uncle. You already know that he neither liked the spirit nor the activity of the agent we had chosen, and that he was glad to compromise an affair in which he knew there was not a shadow of justice, and in which had been involved the happiness of his brother's widow, and the provision for his child. Mr. Davenport had scarcely reached the end of his journey, before poor Harriet sickened, and a violent fever succeeded. It was pronounced contagious; for Nurse, on the ninth day, was forced from her charge by the same alarming symptoms, and obliged to retire to that bed from which she never rose more.

"This circumstance influenced my conduct, and Mr. Davenport was not informed of Harriet's danger until it had happily passed. I believe, however, that the fear of infection was ill-grounded; for I escaped, although I never quitted the sick room for nearly three weeks, and no other of the family suffered except Nurse. I have always attributed the fatal consequences of her illness to her ungoverned alarm, her excessive fatigue, and a habit of body ill suited to struggle with such a malady.

"My cares were happily compensated, and my patient in a condition to be removed. I lost not an hour in London, and had the comfort of finding the journey to the Hall less an evil than I had expected. The extreme debility of her mind and body appeared to have rendered her insensible to

the loss she had sustained : she was as passive and as helpless as an infant. In proportion as she gained strength, I was not deceived in my expectations of seeing her concern manifested, and I was prepared to meet it. We were never separate, and my attentions supplied those of her faithful lost attendant. When able to move about the house, I observed that she carefully avoided her former apartment and sleeping-room ; and I availed myself of this circumstance to new-model them agreeably to the designs I had before me.

“ One morning I found her very languid and dejected. I talked to her of her father’s return, which we daily expected, of her rides with him, &c. &c. in order to divert her. She wept in silence. I again exerted my powers. ‘ You will think me an ungrateful creature (said she) but indeed I am only a weak child. If I could but forget poor Mrs. Madder, all would be well. But my dear mamma, I have been very foolish. I thought I should like to see the nursery. I approached the door, but I could not open it to enter. My heart died within me ; all my nurse’s kindness came into my mind, and I almost thought I heard her voice, and her tender cautions. Poor woman ! her love for me cost her her life.’ I repressed not this effusion of grateful remembrance ; but with seriousness adverted to the unfavourable state of Mrs. Madder’s health, and her repugnance to air and exercise. She became more composed, but silent. At length, faintly smiling, she said, ‘ I shall soon have no mamma’s pillow to press. If I am melancholy when my papa returns, you will take care that he is not displeased. Mary is a very good-natured girl, and in time (sighed she) I shall be accustomed to her.’ ‘ I have no inten-

tion (answered I) to make Mary, although a good girl, your companion either by night or by day. I have provided one whom I hope my Harriet will like better.' She looked with anxiety and curiosity in my face. 'I had purposed fetching her hither to-morrow (pursued I); 'but I fear you will not be well enough for the ride.' 'Is it possible? (cried she with transport.) 'Oh! am sure it is Sally Madder.'

"You are perfectly right (resumed I): she is worthy of my confidence and your love. Under this roof I trust she will be happy; and that in times he will be reconciled to the loss of her good mother.' 'She will find another in you, (exclaimed the grateful girl :) Oh! you are all goodness! But, (added she, sinking her voice and fixing her eyes on mine) can you believe that we all hated you when you first came here?' 'No (answered I) I cannot; because I know to the contrary. None in this house were capable of hating an unoffending object, and a stranger. Your zealous though humble friends taught you to believe, because they believed it themselves, that as the second choice of your father, I must of course be the object of their and your abhorrence: it was the *mother-in-law*, not me, that you hated. Under that character you saw the invader of the rights of another; the interested encroacher on your father's fortune, the artful monopolizer of his affection, and the underminer of your interest and the peace of the family. In a word, you hated, and justly, this common enemy, from whose usurped authority you conceived there could be no appeal, and from whose artful blandishments there was every thing to fear. You saw me, and you saw me invested with the name you so reasonably dreaded. But you were all soon con-

vinced that I bore no resemblance to this hideous picture : and you loved me in my real character.'

" You have indeed (said she) changed our hearts. It is no wonder that you have subdued mine ; but it is astonishing to me, that those mistaken people should so soon reverence you, and bless the day you came hither.' ' The secret is a very simple one, my dear child (answered I :) ' the whole is comprised in a single precept of the gospel : ' Do unto others what you would they should do unto you ;' and to this positive injunction of our divine master was superadded at a very early age, a conviction in my own mind, that I was only happy in proportion as I contributed to the happiness of those about me. ' But (continued I) let not this conversation finish here. Let me enjoy a full and complete triumph over those prejudices, which have been so injudiciously, though honestly infused into my Harriet's ingenuous mind, and which tended seriously to produce all those evils she was taught to apprehend. Let me not only speak for myself, but also in favour of many respectable women in the same predicament. You had in your infancy a good and tender mother. Her maternal cares, had it been permitted, would have safely guided you through life. But have you never heard of bad mothers ? I have known some negligent of their offspring, dissipators of their fortunes, indifferent, and even careless of their improvement in virtue and piety—nay, more, corrupters of that innocence it was their duty to guard, by the examples they placed before them. I have seen unjust, cruel and weak mothers ; some the rivals of their blooming daughters ; some the selfish impediments to their sons' establishment in the world. I have seen

others, led by a blind and capricious partiality, ruin the ill-fated object of their foolish and criminal preference, and, by their repulsive manners, condemn an unoffending child to dejection and continual mortification. Yet I do not hate the name of a *mother*. On the contrary, I reverence it as the most honourable designation in human life : and when I see this character supported by the performance of its duties, I regard it as the most important to the real interests of society, and the most essential to the happiness of man. Judge in future by this test : and wherever you find the character of the mother sustained with integrity, refuse not to acknowledge the right she has to love and esteem. But my dear Harriet, (pursued I) have you ever adverted to the difficulties which meet a woman who stands in the same relation with myself ? What do you imagine of the sensations which oppress the heart of a woman of honour and delicacy on her first entrance into a family as a mother-in-law ? eyed by jealousy and suspicion ; her most prudent plans undermined, and her mildest instructions branded with the reproach of severity or hypocrisy ! What think you of my bridal visits ? For many months after I became your father's wife, my dress was curiously and impertinently scrutinized, in order to detect some ornament which had been your mother's : you were addressed in tones of pity and tenderness by those who before this event took no interest in your welfare : your simplicity was abused, and inquiries made [she blushed crimson deep] under the colour of commiseration, which were much more disgraceful to those who made them than to me. Your father was felicitated with irony and rude jokes on his marriage, and your brother was asked with a sneer, how

he liked his new *mamma* ? with other impertinencies, which his good sense and spirit rejected with scorn.

“ I sometimes, dear girl, smiled at this poor malignity : but I do assure you, had I been a few years younger, or less established in the good opinion of the virtuous and the candid, and, above all, in the heart of my husband, its influence would have been pernicious, and probably would have pervaded my happiness.’ This conversation had its effect ; and Harriet felt that I was indeed her mother.

“ Before we set out for Blandford to fetch Miss Madder, I prevailed on Harriet to visit the deserted apartments. I had taken that opportunity to add to them a dressing-closet, and to new-hang and furnish the whole. She was pleased at the change, and thought they looked cheerful. No sooner was Miss Madder arrived, than she led her up stairs, to ‘ show her mamma’s taste.’ In a few minutes she joined me in the dining-parlour, with a saddened countenance. ‘ I have been very indiscreet (said she :) I should not have conducted poor Sally into those rooms ; she is weeping bitterly, and begs to be left alone.’ You have done nothing wrong (answered I ;) she will be more composed in a little time ; and as you sleep there to-night, it is better that her first emotions should pass.’ ‘ Does any one dine with us to-day ?’ asked she reassured, and observing the table laid with three covers. I answered in the negative. ‘ What ! (said she, her eyes sparkling with joy) ‘ will you permit Sally Madder to dine with you ?’ ‘ Most assuredly,’ replied I with seriousness. ‘ Do you imagine that the person to whom your father and myself have consigned your future improvement can be properly placed else-

where? As your friend and companion, she had always a right to a place at the same table with yourself, and with your parents; and had not her mother had one peculiarly apart from the family, she would never have known any other in this house.

“ But, my dear Harriet, you are now to regard Miss Madder as something more than your companion: your affection, I know, cannot increase; but she is entitled to a deference, in consequence of that trust which her conduct and talents have procured her. Her claims on our kindness, high as they are, and disposed as we are to admit them, would not alone have warranted the preference we have shown; but she is good and virtuous, and will never mislead you.’

“ The fact was, that the lady under whose care this amiable girl had been placed for the greater part of her life, perfectly understood her value; her docility and genius produced the design of qualifying her for a teacher in her school; and nothing had been omitted to render her a proper assistant. The death of her mother, and my proposals, induced Mrs. C—— to give up her own interest, in favour of a young person whom she loved as much as if she had been her daughter.

“ But, I have said, my dear Mr. Palmerstone, more than is necessary on this head. You have distinguished this girl’s merit in the faithful and judicious cares which now engage her in this family; my daughter and Miss Madder having never been separated since that day.

“ My husband’s return from Scotland, and the birth of my little Emily, completed our domestic felicity. The autumn closed upon us, and Mr. Davenport began to talk of our removal to Berners-street before the cold season should be too

far advanced for the infant's safety and mine : but week succeeded week without any decided preparations, we were all happy, and reluctant to the necessary steps towards a change of our abode.

" In this way November had nearly closed ; when one morning that a hard frost covered the ground, and a bright sun enlivened every object, Harriet, with her friend, on their return from a long walk, entered my dressing-room, where I was seated with my child on my knee. ' Oh, (cried she on entering) what a pity it is to give up such delicious mornings as these to that hateful London ! You have no idea, (addressing me) of the beauty of this morning ; how my brothers would enjoy such in the holidays !' Her face bore evident marks of its invigorating effects ; it was glowing with health and animation. My husband, who was reading in the room, forgot his book : he gazed at her with fond delight ; when, throwing aside her muff, she suddenly caught up the infant in her arms, and said, ' Plead for us my cherub ! tell this father of yours (carrying it towards him) that you will climb his knee a year the sooner for staying here ; tell him that we have no frightful fevers here to kill and harass our dearest friends !' She looked at me with sensibility. ' Persuade him, (added she, smothering the babe with her caresses) and I promise you a bed of roses in the summer.' ' I heartily wish (said I) that she may succeed.' My husband, steadfastly looking at me, said, ' Are you serious, Susan ?' ' Most assuredly (answered I :) what inducements can I have to quit this scene of endeared comfort, beyond that of gratifying your inclinations ?' ' Well (replied he) I am glad that we understand each other ; for I assure you that your amusement was the sole object with me for engaging the house in

town ; and, to be frank, I must tell you that I detest London.' The result of this conversation was giving up the idle burthen of a town-house ; and we have not seen London since, but in passing through it.

“ The time of our young men’s return now approached. They had informed us of the day of their arrival, and Harriet was busily occupied in the morning with her sister’s dress. No cap could do but the one she had worked ; no robe but that she had ornamented with fringe. She had scarcely finished her labours, when she heard the horses enter the court. She was in an instant at the hall door, with the infant in her arms. I stood at the window, apprehensive not of her care, but of the cold. ‘ See (cried she, before they had well dismounted) look at her ! look at little Emily !’ The brothers eagerly advanced, and a friendly contest ensued who should have the first kiss. Ah ! my dear Palmerstone ! at that moment I experienced a pleasure which recompensed me for every evil in my life ! ‘ There (said the lively nurse) take her between you,’ resigning her to Frank : ‘ only do not devour the marmoset.’ George now turned to a fine youth, who had till this instant been the unnoticed spectator of this scene. He introduced Mr. Berry to Harriet, who blushing, but not ungracefully, led the way to the drawing-room, where I met them, and recovered my treasure. The stranger enlivened our society ; our balls were brilliant ; and Miss Barnet had many occasions of seeing the *mother-in-law* the promoter and sharer of the happiness of her family.

“ Six happy years flew on dowdy wings over our heads. Harriet became the wife of Mr. Berry, and our hearts exulted in the prospect of the happiness of our condition. I fear we were

too secure ; we forgot that misfortune could break down our fences. I lost my sweet child the year after Harriet married. My health was unequal to the shock ; a nervous fever succeeded, which for many months obstinately rejected every means of relief. To you, my excellent friend, who so nobly exhibit the goodness of that nature which *all* have derived from the pure source of their existence, it will be no matter of surprise to hear that I was indebted to the grateful cares of my old housekeeper Dawson, for attentions which in no small degree contributed to my recovery. This worthy woman left her own comfortable ease, and the care of her own concerns, on the first intelligence of my illness, to watch with unremitting patience by my bed-side, and to console my weakened mind by her soothings. Had I stood in need of inducements for the observance of one of the most binding of the relative duties (for such I will venture to call kindness and consideration to domestics) I must in this instance have met with them : but to such as do forget these claims I will say, ‘ Render your servants happy, respect their ease and their health, consult their interest and security : if they be ungrateful, you are unfortunate, and may be allowed to complain.’ But I forget myself, and my story should finish. My sons are now in Scotland, at George’s paternal house, for which he is probably as much indebted to Mr. Davenport as to his own father. These young men are connected by ties which they take not the trouble to define ; their hearts have long since established them as common blessings to each other. One interest unites them. Their social pleasures are incomplete when divided. Their characters are different : but this difference forms another bond of union ; the mild and seri-

ous disposition of George is happily blended with the brave and careless gaiety of Frank, who, not without reason, calls his friend the 'sage Mentor.' You see my daughter. She is the well-earned praise of my life. You see my grand-children fondly soliciting my love and notice. You see your worthy friend Davenport treading the downhill of life with honour and peace; and you see in me the example that the upright of heart, even in this world, are blessed."

POETRY.

[Good Poetry is a refined, animating and musical kind of eloquence ; to our feelings, it conveys all the soft persuasive powers of numbers and harmony and is a mixture of painting, music and eloquence.—As eloquence, it speaks, proves, and relates.—As music, a fine poem is a harmony to the soul.—As painting, it delineates objects and lays on colours ; it expresses every beauty in nature, and seems to impress more strongly on the mind than any other kind of writing.]

...

THE NAUTILUS AND THE OYSTER ;

A FABLE.

Addressed to a sister, by a gentleman of Baltimore.

Who that has on the salt sea been
The Nautilus has never seen
 In gallant sailing trim,
His filmy fore-and-aft sail spread,
And o'er the billows shoot ahead
 Impell'd by winds abeam ?

'The little bark's air-freighted hull,
Keen prow and bends amidship, full,
 Display the mermaid's pow'rs ;
For paint, the Sylphs their brushes steep
In rainbows glowing on the deep
 Athwart retiring show'rs.

So pretty, and not vain, would be
More strange than strangest things we see :
 Near Ceylon's spicy coast

As once the tiny wand'rer steer'd
His halcyon course, he thus was heard
To make his foolish boast.

“What tenant of the sea or air
Can with the Nautilus compare,
In colours gay attir'd?
I've seen, nor visited in vain,
Most countries bord'ring on the main
And been in all admir'd.

Secure I brave the polar gale,
Beneath the line I trim my sail,
In either tropic found;
Where'er a ship may go I go,
Nor fear like her a treachrous foe—
The rock, the hidden ground.

The distant canvass I descry
Of commerce hanging in the sky
That bounds th' Atlantic wave.
I share, with hostile fleets who ride
Victorious on the subject tide,
The empire ocean gave.

Alas! how different is the lot
Of that poor Oyster thus forgot;
Unpitied and unknown:
Is it by chance or adverse fate,
Or cruel Nature's stepdame Hate
He's here condemn'd to groan?

The splendors of the orb of day
Scarce visit with a twilight ray
The bed where low he lies,
And whence he never can remove:

To gayer scenes forbid to rove,
E'en here he lives and dies !

My claims, may well his envy raise,
Establish'd on the gen'ral praise
Bestow'd where e'er I go."
He ceas'd—when, lo ! amaz'd to hear,
This gentle answer to his ear
Came bubbling from below !

"Your pity spare, my gaudy friend,
Your eloquence I might commend
Had truth conviction lent :
I neither fate nor nature blame,
An Oyster's looks produce no shame,
He lives upon content.

The pow'r to go where one may choose,
So much esteem'd, I would refuse :
No wish have I to rove.
And brilliant hues and glossy side
Serve but to nourish silly pride ;
Yourself this truth will prove.

How falsely do they judge, who take
A fair exterior when they make
Their estimate of good.
Know, friend, I willingly conceal
A pearl within this russet shell
Whose form you think so rude.

The gem by monarchs may be worn,
'Twill Beauty's polish'd brow adorn ;
Nor shall its lustre fade :
When Death has sunk, with cruel blow,
Thy evanescent brightness low
'Twill glitter undecay'd."

My tale, dear Stella, feign'd may be ;
Yet may the *Moral* found in thee
 Convey instruction sweet ;
Far from unmeaning Fashion's throng,
Through life's calm by-paths steal along
 Thy cautious, steady feet.

No wish to change, contented thou
See'st others change. Thou see'st how
 The gay their rattles prize—
Their show and their fatiguing rules,
(Alike the idle toil of fools
 And folly of the wise.)

Thy strong and contemplative mind
Had felt its early pow'rs refin'd
 By all the lore of Truth :
Severely pois'd her equal scale,
Thou saw'st how little did avail
 The fleeting charms of youth ;

And giving to thy God thy heart
Has chosen *Mary's* better part.
 In this shalt thou rejoice :
Long shall thy secret soul possess
That treasure which alone can bless—
 The pearl of countless price.

MY MOTHER.

WHO fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest ?
 My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
And rock'd me that I should not cry ?
My Mother.

Who sat and watch'd my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed ?
My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gaz'd upon my heavy eye,
And wept, for fear that I should die ?
My Mother.

Who drest my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say ?
My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well ?
My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy word, and day,
And walk in Wisdom's pleasant way ?
My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who was so very kind to me ?
My Mother.

O no ! the thought I cannot bear,
And, if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and grey,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother.

For God, who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
If I should ever dare despise,
My Mother.

[Originally from an American Newspaper.]

THE POWER OF INNOCENCE.

A TRUE STORY.

WHEN first the nuptial state, we prove,
We live the happy life of love ;
But when familiar, charms no more
Inspire the bliss, they gave before,
Each less delighting, less is lov'd,
First this, then that, is disapprov'd ;
Complaisance flies, neglect succeeds,
Neglect, disdain and hatred breeds.

'Twas thus a pair, who long time prov'd
The joys to love and be belov'd ;
At length fell out for trifling things,
From trifles, anger chiefly springs ;
The wish to please forsook each breast,
Love's throne by baseless rage possess'd :
Resolv'd to part, they meet no more :
Enough—the chariot's at the door.
The mansion was my lady's own ;
Sir John resolv'd to live in town ;
Writings were drawn, each cause agreed,
Both vow'd they'd ne'er recall the deed ;
The chariots wait, why this delay ?
The sequel shall the cause display.

One lovely girl the lady bore,
Dear pledge of joys she tastes no more ;
The father's, mother's darling ; she
Now lisp'd and prattled on each knee ;
Sir John, when rising to depart,
Turn'd to the darling of his heart ;
And cry'd, with ardour in his eye,
' Come Betsey, bid mamma good bye ;'
The lady, trembling, answer'd, ' no—
' Go, kiss papa, my Betsy, go ;
' The child shall live with me'—she cry'd,
' The child shall chuse'—Sir John reply'd ;
Poor Betsy, look'd at each by turns,
And each the starting tear discerns ;
My lady asks, with doubt and fear,
' Will you not live with me, my dear ?'
Yes, half resolv'd, reply'd the child,
And half suppress'd her tears ; she smil'd ,
' Come Betsy,' cry'd Sir John, ' you'll go
' And live with dear papa, I know,'
Yes, Betsy cry'd—the lady then,
Address'd the wond'ring child again ;

' The time to live with both is o'er,
 ' This day we part to meet no more :
 ' Chuse then,'—here, grief o'erflow'd her breast,
 And tears burst out, too long suppress'd ;
 The child who tears and chiding join'd,
 Suppos'd papa, displeas'd, unkind ;
 And try'd, with all her little skill,
 To soothe his oft relenting will ;
 ' Do, cry'd the lisper, papa ! do,
 ' Love dear mamma ! mamma loves you ;'
 Subdu'd, the source of manly pride,
 No more his looks his heart beli'd ;
 The tender transport forc'd its way,
 They both confess'd each other's sway ;
 And prompted by the social smart,
 Breast rush'd to breast, and heart to heart ;
 Each clasp'd their Betsy, o'er and o'er,
 And Tom drove empty from the door.
 You that have passions for a tear,
 Give nature vent, and drop it here.

 CRAZY KATE.

THERE often wanders one, whom better days
 Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimm'd
 With lace, and hat with splendid ribband bound.
 A serving maid was she, and fell in love
 With one who left her, went to sea, and died.
 Her fancy followed him through foaming waves
 To distant shores, and she would sit and weep
 At what a sailor suffers. Fancy too,
 Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
 Would oft anticipate his glad return,
 And dream of transports she was not to know.
 She heard the doleful tidings of his death,
 And never smil'd again. And now she roams

The dreary waste ; there spends the livelong day ;
 And there, unless when charity forbids,
 'The livelong night. A tatter'd apron hides,
 Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown
 More tatter'd still ; and both but ill conceal
 A bosom heav'd with never-ceasing sighs.
 She begs an idle pin of all she meets,
 And hoards them in her sleeve : but needful food
 'Tho' press'd with hunger oft, or comelier clothes,
 'Though pinch'd with cold, asks never.—Kate is
 craz'd.

COWPER.

THE SEXES.

BY ARMSTRONG.

TO brave each danger, bear each toil,
 Traverse the seas, subdue the soil ;
 To seek the praise that learning yields,
 Or glory win in martial fields,
 Was man first form'd of hardy mould,
 Patient of toil, in danger bold :
 Yet man, of all these powers possess'd,
 Remain'd unblest, and unblest'd,
 Till woman made, an helpmate meet,
 His happiness became complete.
 'Tis his, to clime fame's rugged way,
 His trophies at her feet to lay :
 'Tis her's, to soothe the mental strife,
 And sweeten all the ills of life :
 In man, each sterner art has place,
 In woman, each enchanting grace :
 Women from men protection find,
 And men by women are refin'd.
 Man's form'd for business and debate,
 To govern and defend the state,

To shun the scenes of private rest,
And stand in public life confess'd.
Woman is loveliest when retir'd ;
When least obtrusive, most admired.
In her, the accent soft and low,
And blushing face most graceful show :
Placed in the mild domestic sphere,
With highest grace her charms appear ;
Expos'd to the broad glare of day,
Each modest beauty fades away ;
When woman would be learn'd or great,
She seeks what's foreign to her state ;
'Tis hers to know each winning way,
And rule, by seeming to obey.

THE FOLLOWING

ODE TO THE GLOW-WORM,

BY PETER PINDAR,

Has charming imagery, and fine moral grace.

BRIGHT stranger, welcome to my field,
Here feed in safety, here thy radiance yield ;
To me, oh, nightly be thy splendor giv'n :
Oh ! could a wish of mine the skies command,
How would I gem thy leaf, with lib'ral hand,
With every sweetest dew of heav'n !

Say dost thou kindly light the fairy train,
Amidst their gambols on the stilly plain,
Hanging the lamp upon the moisten'd blade ?
What lamp so fit, so pure as thine,

Amidst the gentle elfin band to shine,
And chase the horrors of the midnight-shade !

Oh ! may no feather'd foe disturb thy bow'r,
And with barbarian beak thy life devour :
Oh ! may no ruthless torrent of the sky,
O'erwhelming, force thee from thy dewy seat,
Nor tempests tear thee from thy green retreat,
And bid thee 'midst the humming myriads die.

Queen of the insect world, what leaves delight ?
Of such these willing hands a bow'r shall form,
To guard thee from the rushing rains of night,
And hide thee from the wild wing of the storm.

Sweet child of stillness, 'midst the awful calm
Of pausing Nature, thou art pleas'd to dwell :
In happy silence to enjoy thy balm,
And shed through life a lustre round thy cell.

How diff'rent Man, the imp of noise and strife,
Who courts the storm that tears and darkens life ;
Blest when the passions wild the soul invade !
How nobler far to bid those whirlwinds cease ;
To taste, like thee, the luxury of peace,
And shine in solitude and shade.



TO A

YOUNG LADY WITH A SPINNING WHEEL.

SYLVIA ! with the wheel I send,
Take the hints 'twas form'd to lend,
Emblem this of life is found,
While you turn it round and round.

All the years that roll away,
 Are but circles of a day ;
 Still the same, and still renew'd,
 While some distant good's pursu'd ;
 Distant, for we're never blest
 Till the lab'ring wheel's at rest.
 Then the various thread is spun ;
 Then the toil of life is done.
 Happy ! if the running twine
 Form'd a smooth and even line ;
 Not a foul, and tangled clue,
 Not untimely snapt in two.
 Then the full reward is sure,
 Rest that ever shall endure ;
 Rest to happiness refin'd,
 Bliss of body and of mind !

SONNET.—TRANSLATION.

SHORT is the date the oldest being lives,
 Nor has longevity one hour to waste.
 Life's duties are proportion'd to the haste
 With which they fleet away ; each day receives
 Its task that if neglected, surely gives
 The morrow double toil. Ye, who have pass'd
 In idle sport the days that fled so fast,
 Days that nor grief recalls, nor care retrieves,
 At length be wise, and think that of the past
 Remaining in that vital period given,
 How short the date and at the prospect start
 Ere to the extremest verge your steps are driv'n,
 Nor let one moment unimprov'd depart
 But view it, as the latest gift of Heaven.

SONNET.—TRANSLATION.

BEHOLD the day an image of the year,
 The year an image of our life's short span.
 Morn like the spring with glowing light began,
 Spring like our youth with joy and beauty fair
 Moon, picturing Summer—Summer's ardent
 sphere.
 Manhood's gay portrait; Eve like Autumn wan
 Autumn resembling faded age in Man.
 Night with its silence and its darkness drear,
 Emblem of Winter's froze and gloomy reign,
 When torpid lie the vegetative powers
 Winter so shrunk, so cold reminds us plain
 Of the mute grave that o'er the dim course lows:
 There shall the weary rest, nor ought remain,
 To the pale slumberer, of life's checkered hours.

 EPITAPH,

ON MRS. MASON.

TAKE holy earth! all that my soul holds dear
 Take that best gift which heaven so lately gave
 To Bristol's fount, I bore with trembling care
 Her faded form—she bow'd to taste the wave
 And died. Does youth, does beauty read the line
 Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
 Speak dear Maria! breathe a strain divine;
 Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to
 charm,
 Bid them be chaste, be innocent like thee;
 Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move,
 And if so fair, from vanity as free,
 As firm in friendship, and as kind in love.

Tell them though 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas ev'n to thee) yet the dread path once
trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids " the pure in heart behold their God."

LORD LYTTLETON'S MONODY

TO THE MEMORY OF HIS LADY.

YE tufted groves, ye gently falling rills,
Ye high o'er-shadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft' have you my Lucy seen !
But never shall you now behold her more ;
Nor will she now with fond delight,
And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore,
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night !
In vain I look around,
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry ;
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk,
We saw the summer sun go down the sky,
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley can she now be found,
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound !
No more my mournful eye,
Can ought of her espy.
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.
Sweet babes, who like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns,
By your delighted mother's side ;
Who now your infant steps shall guide ?

Ah ! where is now the hand whose tender care,
 To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
 And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of
 truth :

Oh ! loss beyond repair !

Oh ! wretched father left alone.

To weep their dire misfortune and my own !

Tell how her manners by the world refin'd,

Left all the taint of modish vice behind,

And made each charm of polish'd courts agree

With candid Truth's simplicity,

And uncorrupted innocence !

Tell how to more than manly sense,

She join'd the softening influence,

Of more than female tenderness ?

A prudence undeceiving, undeceived,
 That, nor too little, nor too much believ'd,
 That scorn'd unjust suspicion's coward fear,
 And without weakness knew to be sincere.



TO WOMEN,

YE virgins ! fond to be admir'd,

With mighty rage of conquest fir'd,

And universal sway ;

Who heave the uncover'd bosom high,

And roll a fond, inviting eye,

On all the circle gay !

You miss the fine and secret art

To win the castle of the heart,

For which you all contend ;

The coxcomb tribe may crowd your train.

But you will never, never gain,

A lover, or a friend.

If this your passion, this your praise,
To shine, to dazzle, and to blaze,
You may be call'd divine :
But not a youth beneath the sky
Will say in secret, with a sigh,
' O were that maiden mine !'

You marshal, brilliant, from the box,
Fans, feathers, diamonds, castled locks,
Your magazine of arms ;
But 'tis the sweet sequester'd walk,
The whispering hour, the tender talk,
That gives your genuine charms.

The nymph-like robe, the natural grace,
The smile, the native of the face,
Refinement without art ;
The eye where pure affection beams,
The tear from tenderness that streams,
The accents of the heart ;

The trembling frame, the living cheek,
Where, like the morning, blushes break
To crimson o'er the breast ;
The look where sentiment is seen,
Fine passions moving o'er the mien,
And all the soul exprest :

Your beauties these ; with these you shine,
And reign on high by right divine,
The sovereigns of the world ;
Then to your court the nations flow ;
The Muse with flowers the path will strew,
Where Venus' car is hurl'd,

At times, to veil is to reveal,
And to display is to conceal ;
Mysterious are your laws ;
The vision finer than the view ;
Her landscape Nature never drew
So fair as Fancy draws.

A beauty, carelessly betray'd,
Enamours more, than if display'd
All woman's charms were given ;
And, o'er the bosom's vestal white,
The gauze appears a robe of light,
That veils, yet opens, heaven.

See virgin Eve, with graces bland
Fresh blooming from her Maker's hand,
In orient beauty beam !
Fair on the river-margin laid,
She knew not that her image made
The angel in the stream.

Still ancient Eden blooms your own ;
But artless Innocence alone
Secures the heavenly post ;
For if, beneath an angel's mien,
The serpent's tortuous train is seen,
Our Paradise is lost.

LOGAN.

ODE TO PITY.

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

HAIL lovely pow'r ! whose bosom heaves the sigh,
When Fancy paints the scene of deep distress ;
Whose tears spontaneous chrystalize the eye,
When rigid fate denies the power to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
From flow'ry meads, can with that sigh compare ;

Not dew-drops glitt'ring in the morning ray,
Seem half so beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear the fawns around thee play ;
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies ;
No blood-stain'd traces mark thy guiltless way,
Beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.

Come, lovely pow'r ! and range the meads with me,
To spring the partridge from the guileful foe ;
From strength'ning snares the struggling bird to free,
And stop the hand prepar'd to give the blow :

Or turn to nobler, greater tasks, thy care,
To me thy sympathetic gifts impart :
Teach me in friendship's grief to bear a share,
And justly boast, the generous, feeling heart.

Teach me to soothe the helpless orphan's grief,
With timely aid the widow's woes assuage ;
To misery's moving cry to yield relief,
And be the sure resource of drooping age.

So, when the genial spring of life shall fade,
And sinking nature owns the dread decay,
Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,
And gild the close of life's eventful day.

[The following poetry, the editor has been so fortunate as to procure from the author. Some of the pieces may perhaps be deemed not appropriate to the general design of this work, but the editor believes that he will readily find more than his apology for the deviation, by laying before his readers original poems, that would not disgrace a STRANGFORD or a ROSCOE.]

...

SONNET.

THE MOTHER.

From the Italian of Filicaja.

SEE the fond mother with her offspring round,
 How melts her soul with pious tenderness !
 As she surveys them all her looks express
 Maternal love, and happiness profound.—
 One to her breast, where the calm joys abound,
 She eager clasps ; another strives to bless
 With words of sweet import ; a third a kiss
 Soothes ; while another sports upon the ground.
 By all their little ways their wants she knows ;
 To each dispenses what its wants demand,
 Or feigning frowns : The Almighty so, who
 throws
 His glance from high, to man each need supplies,
 And if a prayer rejects, his bounteous hand
 Withholding, but to bless the more denies.

G. W. C.

..

ODE

TO PATIENCE.

Nymph of the ever-placid mien !
 With humble look and soul serene
 In fortune's adverse day ;

Who calmly sit'st amid the storm
That bursts around thy angel form,
Nor murmur'st at its sway :

Oh ! now regardless of thy spell,
While heaves my aching bosom's swell,
Each grief, each pain reveal'd ;
Still trembling in the dang'rous maze
Where ills assail, be near to raise
Thy strong, protecting shield !

Full many a heart, by sorrow tried,
Has felt the balm thy hand supplied
To ease its throbbing woes,—
As resignation lifts on high,
Nor vainly so, the trusting eye,
And soothes to soft repose.

Yet, ah ! upon thy steps no less
The watchful fiends relentless press
To urge their fell control :
How oft they point the pois'nous dart,
And aim to wound thy gentle heart,
And fright thy tranquil soul !

Methinks I see thee even now,
With hands compos'd, and halcyon brow,
While glaring near thee stand
(Undaunted thou behold'st them wait)
The vengeful ministers of fate,
A dreadful, num'rous band !

There stern misfortune sullen lowers,
And chills the heavy passing hours,
Mad anguish writhing nigh :
And weeping misery and scorn,
And drooping poverty forlorn,
Their diff'rent efforts try :

There curst ingratitude, and lo !
 Sly falsehood, dealing oft the blow
 In friendship's specious guise ;
 Where hell-born art can none avoid
 By sad experience fully tried,
 The guarded nor the wise !

Tho' ne'er invok'd before, thy aid
 Refuse not thou, propitious maid
 This warmly votive hour :
 A suppliant at thy shrine, decreed
 By many a bitter wrong to bleed
 Implores thy pitying pow'r.

With pious Hope, thy sister-friend,
 Oh ! hither come, thy succour lend,
 To quell this painful strife ;
 And teach me how, with rising thought,
 And breast with conscious virtue fraught,
 To bear the ills of life.

G. W. C.

.....

SONNET.

From the Italian of Guidi.

Amid my fair one's locks of golden hue
 That o'er her neck and ivory forehead play,
 Love sportive linger'd with a fond delay,
 And trac'd each flowing curl with wonder new.
 Ah ! soon he found 'twere vain to bid adieu
 To that blest prison : every tress his stay
 Enforc'd a chain by beauty's magic sway
 Twin'd ; and his heart in close confinement
 drew.

Now Venus bending from the blissful skies,
Her boys release with presents rich demands :
But, goddess, share thy useless gifts and learn
That love, enslav'd by love, a captive sighs :
And should'st thou free him from his glossy bands,
The wanton urchin would again return.

G. W. C.

.....

SONNET.

THE hand of sorrow o'er her features threw
A pensive shade, and from her downcast eyes
Fell tears celestial, streaming oft anew ;
And oft her bosom strove with struggling sighs.

The tragic scene that gentlest Otway drew,
When Isabella's deepest woes arise,
Touch'd her young heart, to melting softness true,
And claim'd the drops the unfeeling one denies.

To me, more beauteous seem'd that mournful
 grace,
More heav'nly thro' her humid glance the ray
Than when, in fascinating smiles array'd,
Beams with the bashful light of love her face.
Oh ! thus in life when *real griefs* invade,
Be ever that pure breast subdued by Pity's
 sway !

G. W. C.

FROM PETRARCH.*

AS pensive here amid these shades I rove,
 That oft have heard me pour the plaintive strain,
 The bubbling fountain, and the lonely plain,
 The arching grotto, and the murmuring grove ;
 What visions haunt me still, by Memory wove,
 And crowd, like sunshine, on my anxious brain !
 Bright dreams of bliss ! ye dear, delusive train !
 Ye come from Laura, and ye breathe of love.
 And must ye, soothing fancies, fade away ?
 Denied the treasure of his living light,
 The laurel-shade for life's increasing years,
 Ah ! what remains but solitude and tears,
 The love-lorn songs my lips for her essay,
 And Petrarch's lyre—and Death's devolving
 night.

G. W. C.

.....

SONNET. *

DEAR eyes ! ye day-stars of my fate ! from
 whence
 Fall the pearl drops of sympathetic tears ;
 Bright azure lamps ! within whose crystal spheres
 The rays of virtue live, and innocence :
 From ye inspiring orbs ! no guilty sense
 Of passion kindles, while each look endears ;
 But in the wondering soul a love thro' years
 To burn with chaste and holy thrill intense
 To ye pure eyes ! I humbly look, and there
 I read the words that calm my troubled soul :
 " Oh ! Petrarch murmur not ; to earthly share

* *Rather in imitation of his general style.*

“Of griefs shall recompence on high be giv’n.”
 Yes, I will every grov’ling wish controul,
 And thro’ their mistress lift my thoughts to heav’n.

...
 SONG.

SWEET be, my gentle dear ! thy rest ;
 May peace around thy pillow stay,
 And blissful dreams, descending blest,
 Upon thy raptur’d fancy play !

But oh ! when morn unveils those eyes
 With kindness let them beam on me :
 And sleep at night, who from me flies,
 May bring the rest he gives to thee.

G. W. C.

...
 ODE.

I SAW her when the bud of youth
 Begins, beneath the genial hand
 Of time, its beauties to expand ;
 The age of innocence and truth.
 Scarce sixteen summer suns had shed
 Their influence o’er her lovely head ;
 Yet still the raptur’d eye could trace
 The embryo of that matchless grace
 Which beam’d so soon upon the sight,
 The blooming emblem of delight :
 A form so lovely and so young
 Ne’er knew the praise of passion’s tongue.

How mildly glanc’d her artless eyes,
 How beauteous seem’d her blushing cheek,
 When, as she op’d her lips to speak,
 She saw that admiration rise
 Which kindled all the conscious glow
 That thrill’d her bosom’s heaving snow !
 Her curling glossy hair was bound
 With black and twisted bands around,

That seem'd with pride and jealous care
 To make a pris'ner of that hair :
 Yet freed a falling ringlet bright
 To shade her neck's transparent white.

Ah ! love I fear has not the skill,
 With all the magic of his tongue
 That many a tender theme has sung,
 To tell the rapture of that thrill
 Which thro' my wild bewilder'd frame
 Shot like the swift electric flame,
 And held my soul in heav'nly trance,
 Smit by the light'ning of her glance :—
 That glance I still, too conscious, feel
 When'er those radiant eyes reveal,
 Twin suns that light my golden days !
 The melting lustre of their rays.

G. W. C.

...

TO THE

SHADE OF DEPARTED BEAUTY.

SPIRIT of her forever flown !

Oh ! could thy heav'nly essence see,
 While to the careless world unknown,
 How much my soul laments for thee,
 Perhaps 'twould please thee then to know
 That he whose heart was fondly thine,
 Tho' dead to all its hopes below,
 Yet cherishes a flame divine !

Then would'st thou see how many a tear
 Of anguish bathes these burning eyes ;
 Then would thy gentle nature hear
 The murmur of my ceaseless sighs :—
 And oh ! blest spirit ! then, intent,
 In long succession would'st thou find,

How many a slow-wing'd night is spent
To woo thy image to my mind !

Yet surely at this silent hour,
When wearied wretches sink to sleep,
Thou pitying see'st, by memory's pow'r
Opprest, thy wretched lover weep,
And shed'st upon his woes a balm :
For oft upon my troubled breast
Will steal a momentary calm,
That speaks thy hov'ring presence blest.

And oft, to list'ning fancy lone,
As griefs of wilder swell subside,
Thy voice, like music's sweetest tone,
A seraph's soothing voice will glide,
And with its breath attention chain :
" Thy tears, thy pangs shall pass away ;
" And joy resume her blissful reign
" In realms where springs eternal day !" G. W. C.

.....

SONNET.

Imitated from Petrarch.

Now spring again enlivens all the green,
And, blushing, throws her bloomy treasures
round :
A glowing verdure clothes the smiling ground,
And mirth and music gladden the sweet scene.
On budding sprays the joyful birds convene ;
And love on all inflicts his gentle wound ;
Yet me no views enliven, no sweet sound
Delights ; nor fragrant bowers, nor skies serene !
But all luxuriant nature to my sight
Seems like a desert and a dreary wild :

For oh ! the form that woke my passion proud,
 And with entrancing smiles each grief beguil'd,
 Is sunk forever in unchanging night,—
 And all my hopes lie buried in her shroud !

G. W. C.

.....

SONNET.

BARD of Valclusa, from thy faithful lyre
 What mournful strains for Laura lost arose !
 And hapless Camoens-pour'd his deeper woes :
 Such ills 'gainst love relentless stars conspire.—
 And still he weeps, the god of young desire ;
 And still his melting music plaintive flows :
 Beauty no respite from the tyrant knows ;
 Death still triumphant steals the vital fire !
 Lo ! in the grave another star-eyed maid
 In the fresh morn of lovely youth is laid :
 Her eyes in lasting slumber veil their light.
 Ah ! o'er that beauteous form, those limbs compos'd,
 Whose symmetry the exulting winds disclos'd,
 Fall the thick shades of death's eternal night !

G. W. C.

...

ODE.

THAT beauteous structure which the world admir'd,
 And for a little space the earth adorn'd,
 Yet seem'd alas ! the while
 A vision of the sky,

Like a bright summer cloud has pass'd away,
 Has vanish'd from our sight. No trace is left

Of ruins fair behind,
The eye might contemplate

In silent sadness ; or the traveller
Mark with a sigh, and mourn the wreck of things !
Save in my sorrowing verse,—
Save in my joyless heart,

By memory deep enshrin'd, and balm'd with tears,
The dear idea lives.—Ah me ! when fell
Those stately honours, sunk
And levell'd in the dust,

Hope fled, and joy my darken'd sphere.—And say
Have they illum'd again my summer hours ?
Has their bright sunshine once
E'er glanc'd across the gloom ?

She too the smiling sorceress, who stole
My infant mind, and lap'd it pleas'd in song,
Now, melancholy boon !
My brows with cypress crowns.

Tedious the space of day, and the drear night
Rolls on, yet brings no rest.—A cheerless blank,
A void in nature seems
That nothing can supply !

G. W. C.

.....

SONNET.

IF in oblivious dews I now might steep,
All memory of my soul-consuming grief ;
For all my sorrows might I find relief,
And bid these eyes no longer bend to weep ;

The mournful treasure still my heart should keep
 Of sad regrets, and shades of pleasures brief;
 Of clouded hopes, of vanish'd hours; but chief
 The memory of that maid, engraven deep
 In sombre colours on my heart, no power
 Of bland forgetfulness should e'er erase!
 There is a pleasure left me e'en in woe,
 I would not change for joy's entrancing hour:
 To muse in sadness on that death-pale face,
 And feel how vain is happiness below.

G. W. C.

THE HARP OF SORROW.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Author of the Wanderer of Switzerland.

I GAVE my harp to sorrow's hand,
 And she has ruled the chords so long,
 They will not speak at my command,
 They warble only to *her* song.

Of dear departed hours,
 Too fondly loved to last,
 —The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers,
 That died untimely in the blast;—

Of long, long years of future care
 Till lingering nature yields her breath;
 And endless ages of despair
 Beneath the judgment-day of death;—

The weeping minstrel sings,
 And while her numbers flow,
 My spirit trembles thro' the strings,
 And every note is full of woe.

Would gladness move a sprightlier strain,
And wake this wild harp's clearest tones,
The chords, impatient to complain,
Are dumb, or only utter moans.

And yet to soothe the mind
With luxury of grief,
The soul to suffering all resign'd
In sorrow's music feels relief.

Thus o'er the light Æolian lyre,
The winds of dark November stray,
Touch the quick nerve of ev'ry wire
And on its magic pulses play ;

Till all the air around,
Mysterious murmurs fill,
—A strange bewildering dream of sound,
Most heavenly sweet—yet mournful still.

O snatch the harp from sorrow's hand,
Hope ! who hast been a stranger long :
O strike it with sublime command,
And be the poet's life thy song !

Of vanish'd troubles sing
Of fears forever fled,
—Of flowers, that hear the voice of spring,
And burst and blossom from the dead !

Of home, contentment, health, repose,
Serene delights, while years increase ;
And weary life's triumphant close
In some calm sunset hour of peace ;

Of bliss that reigns above,
Celestial May of youth,

Unchanging as Jehovah's love,
And everlasting as his truth ;—

Sing heavenly hope !—and dart thine hand
O'er my frail harp, untuned so long ;
That harp shall breathe at thy command,
Immortal sweetness thro' thy song.

Ah ! then this gloom controul ;
And at thy voice will start
A new creation in my soul,
And a new Eden in my heart !

Sheffield, Sept. 29, 1806.

CHARACTER OF WOMEN.*

THROUGH many a land and clime a ranger,
With toilsome steps, I've held my way ;
A lonely, unprotected stranger,
To stranger's ills a constant prey.

While steering thus my course precarious,
My fortune ever was to find
Men's hearts and dispositions various,
But women grateful, true, and kind.

Alive to ev'ry tender feeling,
To deeds of mercy always prone,
The wounds of pain and sorrow healing,
With soft compassion's sweetest tone.

No proud delay, no dark suspicion,
Taints the free bounty of their heart
They turn not from the sad petition,
But cheerful aid at once impart.

* See page 58.

Form'd in benevolence of nature,
 Obliging, modest, gay, and mild,
 Woman's the same endearing creature,
 In courtly town, or savage wild.

When parch'd with thirst, with hunger wasted,
 Her friendly hand refreshment gave :
 How sweet the coarsest food has tasted !
 How cordial was the simple wave !

Her courteous looks, her words caressing,
 Shed comfort on the fainting soul ;—
 Woman's the stranger's gen'ral blessing,
 From sultry India to the Pole.



THE FALLING TOWER.

MARK ye the Tower whose lonely halls
 Re-echo to yon falling stream ?
 Mark ye its bare and crumbling walls,
 While slowly fades the sinking beam ?

There, oft, when eve in silent trance,
 Hears the lorn redbreast's plaintive moan,
 Time, casting round a cautious glance,
 Heaves from its base some mould'ring stone.

There, tho' in time's departed day,
 War wav'd his glittering banners high ;
 Tho' many a minstrel pour'd the lay,
 And many a beauty tranc'd the eye ;

Yet never, midst the gorgeous scene,
 Midst the proud feasts of splendid pow'r,

Shone on the pile a beam serene,
So bright as gilds its falling hour.

Oh ! thus when life's gay scenes shall fade,
And pleasure lose its wonted bloom,
When creeping age shall bare my head,
And point to me the silent tomb ;

Then may Religion's hallow'd flame
Shed on my mind its mildest ray ;
And bid it seek in purer frame
One bright Eternity of Day.

A CHARACTER.

OF gentle manners, and of taste refin'd,
With all the graces of a polish'd mind ;
Clear sense and truth still shone in all she spoke,
And from her lips no idle sentence broke.
Each nicer elegance of art she knew ;
Correctly fair, and regularly true.
Her ready fingers ply'd with equal skill
The pencil's task, the needle, or the quill.
So pois'd her feelings, so compos'd her soul,
So subject all to reason's calm controul,
One only passion, strong, and unconfin'd,
Disturb'd the balance of her even mind :
One passion rul'd despotic in her breast,
In every word, and look, and thought confest :
But that was love, and love delights to bless
The generous transports of a fond excess.

MRS. BARBAULD.

PIOUS EFFUSION.

BY A LADY OF BALTIMORE.

SAVIOUR of sinners ! hear thy creature's
 pray'r,
 And soothe a mind oppress'd with ev'ry care,
 Oh ! let thy word sustain my bleeding breast,
 And calm the tumults of my soul to rest.
 May I submissive kiss the chast'ning rod
 And, tho' in agonies, adore my God.
 When the world frowns, and woe to woe succeeds,
 When folly triumphs, and when virtue bleeds,
 Let not my soul despond, but fixed on thee,
 Pursue the prize of blest eternity
 Firm to that view, let me superior rise
 To all the ills of life, and claim the skies.
 Oh ! may that gall which to my God was giv'n
 Vanquish the world, and raise my soul to heav'n ;
 And when death o'er me waves his potent wand
 Oh ! may I join the great celestial band
 To all eternity to sing thy praise,
 And know no end of happiness or days.

 SONG.

BY AKENSIDE.

THE shape alone let others prize,
 The features of the fair !
 I look for spirit in her eyes,
 And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek, and ivory arm
 Shall ne'er my wishes win :

Give me an animated form,
That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
Without whose vital aid
Unfinish'd all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

But ah ! where both their charms unite,
How perfect is the view,
With every image of delight,
With graces ever new !

Of power to charm the greatest woe ;
The wildest rage controul ;
Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
And rapture thro' the soul.

Their power but faintly to express,
All language must despair ;
But go, behold Arpasia's face,
And read it perfect there.

THE SISTERS CHOICE ;

OR,

JUDGMENT OF THE FLOWERS.

NEAR Avon's banks, a cultur'd spot,
With many a tuft of flow'rs adorn'd,
Was once an aged shepherd's cot,
Who scenes of greater splendor scorn'd.

Three beauteous daughters blest his bed,
Who made the little plat their care ;
And ev'ry sweet by Flora spread,
Attentive still they planted there.

Once, when still ev'ning veil'd the sky,
The sire walk'd forth and sought the bow'r ;
And bade the lovely maids draw nigh,
And each select some fav'rite flow'r.

The *first* with radiant *splendor* charm'd,
A variegated *Tulip* chose ;
The *next* with love of *beauty* warm'd,
Preferr'd the sweetly-blushing *Rose*.

The *third*, who, mark'd with depth of thought,
How these bright flow'rs must droop away ;
An ev'ning *Primrose* only brought,
Which opens with the closing day.

The sage awhile in silence view'd
The various choice of flow'rs display'd ;
And then (with wisdom's gift endued)
Address'd each beauteous list'ning maid :

“ Who chose the *Tulip's* splendid dyes,
“ Shall own, too late, when that decays ;
“ That vainly proud, not greatly wise,
“ She only caught a short-liv'd blaze :

“ The *Rose*, though beauteous leaves and sweet,
“ It's glorious vernal pride adorn,
“ Let her who chose, beware to meet
“ The biting sharpness of its thorn.

“ But she, who to fair day-light's train,
“ The *ev'ning flow'r* more just preferr'd ;

- “ Chose real worth, nor chose in vain,
 “ The one great object of regard.
- “ Ambitious *thou*, the *Tulip* race,
 “ In all life’s varied course beware ;
- “ Caught with sweet pleasure’s *rosy* grace,
 “ Do *thou*, its sharper *thorns* beware.
- “ *Thou*, prudent still, to *virtue*’s lore
 “ Attend, and mark her counsels sage ;
- “ She, like thy *flow’r*, has charms in store,
 “ To soothe the ev’ning of thine age.”

He ceas’d—attend the moral strain,
 The muse enlighten’d pours ;
 Nor let her pencil trace in vain
 The judgment of the flow’rs.

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

A FABLE,

BY EDWARD MOORE.

’TIS said of widow, maid, and wife,
 That honour is a woman’s life ;
 Unhappy sex ! who only claim
 A being in the breath of fame,
 Which, tainted, not the quick’ning gales
 That sweep Sabæ’s spicy vales,
 Nor all the healing sweets restore,
 That breathe along Arabia’s shore.

The trav’ler, if he chance to stray,
 May turn uncensur’d from his way ;
 Polluted streams again are pure,

And deepest wounds admit a cure ;
But woman ! no redemption knows,
The wounds of honour never close.

Tho' distant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed :
In vain she seeks the friendly shore,
Her swifter folly flies before ;
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose,
'Till by conflicting waves opprest,
Her sund'ring pinnace sinks to rest.

Are there no offerings to atone
For but a single error :—None !
Tho' woman is avow'd of old,
No daughter of celestial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay ;
We challenge from the mortal dame,
The strength angelic nature's claim ;
Nay more—for sacred stories tell,
That ev'n immortal angels fell.

In vain may death and time subdue
While nature mints her race anew,
And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart ;
'Tis hence, reviving warmth is seen,
To clothe a naked world in green ;
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold ;
Again each insect tries his wing,
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring ;
Again from ev'ry latent root
The bladed stem, and tendril shoot,
Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish, and to rise.

And must weak woman then disown
 The change to which a world is prone ?
 In one meridian brightness shine,
 And ne'er like ev'ning suns decline ?
 Resolv'd and firm alone ?—Is this
 What we demand of woman ?—Yes !

But should the spark of vestal fire,
 In some unguarded hour expire ;
 Or should the nightly thief invade
 Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade,
 Of all the blooming spoils possess'd,
 The dragon, honour, charm'd to rest,
 Shall virtue's flame no more return ?
 No more with virgin splendor burn ?
 No more the ravag'd garden blow
 With spring's succeeding blossom ?—No !
 Pity may mourn, but not restore,
 And woman falls—to rise no more.

Within this sublunary sphere,
 A country lies—no matter where ;
 The clime may readily be found,
 By all who tread poetic ground ;
 A stream, call'd life, across it glides,
 And equally the land divides ;
 And here, of vice the province lies,
 And there, the hills of virtue rise.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,
 Whose summit look'd to either land,
 An ancient pair their dwelling chose,
 As well for prospect as repose ;
 For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
 And temp'rance, and religion, nam'd.

A numerous progeny divine,
 Confess'd the honours of their line ;
 But in a little daughter fair
 Was center'd more than half their care ;
 For heav'n, to gratulate her birth,

Gave signs of future joy to earth :
White was the robe this infant wore,
And chastity the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew,
(A flow'r just op'ning to the view)
Oft' thro' her native lawns she stray'd,
And wrestling with the lambkins play'd.

But when her rising form was seen
To reach the crisis of fifteen ;
Her parents up the mountain's head,
With anxious step their darling led ;
By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
And thus the fears of age express'd.

O joyful cause of many a care !
O daughter, too divinely fair !
Yon world, on this important day,
Demands thee to a dang'rous way ;
A painful journey, all must go,
Whose doubted period none can know,
Whose due direction who can find,
Where reason's mute, and sense is blind !
Ah ! what unequal leaders these,
Thro' such a wide perplexing maze !
Then mark the warnings of the wise,
And learn, what love and years advise.

Far to the right thy prospect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend ;
Lo ! there the arduous path's in view,
Which virtue, and her sons, pursue ;
With toil, o'er less'ning earth they rise,
And gain, and gain, upon the skies.—
Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk for pleasure, smoothly spread :
But rough, and difficult, and steep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.

Fruits immature those lands dispense,
A food indelicate to sense,
Of taste unpleasant, yet from those,

Pure health, with cheerful vigour, flows ;
And strength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long laborious way.

Hence, as they scale that heav'nly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load ;
From earth refining still they go,
And leave the mortal weight below ;
Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears
And smooth the rugged path appears ;
For custom turns fatigue to ease,
And, taught by virtue, pain can please.

At length, the toilsome journey o'er,
And near the bright celestial shore,
A gulph, black, fearful and profound,
Appears, of either world the bound.
'Thro' darkness, leading up to light,
Sense backward shrinks, and shuns the sight,
For there the transitory train,
Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
And matter's gross incumb'ring mass,
Man's late associates cannot pass,
But sinking, quit the immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring soul at large ;
Lightly she wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.

Thither, O thither, wing thy speed,
Tho' pleasure charm, or pain impede ;
To such th' all-bounteous pow'r has giv'n,
For present earth, a future heav'n ;
For trivial loss, unmeasur'd gain,
And endless bliss, for transient pain,
Then fear, ah ! fear, to turn thy sight,
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite ;
Wide on the left the path-way bends,
And with pernicious ease descends ;
There sweet to sense, and fair to show,
New-planted Eden seems to blow ;
Trees that delicious poison bear,

For death is vegetable there.

Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each sinew slack'ning at the taste,
The soul to passions yields her throne,
And sees with organs not her own ;
While, like the slumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes
The scenes of fairy-land arise ;
'Till verging on the gulphy shore,
Sudden they sink, to rise no more.

But list to what thy fates declare,
Tho' thou art woman, frail as fair,
If once thy sliding foot should stray,
Once quit yon heav'n appointed way,
For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone ;
Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning steps shall wait.
Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
And ev'ry foot thy presence fly.

'Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
Like guardian-angels plac'd around ;
A charm, by truth divinely cast,
Forward our young advent'rer pass'd.
Forth from her sacred eye-lids sent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went,
While honour, hand-maid, late assign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awe struck, the much-admiring crowd
Before the virgin-vision bow'd ;
Gaz'd with an ever new delight,
And caught fresh virtue at the sight ;
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem'd the heav'n-compounded dame,
If matter, sure the most refin'd,
High-wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,

And body'd by her native ray.

Where'er she passes, thousands bend,
And thousands, where she moves, attend,
Her ways observant eyes confess,
Her steps pursuing praises bless ;
While to the elevated maid
Oblations, as to heav'n, are paid.

'Twas on an ever-blithsome day,
The jovial birth of rosy May,
When genial warmth no more suppress'd,
New melts the frost in ev'ry breast ;
The cheek with secret flushing dies,
And looks kind things from chastest eyes ;
The sun with healthier visage glows,
Aside his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' etherial plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain ;
While nature, as from bonds set free,
Springs out, and gives a loose to glee.

And now for momentary rest,
The nymph her travell'd step repress'd,
Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height she gain'd.

Out-stretch'd before her wide survey,
The realms of sweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her soul with woe,
To see a world so lost below ;
When strait the breeze began to breathe
Airs, gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her sympathy of sense ;
No sounds of discord, that disclose
A people sunk, and lost in woes.

But as of present good possess'd,
The very triumph of the bless'd ;
The maid in wrapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Sirens sung.

Hither, fairest, hither haste,

Brightest beauty, come and taste
 What the pow'rs of bliss unfold ;
 Joys too mighty to be told ;
 Taste what ecstasies they give,
 Dying raptures taste, and live.

In thy lap, disdaining measure,
 Nature empties all her treasure ;
 Soft desires, that sweetly languish,
 Fierce delights, that rise to anguish ;
 Fairest, dost thou yet delay ?
 Brightest beauty, come away.

List not, when the froward chide,
 Sons of pedantry, and pride ;
 Snarlers, to whose feeble sense,
 April sunshine is offence ;
 Age and envy will advise,
 Ev'n against the joys they prize,
 Come, in pleasure's balmy bowl,
 Slake the thirstings of thy soul,
 'Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
 With enjoyment, past the painting ;
 Fairest, dost thou yet delay ?
 Brightest beauty, come away.

So sung the Sirens, as of yore,
 Upon the false Ausonian shore ;
 And, Oh ! for that preventing chain,
 That bound Ulysses to the main ;
 That so our fair one might withstand
 The covert ruin now at hand.

The song her charm'd attention drew,
 When now the tempters stood in view ?
 Curiosity with prying eyes,
 And hands of busy, bold, emprise ;
 Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
 And like fore-running fancy fleet.

With her, associate, pleasure came,
 Gay pleasure, frolic-loving dame ;

Her mien, all swimming in delight,
Her beauties, half reveal'd to sight ;
Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kissing winds around.
As erst Medusa's looks were known
To turn beholders into stone,
A dire reversion here they felt,
And in the eye of pleasure melt.
Her glance of sweet persuasion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the strong, the steel'd disarm'd ;
No safety, ev'n the flying, find,
Who, vent'rous, looks but once behind.

Thus was the much admiring maid,
While distant, more than half betray'd.
With smiles, and adulation bland,
They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand ;
'Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,
Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd,
While half consenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,
Amidst a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
Still down, and down, the winning pair
Compell'd the struggling, yielding fair.

As when some stately vessel, bound
To blest Arabia's distant ground,
Borne from her courses, haply lights
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites ;
Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land,
Lurks the dire rock, and dang'rous sand ;
The pilot warns, with sail and oar,
'To shun the much suspected shore,
In vain : the tide too subtly strong,
Still bears the wrestling bark along,
'Till found'ring, she resigns to fate,
And sinks, o'erwhelm'd with all her freight.
So, baffling ev'ry bar to sin,
And heav'n's own pilot plac'd within.

Along the devious smooth descent,
With pow'rs increasing as they went,
The dames, accustom'd to subdue,
As with a rapid current drew ;
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The lost, the long-reluctant, maid.

Here stop, ye fair ones, and beware,
Nor send your fond affections there ;
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn, to you and heav'n restor'd ;
Till then, with weeping honour wait,
The servant of her better fate,
With honour left upon the shore,
Her friend and handmaid now no more ;
Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd ;
But o'er her failing cast a veil,
Rememb'ring you, yourselves, are frail.
And now, from all-enquiring light,
Fast fled the conscious shades of night ;
The damsel, from a short repose,
Confounded at her plight, arose.

As when with slumb'rous weight oppress'd
Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
Where felon's eye the glitt'ring prey,
And steal his hoard of joys away.—

So far'd the nymph, her treasure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to stone ;
Within, without, obscure and void,
She felt all ravag'd, and destroy'd.
And, O ! thou curs'd insidious coast,
Are these the blessings thou canst boast ?
These, virtue ! these the joys they find,
Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind !
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns hide,
Ye mountains cover me ! she cry'd.

Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the sky ;

Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
A side-long viper to her heart ;
Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,
And soil'd, and blasted ev'ry grace ;
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view ;
While those in crimes the deepest dy'd,
Approach'd to whiten at her side.
And ev'ry lewd insulting dame
Upon her folly rose to fame.

What should she do ; attempt once more
To gain the late-deserted shore ?
So trusting, back the mourner flew,
As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore attain'd,
Again the land of virtue gain'd ;
But echo gathers in the wind,
And shows her instant foes behind.
Amaz'd ! with headlong speed she tends
Where late she left an host of friends ;
Alas ! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine ;
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely trembler fly ;
Or backward drive her on the coast,
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour lost.

From earth thus hoping aid in vain ;
To heav'n, not daring to complain ;
No truce, by hostile clamour giv'n,
And from the face of friendship driv'n ;
The nymph sunk prostrate on the ground
With all the weight of woes around.

Enthron'd within a circling sky,
Upon a mount, o'er mountains high,
All radiant sate, as in a shrine,
Virtue, first effluence divine ;
Far, far above the scenes of woe,
That shut this cloud-wrapt world below :

Superior goddess ! essence bright !
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom should mortality survey,
As doom'd upon a certain day ;
The breath of frailty must expire,
The world dissolve in living fire ;
The gems of heav'n, and solar flame,
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To raise a new-born phœnix, die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form she threw,
Which three sad sisters of the shade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy, made :

Thro' this her all-inquiring eye,
Attentive from her station high,
Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair ;
And with a voice, whose awful sound,
Appall'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be still ;
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill ;
Uncurl'd the surging of the main,
And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain ;
The golden harp of heav'n she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddess sung :

Lovely penitent, arise,
Come, and claim thy kindred skies ;
Come, thy sister angels say,
Thou hast wept thy stains away.

Let experience now decide,
'Twixt the good and evil, try'd,
In the smooth enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treasures found.

Structures rais'd by mourning dreams,
Sands that trip the flitting streams,
Down that anchors on the air,
Clouds that paint their changes there.

Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flatt'ring, only to betray;
What, alas! can life contain?
Life, like all its circles, vain.

Will the stork, intending rest,
On the billow build her nest?
Will the bee demand his store
From the bleak and bladeless shore?

Man alone, intent to stray,
Everturns from wisdom's way;
Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the sea, and plows the sand.

Soon this elemental mass,
Soon the encumb'ring world shall pass;
Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
Time be spent, and life expire.

Then, ye boasted works of men,
Where is your asylum then?
Sons of pleasure, sons of care,
Tell me, mortals, tell me where?

Pass the world, and what's behind?
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
From an universe deprav'd,
From the wreck of nature sav'd.

Little native of the skies,
Lovely penitent, arise,
Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy sister now.

What, tho' hostile earth despise,
Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,
Chear thy hours, and guard thy side.

Come, with virtue at thy side,
Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd,
'Till we gain our native shore,
Sister, come, and turn no more.

THE JOY OF GRIEF.

SWEET the hour of tribulation,
 When the heart can freely sigh ;
 And the tear of resignation
 Twinkles in the mournful eye.

Have you felt a kind emotion
 Tremble through your troubl'd breast ;
 Soft as evening o'er the ocean
 When she charms the waves to rest ?

Have you lost a friend, or brother ?
 Heard a father's parting breath ?
 Gaz'd upon a lifeless mother,
 'Till she seem'd to wake from death ?

Have you seen your spouse expiring,
 In your arms, before your view ?
 Watch'd the lovely soul retiring,
 From the eyes that broke on you ?

Did not grief then grow romantic
 Raving on remembered bliss ?
 Did you not with fervour frantic
 Kiss the lips that felt no kiss ?

Horror then your heart congealing,
 Chill'd you with intense despair,
 Can you recollect the feeling ?
 No ! there was no feeling there ?

From that gloomy trance of sorrow,
 When you woke to pangs unknown,
 How unwelcome was the morrow,
 For it rose on you *alone* !

Sunk in self-consuming anguish,
 Can the poor heart always ache ?
 No, the tortured nerve will languish,
 Or the strings of life must break.

O'er the yielding brow of sadness,
 One faint smile of comfort stole ;

One soft pang of tender gladness
Exquisitely thrill'd your soul.

While the wounds of woe are healing,
While the heart is all resign'd,
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling
'Tis the sabbath of the mind.

Pensive memory then retraces
Scenes of bliss forever fled,
Lives in former times and places,
Holds communion with the dead.

And when night's prophetic slumbers
Rend the veil to mental eyes,
From their tombs the sainted numbers
Your lost companions rise.

You have seen a friend, a brother,
Heard a dear dead father speak,
Prov'd the fondness of a mother,
Felt her tears upon your cheek.

Dreams of love your grief beguiling,
You have clasp'd a consort's charms,
And received your infant smiling,
From his mother's sacred arms.

Trembling, pale and agonizing,
While you mourn'd the vision gone,
Bright the morning star arising,
Open'd heaven, from whence it shone.

Thither all your wishes bending
Rose in extacy sublime,
Thither all your hopes ascending
Triumph'd over death and time.

Thus afflict'd, bruised and broken,
Have you known such sweet relief?
Yes, my friend ! and by this token,
You have known the "joys of grief."

.....

FINIS.











